WEEK ENDING JUNE 29, 1929

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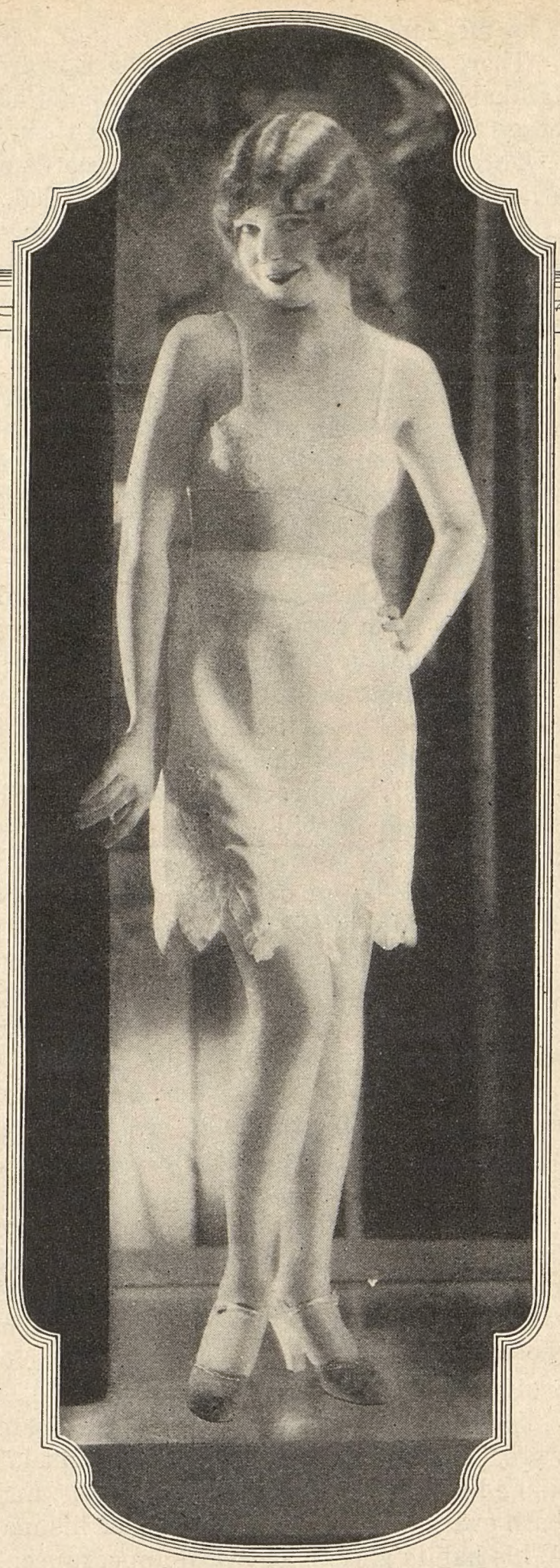

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JUNE 29, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 25

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

HEREDITY OR ENVIRONMENT?

The State of Michigan recently added to its code a law making the sterilization of mental defectives mandatory if a judge orders it. Hitherto such an operation could not be performed unless the subject consented.

If the sterilization idea is sound it would seem this change in Michigan is a wise one. The mental defective, legally pronounced unfit to judge anything else, surely is not fit to judge for himself in this.

The question whether heredity or environment most affects human beings has been long disputed, and we suppose will never be settled.

Such philosophers as Clarence Darrow and John B. Watson, the behaviorist, who sets forth his views on environment in an article which you will find beginning at page 31 in this issue—such philosophers maintain that people are chiefly influenced by their surroundings. Well, a little observation causes us to differ with them.

In animal life of course we know that you cannot fatten a razorback by running it and feeding it with Poland Chinas. Nor can you make a Hereford give a lot of milk or a Holstein a lot of meat even though you stand them side by side in the dairy barn and feed them identically.

However, a lot of people don't like barnyard analogies when the talk is of themselves, so let us turn to human beings.

Pure bred Negroes married to pure bred Negroes have black children. Pure bred Chinese married to pure bred Chinese have yellow children. Pure bred Caucasians married to pure bred Caucasians have white children.

Among Caucasians, Swedes married to Swedes have blond children with blue eyes. Neapolitans married to Neapolitans have brunette children with dark eyes.

Furthermore, the Neapolitans' children are inclined to sing when they are happy and to fly into a tantrum when they are angry. The Swedes are likely to sulk when things go badly, and to be mechanically inclined when they grow up.

There are famous stories of the Edwards, the Kallikaks, and the Jukes. If you have not heard of these families, it will pay you to look them up.

Through many generations the records of each of the three have been traced and recorded.

The Edwards family, its history shows, produced generation after generation of distinguished people. So far as we know, they had no criminals in their family tree. If they had any, the number was very small.

The Kallikaks and the Jukes, on the other hand, produced generation after generation of paupers, degenerates, and prostitutes. If there were any first-class people among them, the investigation seems to have missed them—and the investigation was scientific and thorough.

All three of these families, good stock and poor, ran true to form through many succeeding years, almost without deviation.

We remember the sage saying of an old trained nurse we once knew. She had just returned from ministering at the birth of a child. She said:

"That child's character is now fixed. She is a seedling. And she will grow up some day to be a tree, if she lives.

"She may be an oak and she may be a soft maple. That is settled already."

Protest was made that it might depend on influences after birth. The old lady answered:

"No, she will be an oak or she will be a maple. She may turn out to be a stunted weakling or a magnificent shade tree—influences may determine that—but you cannot change her fundamentally any more than you can change a seedling oak to a seedling maple."

So we believe it is with children, whatever Dr. Watson's article may say to the contrary notwithstanding.

Your child may be bright or dull. When he grows to manhood he will be the same. You can hardly change that.

You may teach him to say "wehr" instead of "were," and "aren't I?" instead of "ain't I?"—to change his clothes, clean his finger-nails, and take a bath every day. You may influence his manners and his habits and his outward appearance.

And that, in our opinion, is as far as you can go. If he was born to be a follower, education won't make him a leader; and if he was born to be a leader, he will lead wherever life places him, whether in gangland or on the police force.

But we cannot prove we are right, and you cannot prove we are wrong. Now you might see what you think of what Dr. Watson has to say.

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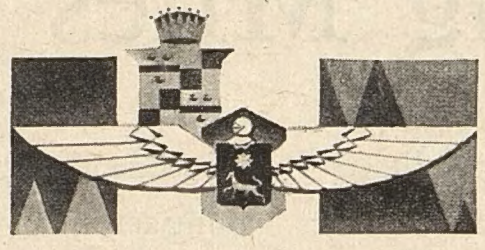
USED CAR ADVANTAGES *Offered By* CADILLAC-LA SALLE *Dealers*

IT IS rather significant that the Used Car business of Cadillac-La Salle dealers is more active than it has ever been in Cadillac history and the largest in volume.



Quick turn-overs in Used Cars mean the buyers have discovered advantages that cannot be ignored. Certainly when Used Cars move rapidly out of the showrooms into the hands of eager buyers there must be an important reason.

What are these Used Car advantages that are offered by Cadillac-La Salle dealers?

For one thing, the Cadillac-La Salle dealer has placed his Used Car department on an equality with his new car department,—

Which means not only that the cars are well conditioned and ready to deliver satisfactory service, but that the sale of a Used Car is surrounded with all the safeguards for the purchaser that a reputable dealer can provide.

It becomes a matter of accurate information concerning the status of the car—proper pricing—fair dealing.

Bear in mind also that there is a remarkably strong trend to new Cadillacs and La Salles. Buyers of new cars have discovered, for example, that it is practically as easy to buy a Cadillac-built La Salle as it is to purchase a car of lesser quality and prestige.

For only a little more a month (La Salle is priced as low as $2275 F. O. B. Detroit) they can enjoy what no other car—excepting Cadillac itself—can give them—the 8-cylinder superiority of the famous Cadillac-La Salle 90-degree, V-type power plant and invaluable features of handling-ease and safety exclusive to Cadillac-La Salle.

The market value of the cars they turn in is frequently sufficient for the down payment and they take care of the balance in easy monthly payments by employing the convenient banking service of the General Motors Deferred Payment Plan.

And so, because of this widespread trend, Cadillac-La Salle dealers have an exceptional variety of good cars of standard makes among their Used Cars. As there have been no forced sales these trade-ins have been accepted at reasonable market prices.

There is no excess to pass on to the Used Car buyer. Values are exceptionally high.

Consequently the Cadillac-La Salle dealer is in an enviable preferred position for the sale of Used Cars, as well as new cars, and the public's recognition of this fact is the reason why these dealers are enjoying a remarkably active Used Car business.

CADILLAC-LA SALLE

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Division of General Motors

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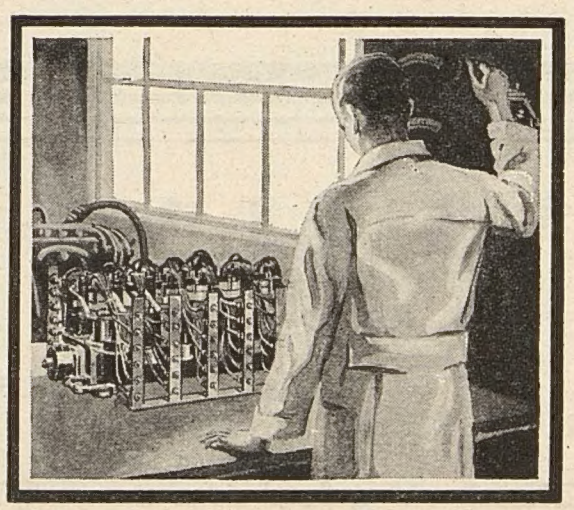
All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of Standardized Quality

Where Millions of Carefree Motoring Miles Begin

IF people who marvel at the unparalleled efficiency of Chrysler-built cars—their outstanding superiority in every field of motor car endeavor—could look behind the scenes of the great million-dollar engineering laboratory maintained by Chrysler Motors, they would find a convincing explanation of Chrysler supremacy.

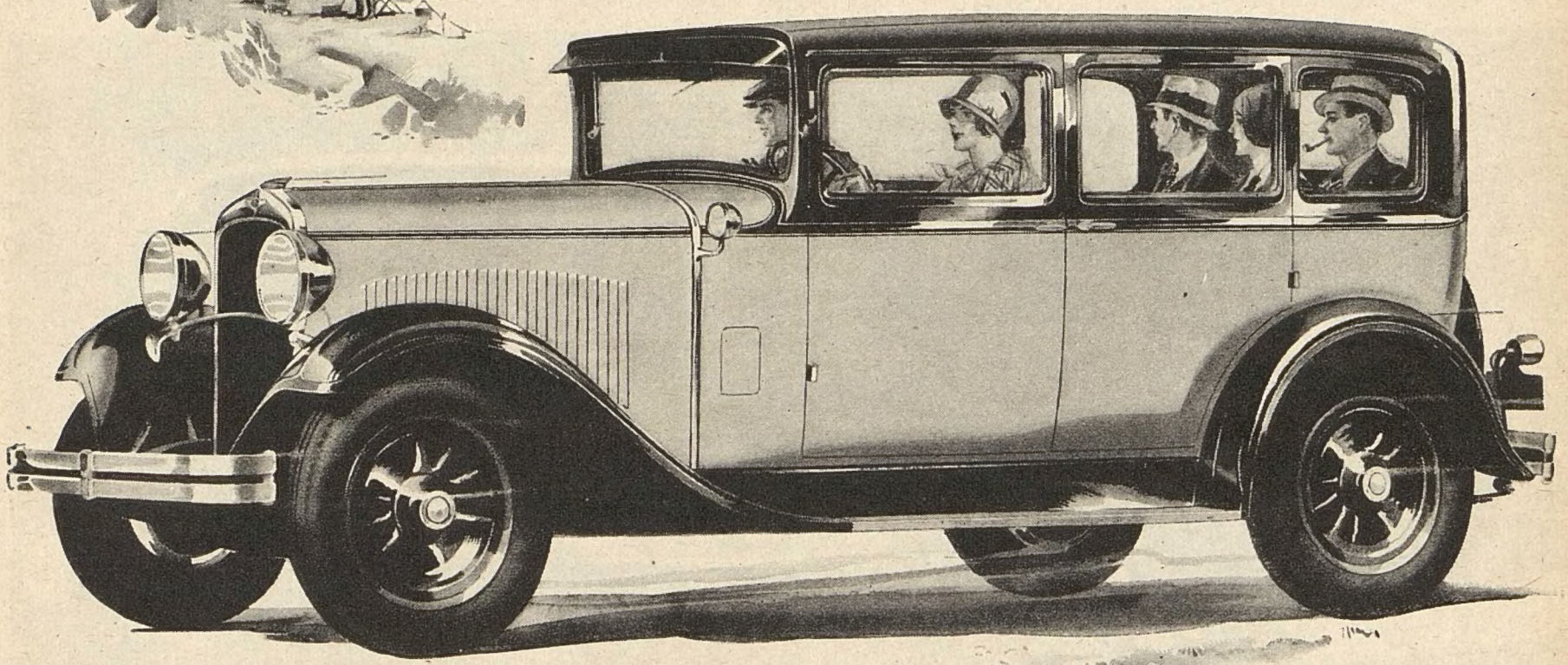
In one vast and extraordinary building, everything imaginable in the way of a motoring hazard or hardship is reproduced. Here, under one roof, cars selected from production lines, endure tests that could not be duplicated if these cars were sent to the ends of the earth in search of conditions to try their mettle. Here is found man-made weather that is hotter than the Sahara and colder than the Poles. Here, the blistering, fading actinic rays of the equatorial sun are concentrated, in order that the quality of fabrics and finish may be proved. Here is a monstrous, diabolical machine that simulates a road so rough and a driving speed so high that no human hands could hold the steering wheel.

Even the most inconspicuous part is subjected to merciless trials that establish a capability far in excess of anything that could possibly be required of it in service.



This Chrysler Motors engineer is making sure that none but the finest distributors are included in Chrysler Motors vehicles.

This vast laboratory is the hub of Chrysler Standardized Quality. In it is written the assurance of safety, performance and durability that is the heritage of the owners of Chrysler-built products. Here millions of carefree motoring miles begin.



THE SEDAN

Owners Say We do Not Claim Enough

WHEN the new Dodge Brothers Six was introduced to the public, we made some strong claims for it, basing these claims on our knowledge that it was the best car that Dodge Brothers ever had presented. Now, we find that owners are even more enthusiastic than we had expected over the unusual performance and appealing beauty of the car. They tell us it is doing things in everyday driving that exceed even our most optimistic promises. It will be worth your while to come and see the car that is inspiring this enthusiasm. You can buy one on such easy terms, if you so desire, that the monthly installments will not impose any strain on the family budget.

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NEW DODGE BROTHERS SIX

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

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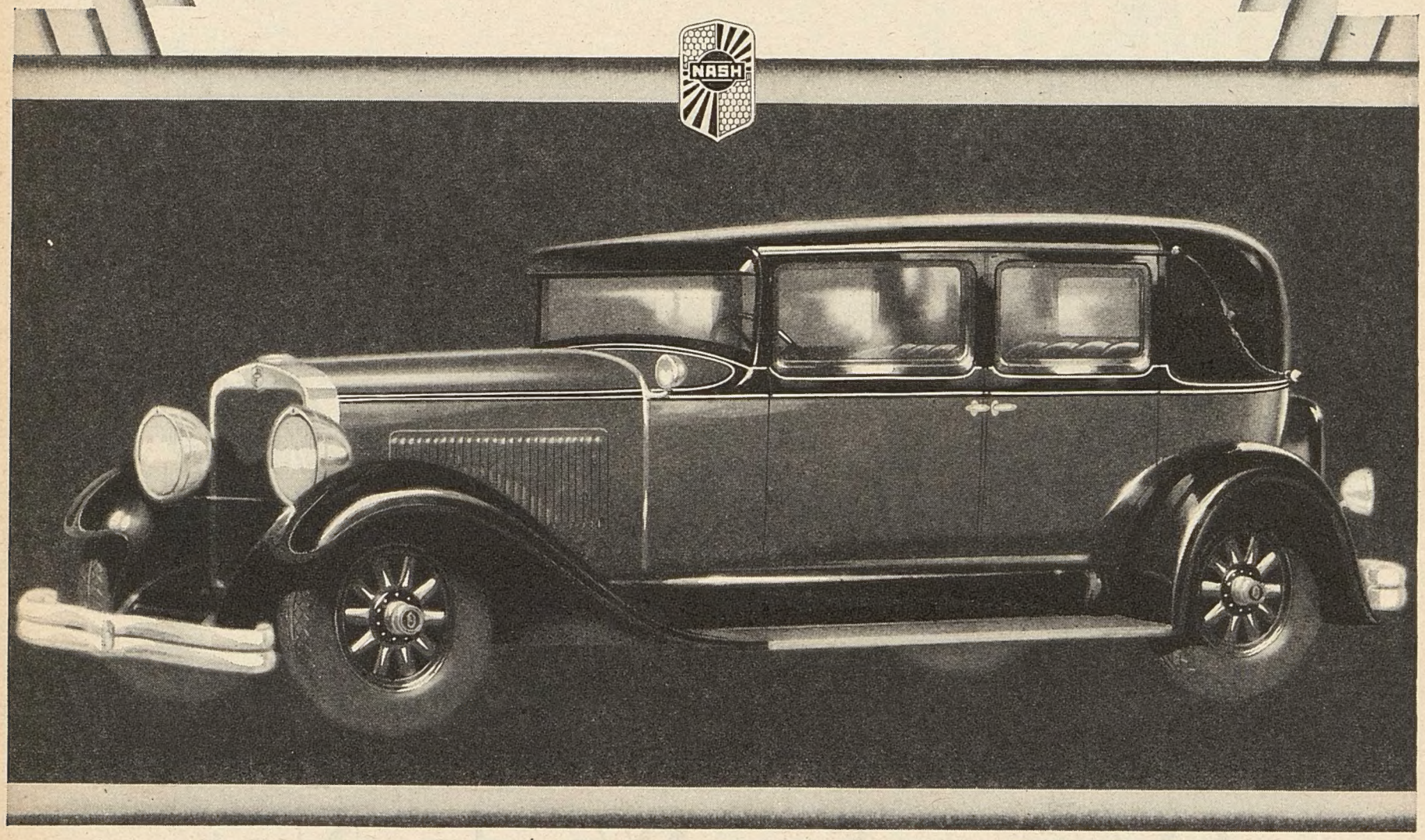

IN creating the Nash "400", Nash engineering has given affirmative evidence of its masterly skill and superior craftsmanship.

The more cars you have driven, the more likely you are to find in the "400" the outstanding performance and value you have been looking for and hoping for all your life.

For Nash engineering now offers you Twin-Ignition performance, vastly superior in every way to the usual single-ignition performance.

Nash engineering gives you smoother motor action, with the new 7-bearing, hollow-crankpin crankshaft—a big main bearing on either side of each connecting rod instead of only 3 or 4 bearings to support the 6 rods.

Nash engineering has developed the outboard mounting, which increases the effectiveness and ease of the hydraulic shock absorbers with which each "400" model is equipped.

Nash engineering has created for the "400" the "world's easiest steering". It has installed in every Special and Advanced model, Bijur Centralized Chassis Lubrication—press a pedal, your car is oiled.

We ask nothing more than an investigation of "400" engineering and performance features. See any Nash dealer for a demonstration—we'll leave it entirely to you!

NASH "400"

(625)

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Kept

The Story of a Girl Without the Law

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

By

VIÑA DELMAR

the youthful New Yorker who learned about life as a theater usher in her home town, and, in the two short years since she sold her first short story to Liberty, has become one of the most widely read of American authors. She is married and has a young son, and lives the suburban life now in Scarsdale, just outside New York City.

I

SOMEONE was coming up the walk. It was Hubert. Mrs. Scott saw him and said to her son, "Here comes your father." Her tone was that of one who says, "Everybody has a cross to bear."

Young Hubert selected a magazine from the many upon the table. Mrs. Scott gave herself over to a deep and thorough examination of the telephone bill.

Hubert Scott let himself in with his latchkey and closed the door noisily behind him. He paused in the foyer and as he placed his coat and hat on the banister rail listened expectantly for his family to greet him. Nobody spoke and, after all, he was neither surprised nor hurt. Every evening, now, for nine years he had stood expectantly in the foyer listening for his family to greet him. It was always he who spoke first.

"Hello," he said.

Young Hubert said "Hello" without looking up from his magazine. Mrs. Scott said nothing. The telephone bill was holding her attention.

"It's like a morgue in here. What do you people do all day? Sit around and look wise?"

No answer. Hubert Scott took himself off to the kitchen. He was thirsty and wanted a glass of water.

The Scotts had a nice kitchen. Warm and clean. Nellie was basting the roast as he entered.

"Hello, Nellie."

"Good evening, Mr. Scott."

"What are we going to have for dinner, Nellie?" Mr. Scott's voice was loud and jovial. It made Nellie smile.

"'At-a-girl, smile," he commanded. "It don't cost a nickel and it makes everybody feel better." Mr. Scott's loud voice had grown louder as though he wanted it to be heard in the living room. "Smile. People who don't smile once in a while make me sick."

Nellie burst out laughing at his words. Mr. Scott always amused her. "Never did work in a house where there was such a funny man," she thought as she watched Hubert gulp the water. "Lord, you'd think Mrs. Scott would be laughing fit to die all the time."

Mr. Scott set the glass down on the sparkling white drainboard and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "What did you say there was for dinner, Nellie?"

"Roas' beef, Mr. Scott."

"It might be roast beef today but it'll be hash tomorrow."

Nellie found this too amusing to bear with dignity. She leaned weakly against the wall and howled with delight.

HUBERT left the kitchen. He would have to go upstairs and tidy himself before dinner. As he passed through the foyer he looked again at his family. They were still sitting as he had seen them last.

"Don't make so much noise," he called to them as he ran upstairs. His wife's room was directly before him on the second floor. He looked in. He always looked in her room. If she didn't want him to look in, she ought to close the door, he reasoned.

Hm, something new. He entered the room, treading very softly. At the foot of the bed he paused to admire the strange adornment. Now, what would you call that? A kind of a crown business suspended sort of in space with white net drifting down and forming curtains like on either side of the bed. Pretty. Would you call that a canopy? Gee, Helen got the swellest ideas.

He looked about the room. It was the first time in months that he had stepped over the threshold. He remembered the last time. It was when Helen had been ill with pleurisy.

He looked back at the bed with its new ornamentation. He chuckled. It was a good thing that he didn't sleep

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in that bed any more. He'd look funny as hell snoozing under a bunch of white net. That yellow lamp there in back of the couch was pretty.

He continued to stand in the center of the room thinking idle thoughts as one makes polite and pointless conversation. It seemed he was waiting for something. It came. Helen walked in. She was surprised to see him. Her brows rose in question.

"I was just looking at that," he explained, pointing to the bed. "It's pretty."

"Do you like it?"

"Sure. It's swell. I like that lamp in back of the couch, too."

"In back of— Oh, in back of the chaise longue."

"Yeh. Where did you buy that?"

"It was given to me for my birthday."

"Oh. Well, I guess I'd better be washing up for dinner."

Helen did not reply. She seated herself at the vanity table and began to cold-cream her face with the upward-outward gesture prescribed for ladies past forty who care about their looks.

Hubert went to his own room. It was small but it had three windows and the furniture was comfortable. Helen had attended to the furnishings. He remembered that she had worked very hard to make that room attractive to him. She had been awfully nice about that.

He wondered if he ought to shave. He went to the mirror and turned his cheek to the glass. At the same moment he rubbed his hand over the bristles, thus making it impossible for him to see whether or not he needed a shave. He decided that he could get by another day. Besides, it was foolish to shave when there wasn't going to be any company.

He guessed he would have to change his shirt. This one was pretty dirty. Well, no, not so dirty at that. He looked in the mirror again. The shirt was all right. What the hell! He'd wash his face and hands and clean his nails and that would be enough.

HE went down the hall to the bathroom. The door was locked, but frequently it stuck and Hubert thought this was one of the times. He turned the knob and forced himself against the door.

Helen's voice, frigid with disdain, came from within. "Would you like an ax?" she asked.

He didn't answer. He went downstairs and washed his hands at the kitchen sink and afterward dried them on the roller towel which hung on the pantry door. He was then ready for dinner.

Helen was not down yet. Nellie was holding dinner for her arrival. Hubert strolled into the living room. His son was still deep in the magazine, having now actually found something of genuine interest.

"Well, my boy," said Hubert pleasantly, "how did you spend the day?"

"Not very strenuously," returned his boy, still reading.

"Well, I had a very strenuous day. I sold my business today!"

"Yeh?" asked young Hubert, turning a page and instantly fastening his eyes on the new column of print.

"Yes, I sold my business. I'm through. From now on I'm a gentleman of leisure."

As he spoke Helen came down the stairs and, passing him, flung open the doors between the living and dining rooms.

"Dinner is on the table," she said.

Her husband and son followed her. They took their places at the table and Hubert, tucking his napkin beneath his chin, demanded, "Did you hear that, Helen? I sold my business."

"I heard several days ago that you were going to," she said.

"Who told you?"

"You did."

"I beg your pardon. I haven't mentioned a thing about it."

"Oh, don't let's argue. From seven until ten one night you held forth on what you were going to do when the business was sold. You were going to the South Seas for the fishing, you were going to sleep every day till noon, you were going to dabble a bit in the stock market and buy a couple of automobiles, and just as you began to debate with yourself on the advisability of taking lessons in aviation, I fell asleep."

"So did I," added young Hubert.

HUBERT Senior said nothing. It really did seem as though he had told them something of his plans. He watched Helen in silence. She was filling the vegetable dishes with creamed carrots. He liked the way she did it—tidily and swiftly. She was not looking at him. Neither was young Hubert, so he could look at his wife if he chose. She looked pretty good. Her hair was white, though. Of course that always made a person look old. He ran his hand contentedly through his own reddish hair. He hadn't a bit of gray and he was a year older than Helen. Funny that she didn't dye her hair. You'd think she would. Silly how she rubbed ice on her face and dieted and went through all kinds of maneuvers to keep looking young and then let her hair get white. Well, it wasn't his business.

Her eyes, gray-green and cold like the winter ocean, met his as she offered him a dish of carrots. He took it and said, "Thank you." Helen said nothing. She wanted to speak to him but could think of nothing that would fit the occasion. She knew he was tingling with excitement and full of his own importance. He felt like a great business man tonight and a sudden wave of sympathy made her want to be kind and give him a chance to talk about himself.

Her eyes lingered on him and she thought how fat he was getting, and how careless. His shirt looked as though it had been worn a week and surely that was a three days' growth of beard on his face. His nails were dirty. He used to keep them clean. But that was during their courting days. She had loved his wild, red hair and the fact that he never had a serious moment. He had wanted to play and laugh all the time and she had loved his gay irresponsibility. Ho hum. She had learned later that his gay irresponsibility and desire to play eternally was only a lack of ability to think.

He was so stupid, so dull. Even his lies were not entertaining, and his humor, Helen had observed, was hugely appreciated by Nellie and the butcher boy. But he had been attractive once and was even now, except for his untidiness, quite pleasant to look at. He had a young face. It was very red, but there were laughter wrinkles

about the eyes which gave a wholesome, jolly appearance to the face. He looked like a husky, happy peasant. Yes, it was a young face. It occurred to Helen that an incapacity for thought preserved youth better than ice and massage. Half-wits, she recalled, always looked younger than normal people who ponder problems and worry about the future. His eyes were a bright blue and they were looking at her now. She spoke to her husband sweetly, warmly, as though to a child who proudly brings home a toy which he has made with his very own hands.

"How much did you make them give you for the business, Hubert?"

He smiled happily. Here was his moment. Curiosity had gotten the better of her highfalutin airs. He'd show her.

"HELLO," he said. Young Hubert said "Hello" without looking up from his magazine. Mrs. Scott said nothing.

"Wouldn't you love to know?" he parried.

Stupid ass! Helen eyed him coldly. "No," she answered. "I wouldn't. I don't care. I was just making conversation because I know you are dying to talk about yourself. Now you can go talk to Nellie."

"Is that so? Say, there are people a hell of a sight smarter than you who listen to me talk. What's more, you'd never guess what I did get for the business."

YOUNG Hubert laughed. Helen turned away from him. He looked like his father when he laughed. The same wrinkles about the eyes and the same silly, uncontrolled note of hysteria. There was consolation in remembering, however, that at twenty he was more intelligent and sophisticated than his father was at forty-two. His hair was red but correctly smooth and barbered. Behind his blue Scott eyes there was a Dietz brain, and Helen had learned that it was the brain that mattered.

She carved two more slices off the roast. Hubert passed his empty plate to her and she refilled it. As she gave him his second helping of mashed potatoes she turned to her son. He was lighting a cigarette. "Don't you want something more?" she asked.

"No; I wasn't hungry tonight."

"No, you weren't. Well, if you're finished—" She rose and moved with a carefully acquired grace into the living room. Her son followed her. Hubert was left behind with his well filled plate and the mingled fragrances of his wife's perfume and his son's cigarette.

THOSE two sure thought they were the bee's hips. Where did they get off, treating him like that? They were Dietzes all right. The pair of them. Old man Dietz had always taken a high and mighty air. From the way he had acted anyone would have thought that Helen was a queen or something. He was dead now. Hubert was glad of it. Although the old man had had his decent streak, of course. He had set his son-in-law up in business and hadn't raised much hell when the business failed.

He'd left Helen quite a bit of cash. Hubert never did know just what he had left. It had been plenty, though. Helen had staked her husband to a new start. She'd put him up in business again and he'd paid her back every cent. Yes, sir, every cent. He owed her nothing. She'd let him know it if he owed her anything.

She was a great one about money. Hubert had heard here and there that Helen had doubled her inheritance by clever investments. Well, she could go to hell. He had money himself. Fifteen thousand dollars he had. That was pretty good, fifteen thousand dollars. Jim Hayden was talking through his hat when he said that Hubert should have gotten twenty-five thousand. Why, the McKay brothers were friends of his. They were good fellows. Brother Elks, in fact. When they offered him fifteen thousand dollars he knew it was a fair price. He took it. Thank God he still believed that there were square shooters in this world. He wasn't the kind who thought that everybody was trying to rob him. He was a good fellow, too, same as the McKay brothers.

He finished his dinner and folded his napkin. Nellie came in and began to clear away the plates. At the sight of her Hubert experienced an overpowering desire

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEPT
Continued from page eleven]

to show somebody just how good a fellow he was. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a creased and grimy dollar bill. "There you are, Nellie," he said, flinging the dollar bill across the table to her. "Don't spend it all in one place."

He walked into the living room, then, and stood at the fireplace staring down at the chunk of cannel coal that threw a satisfactory amount of heat and good cheer. Helen was reading a book. Young Hubert had gone upstairs.

The telephone rang. Helen waited a moment to see if her son would take the call on the extension. The bell rang again, and she walked to the phone table in the foyer. Hubert gathered from her conversation that Mrs. Winters was on the wire and that Mrs. Winters and an unknown party were coming to play bridge.

Hubert decided to go out. He had something to celebrate tonight. Hell, what was he going to do here with a bridge game going on? He regarded Mrs. Winters as an intruder. Now, where could he go? He felt like doing something exciting. He'd call up Carl Feldman. Carl was a wild bird. He was always talking about the places he went. They sounded like hot places, too. That's what he'd do. He'd call Carl Feldman.

He couldn't call him from here, of course. He wouldn't want Helen to hear him making the arrangements. He could go upstairs to call, only she might listen in. Wives were like that.

HE put on his coat. Now, should he telephone to the taxi office for a cab or should he walk all the way down to the village? Suburbs were awful sometimes. He'd have to get himself a car. A good car. But he'd have to park it in the village anyhow. The house only had a two-car garage and Helen had two cars. A sudden idea struck him.

"Say!" he shouted exultantly at Helen.

"Yes?"

"Will you sell me your Packard?"

"No."

"Why not? I'll pay you as much as anybody else would for it."

"But I don't want to sell it."

"You don't need it. You got the Oakland. Oh, go ahead, Helen."

"No, I don't want to sell it."

He frowned at her but she didn't yield. He watched her eyes return to the printed page, yet he lingered. He had a feeling that the last word hadn't been said on the subject.

Presently she looked up at him. "I'll tell you what," she said. "You can take the car. I don't use it much but I like it. I don't want to sell it. Use it as often and as much as you like, but don't forget that you don't own it."

"Well, say, I have money."

"Keep it. Use the car if you like, but I won't sell it to you."

Hubert wasn't sure whether to say that that was nice of her or not. He suspected some catch in the deal.

"Why won't you sell it to me?" he asked craftily.

"Because I don't want to. Do be satisfied, Hubert. Take it and use it or don't."

"I'll take it," he sighed.

"All right. There's no jack in the tool chest. Take the one out of the Oakland."

"O. K. Thanks, Helen."

He was just leaving the foyer when the phone rang again. Helen swept past him and answered it. "It's for you," she said unexpectedly.

It was Carl Feldman.

"Say, Scott, I hear you sold your business."

"Yeh."

"To the McKay brothers, huh?"

"Yeh."

"That's great. I couldn't hardly believe it, though. I had to call you up to make sure."

"Yeh, I sold it."

"Tired of working hard, eh?"

"That's right."

"Well, gee, that's great. I couldn't hardly believe it, though."

"Yeh, I sold it at two o'clock today."

"To the McKay brothers, eh?"

"Yeh. I got tired of working hard."

"Ha, ha. So you sold the business, eh? Well, that's great. I couldn't hardly believe it, though. I had to call you up to make sure. Well, good luck, Scott. I just thought I'd give you a ring."

"Say, Carl, what are you doing tonight?"

"Going out with May."

"Oh, yeh? Say, where are you going?"

"We're not sure yet."

"You're not, eh? Well, I just thought maybe you weren't doing anything."

"Yeh. Well, I'm going out with May."

"Oh, I see. Well, if you ain't going any place special maybe I could tag along with you."

"May ain't got a girl friend."

"Well, I don't mind. I'll just mooch along."

"Well, you see we mightn't do anything at all much."

"Oh, I don't mind that. Don't worry about me."

"Well, I'll ask May if she can dig up another girl. I'll call you back if she can."

"Oh, don't do that. Say, I'll stop over your house in about fifteen minutes."

"You can't get here, Scott, without a car. It's a long walk and there's no bus over this way."

"I got a car."

"Oh, have you? Well, I guess then I'll see you in about fifteen minutes. 'By, Scott."

"'By, old man; see you right away."

Hubert hung up the receiver and turned toward the living room. His son had come downstairs during the conversation and was industriously setting up the bridge table and arranging ash trays and chairs.

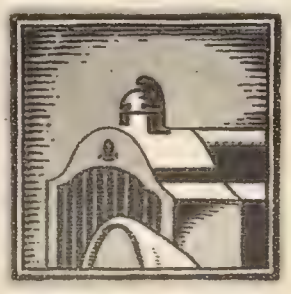
"Funny thing," Hubert announced from the foyer. "A fellow that Carl Feldman and I have known for years has just come in town from Columbus, Ohio, and Carl thinks it would be nice if we three fellows went to a show or something tonight. Maybe we'll have something to eat afterwards. You know, a little quiet stag party. I won't be late. 'Night."

"Good night," answered young Hubert and his mother.

Hubert Senior went out the back door to the garage. He was thinking of Carl Feldman and his May. Now that was a nice way to live. Like Carl did. He had a girl who appreciated him and understood him and was always ready for anything. Of course they weren't married, but Carl was good to her.

Hubert played with the notion of himself having a girl friend who would be like May, only better looking. Why not? Gee, he wasn't treated right at home and he had money enough to do what he liked. Fifteen thousand dollars was a lot of money. Well, if a nice girl came his way he'd certainly consider the whole thing. After all, plenty of good fellows were doing the same thing all over the world.

He climbed into the Packard and stepped on the starter.



II

"HELLO, hello—oh, for God's sake, central, I have my party. Get off the line. May, this is Carl. Listen, honey, we can't go to Florence's house tonight. Can you call her up and get out of it?"

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing, but listen, baby, Hubert Scott—you know the fellow I introduced you to that day in the drug store?—well, he's attached himself to us for the evening."

"Oh, for Pete's sake, why didn't you tell him we had a date?"

"It wouldn't have done a bit of good. His mind was made up. Do you think maybe we could bring him down to Florence's with us?"

"Gee, I'd sooner call the date off than do that, Carl. You know Florence don't like strangers."

"Yeh, that's right. Well, you can call it off for tonight, huh?"

"We'll have to, I suppose. Gee, this is going to be a great evening!"

"Oh, Hubert's all right, May. He don't know much but he's a good sport He'd give you anything you asked for. He's big-hearted like that."

"But what will we do with him?"

"Well, I was gonna ask you. Can you get another girl, do you think?"

"Now who could I get?"

"How about your sister?"

"No, I don't know this guy well enough. He might try to make her; then she'd go home yelling to mama and I'd get killed."

"How about Hazel Schultz?"

"Gee, Carl, your suggestions are great. Hazel Schultz would just be the one to dance with some fat fool, wouldn't she? Can you imagine Hazel with Scott? That's funny, that is."

"Well, maybe she is too high-hat; but then why not ask Muriel Kahn?"

"Carl, she wouldn't come. Muriel isn't the sort to go out with a strange fellow just 'cause I ask her to."

"May, you can think of more arguments. You'll have to dance with Scott yourself then, once or twice, if you won't ask any of your girl friends. I don't like the poor goop to be insulted."

"Oh, wait, Carl, there's a girl who works in the handkerchiefs that I know kind of well. I got her address on my Christmas card list. She ain't bad and, see, I don't care enough about her to worry whether he's fresh or dumb or anything. I'll call her up. Her name is Lillian Cory."

III

FIVE-THIRTY P. M. in the subway. Lillian Cory standing on the platform of a north-bound train, holding her elbow at just the right angle for stabbing a swarthy gentleman who had discovered that with every lurch of the train he could fall blissfully against Lillian's soft body. She was tightly wedged between him and a large fur-coated woman. The woman had been shopping. She had many packages and kept announcing that they would be crushed if "people" weren't careful. Lillian knew that she was the "people" to whom the woman had reference. It was clearly indicated that it would be greatly appreciated if Lillian would move closer to the swarthy gentleman.

"To hell with you, Kate," thought Lillian, eying the fur-coated woman. "Whatever you're getting crushed there can be replaced. It's different with me."

At Seventy-second Street the fur coat and the packages left the train. There was a second's breathing space before the crowds from the local came pushing into the Broadway Express. Lillian found herself in the center of the car. Each new passenger had forced her a few steps further from her original stand on the platform. In her new location Lillian arranged her cape and hat and looked about.

Well, at least the swarthy gentleman had been left behind. There was now a fat, pompous fellow at her left holding his fist an inch away from her eye as he stood with his Evening World widespread. There ought to be a law against reading anything but tabloids in the subway during rush hour. At her right was an unobtrusive little wisp of a man who was holding to the white enamel loop and chewing gum. Behind her was an elderly gentleman who leaned against her. He meant no harm. He was just resting.

At Ninety-sixth Street there was a mild flutter in the car. Two ladies got out and four flappers sat down. Nothing occurred that changed Lillian Cory's position. She continued to hang on to her own particular enamel loop. Her hand looked strange and unrelated to her

SHE sat on the bed and enjoyed her toes' new found freedom.

as it grasped the support. It looked small up there and whiter than it looked all day when it was searching through squares of linen, lawn, cambric, and silk for "something with a red border, did you say? But aren't these monograms sweet? Very new. Smart, you see, with just the edge showing above the pocket."

LILLIAN'S eyes roved along the line of advertisements above her head. Gentlemen were invited to change to Reis underwear, wear Paris garters, and suck a Zymole Trokey after the football game. Ladies were charged to remember Pompeian Rouge and Powder brought instant beauty. Taste it, it's Ward's. Chesterfields—they satisfy. Because she likes nice things. It's smart to be thrifty. Maxwell House Coffee—good to the last drop. A skin you love to touch.

The sickening swaying of the train. The strained, yellow lights. The persistent, musty, underground odor.

One Hundred and Third Street. Nobody moved. The passengers ignored One Hundred and Third Street. Lillian gloomily searched the faces of those lucky enough to be sitting down. She wondered if a fellow would be mean enough to ride past his station just to keep somebody else standing. Thoughts like that come to you during rush hour in the subway.

A woman began to fuss with the two bushes of hair that showed beneath her hat. Perhaps she was preparing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEPT
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to get out at One Hundred and Tenth Street. If she did, the one standing nearest would get the vacant seat. Lillian nearly upset the little wisp of a man in her rush to get close to the woman who was now examining her face in a pocket mirror. The train drew in to One Hundred and Tenth Street and sped away from it. The woman remained seated and continued to study her face. She was still seated and busily regarding her nails when Lillian left the train at Dyckman Street.

The subway is an elevated at Dyckman Street. Lillian had to walk down to street level. She did it slowly and with a hint of condescension in her bearing. Once out of the subway crush, one can become a lady again.

A few doors off Dyckman Street, on Nagel Avenue, there was a florist's shop. The window drew Lillian's attention as she crossed the street. Chrysanthemums. Conventional yellows and tawny burnished shades. Lillian suddenly wanted a chrysanthemum. She wasn't particularly fond of flowers but the chrysanthemums looked smug and expensive. She felt challenged. As though somebody had said, "You couldn't afford those."

Lillian opened her purse and gazed hopefully into the fold where she kept her money. One dollar and twelve cents. The chrysanthemums were probably fifty cents apiece. That would be all right.

She opened the door of the florist's shop and walked in.

"I want a chrysanthemum," she said. "One of the reddish ones. How much are they?"

"A dollar."

"All right."

She went out wearing, pinned upon the collar of her cape, a chrysanthemum. There was more condescension in her bearing now as she walked up Dyckman Street. Girls who passed her gazed admiringly at the flower. It made Lillian chuckle silently. Nobody in the world except herself knew that she had the chrysanthemum only because she hadn't the nerve to retrench when the florist had named its price.

SHE crossed Post Avenue and continued on her way. At Sherman she paused to look in a milliner's window. Cute hat. Lillian squinted her eyes and examined the stitching around the quill. Cheap looking. Oh, there was the tag. Three ninety-eight. No wonder. You couldn't get a really good hat under five. Lillian resumed her stroll up Dyckman Street.

At Vermilyea Avenue she turned. There was only one way to turn. Like Post Avenue, Vermilyea begins at Dyckman Street.

A few doors from the fire house Lillian paused and fumbled in her purse for the key. There were children jumping rope directly in front of the entrance of her house. Lillian wondered how she could get through. She wouldn't ask them to move. Lillian was afraid of children. If they became vexed they sometimes shouted things at you and made you conspicuous. She continued to sift the contents of her bag through her fingers even after she had found the key. Maybe one of the children would "miss" and the rope would be quiet while the jumper became a turner.

"Wait a minute. Let the lady pass."

The rope flopped helplessly upon the ground and Lillian stepped across it, smiling sunnily at the children as she did so. She wasn't sure which child had pled her case but she was grateful to them all.

In the foyer Lillian replaced the key in her purse and glanced into the third letter box in the lower row. It was marked with a slip of cardboard which bore two names. One was Cory. The other was Friedrich. Lillian herself had printed the names.

There was no mail. There rarely was any mail. Of course, on the first of the month there was the electric bill. The gas bills were delivered by gas company employees.

As she walked up the stairs Lillian cast disgusted glances at a chewing-gum wrapper, a banana skin, and several nondescript fragments of paper which lay about. Of course the janitress couldn't stand guard in the hall all day long, but still there was certainly some sort of provision that could be made for this sort of thing. The halls really were a disgrace. One would think that Rose Friedrich would have noticed that before renting the apartment.

Lillian turned the knob of apartment 3-A. Third floor front. The door opened and she walked in. The Friedrich girls were already there. Lillian could hear them talking in the kitchen and the air was heavy with the odor of frying onions. That meant steak. Rose always fried onions to put over it. Lillian didn't like the flavor of onions but she hated to tell Rose that she didn't.

He turned the knob and forced himself against the door.

THERE was a long hall off which lay the kitchen and one bedroom. That was Lillian's room. It was on a court. Never bright and not too airy. Facing the street was the living room and another bedroom. Rose and Sylvia had the nicer bedroom. It was only fair. They did most of the housework as they could leave later in the morning than she.

Lillian looked in the kitchen as she passed. Rose was poking at the onions in the smoke-filled kitchen and Sylvia was sitting on the table, looking over the evening newspaper.

"'Lo," called Lillian. "How are all the little Friedrichs?" Her voice was full and mellowly husky. Her mode of speech was nearly always facetious. Earnest moments embarrassed her. When people told her of their troubles, it was only by an effort that she held back light words. She was not unfeeling but serious conversation made her uncomfortable. It was like the subway crush. People were too close to her, too intimate, when they demanded grave attention and thoughtful replies.

In her room Lillian took off her cape and hat and changed her shoes. Her feet were tired. She sat on the bed and enjoyed her toes' new found freedom. Her bed was a single bed. Metal with mahogany stain. A chest of bird's-eye maple drawers and a wicker chair made up the other furnishings in the room. There was a Crex carpet on the floor.

Lillian called her room "the lemon box," so the Friedrichs told people she wasn't satisfied with it.

"Hey, Lillian, set the table, will you?"

That was Sylvia calling. It was the least Lillian could do. Setting the table was nothing.

"Yep. Just a minute. I'm giving my feet a vacation."

"Well, they haven't been here a year yet. Don't give them two weeks' vacation."

"All right."

Lillian had closed her door. She always closed her door when she went to her room.

"No kidding, Lillian, come on, will you? What are you doing?"

"Resting my tootsies."

Lillian got up reluctantly. She unpinned the flower from her cape and took it to the kitchen. She found a milk bottle and filled it with water, then, after placing the flower in it, went to the living room to open the gate-leg table.

Sylvia had already attended to the table. She looked wounded and mournful. Her large black eyes fixed themselves accusingly on Lillian.

"I'm so thin and delicate," Sylvia's expression said. "Don't you think you could spare me this?"

"Have a seat," Lillian invited. "You look too sad to be setting a table. You're liable to cry all over the butter."

Sylvia shook her head. She would help though it killed

her. Lillian and Sylvia went about the business of bringing plates and knives and forks from the kitchen. Lillian was glad that Rose bought print butter. It came in little quarter-pound pieces and you could put a whole one on a plate. It was a nuisance when you had to slice off a chunk for the table.

Lillian opened a can of evaporated milk and poured half of it into a pitcher.

"The steak's done," Rose announced.

"All right. Let's go." Lillian was hungry.

The Friedrich girls conversed mainly between themselves at the table. They had a lingerie and hosiery shop on Washington Heights. A small shop but it kept them comfortably fixed.

She went out wearing a chrysanthemum.

Lillian had rented a room in a Washington Heights apartment at one time. A tiny room. She had eaten her meals in a bakery. It had been a static, lonely existence. A frequent customer at the Syl-Rose Shop, she had fallen into the habit of chatting with the Friedrich girls over the purchase of sheer stockings, nude shade, size nine.

They "roomed" too and also found fault with that way of living. Rose had made the proposition to Lillian. She knew where she could get some furniture cheap. If she furnished an apartment would Lillian come live there and pay one-third of the rent and food and electricity and gas? Rose had found the apartment in Inwood. It was only ten minutes' ride to the shop and the rent was cheap. Sixty dollars for four rooms. Lillian didn't buy her stockings at the Syl-Rose Shop any more. The Friedrich girls always wanted to sell them to her at cost.

"Listen, Sylvia, when you go back to the shop tonight watch that box of gun-metal dollar-eighty-nines. They're all defective. Don't give them to any steady customers."

"I won't. Don't worry."

Rose was the elder Friedrich. She gave the orders. She was a round-faced, stockily built girl with thick black brows. Sylvia was very thin but quite pretty. She wore her hair carefully waved and kept her nails brilliantly coated with deep rose nail liquid. She had a boy friend. Rose had none.

BETWEEN 5:30 and 7 the Syl-Rose Shop was in the hands of a sixteen-year-old cousin of the Friedrichs. It didn't matter so much. That was the slow part of the day. At 7 one Friedrich girl returned for two hours. It was Sylvia's turn tonight. Rose was remembering that Max would meet Sylvia and bring her home. Nobody ever brought Rose home on her working nights. The thought of Max suggested kindred subjects. Rose turned to Lillian.

"Who gave you your pretty flower?" she asked.

"I ketched him up at the flower-man's all by myself," said Lillian.

"Huh?" Sylvia stared at Lillian. "At a dollar a throw *I'm* not buying them myself."

"Oh, do you think a dollar is a lot for a large chrysanthemum?" Lillian's eyes said plainly that they were surprised. "Have you ever heard of chrysanthemums for less?"

"Sure, I have." Sylvia pushed back her plate and left the room. There was more she wanted to say on the subject, but that could be done at a later date. She was pressed for time at the moment.

Lillian and Rose cleared the table and began their dishwashing. Sylvia went out after charging Rose not to worry about her. She and Max might go on somewhere after the store was closed.

"No getting in at two in the morning, now," Rose ordered.

"How about three?" asked Sylvia. She shut the door before Rose could answer her.

Rose laughed a little. "Young girls are cute, aren't they?" she said to Lillian. "Especially when they're in love for the first time. They're so fresh and sure of themselves."

"Is Sylvia so terribly young?" Lillian asked.

"She's twenty-two."

"Oh," said Lillian. She was twenty-three.

Rose washed the pots and pans while Lillian was putting the dishes back in the cupboard. There was a silence between them for more than five minutes.

Then Rose said, "I'm going to the movies, I think. The Inwood has Milton Sills tonight. I like him."

"Going out for a wild time, huh? Don't get hurt."

Rose had intended to ask Lillian to go with her, but she changed her mind now. Lillian evidently looked upon the movies as a dull way to pass an evening.

ROSE ran the dishcloth over the tub where the dishes had drained and hung it to dry on the edge of the sink.

"Finished?" asked Lillian.

"Yes, we're finished." Lillian pulled the cord on the light and they left the kitchen. Rose went to the living room, where she picked up the newspaper and became instantly engrossed in the daily true story. Lillian went to her own room. She liked it best in the evening. There was a yellow shade on her light and it gave the room a soft, warm radiance and transformed the slightly soiled white net curtain into a golden mesh. Lillian went through her bureau searching for handkerchiefs, stockings, and underwear that needed attention. This would be a good night to wash.

The telephone jangled irritably. It belonged to the house and was operated from a switchboard in the janitor's apartment. The bell had the same whining, put-upon tone as the janitress' voice. Rose answered it.

"It's for you, Lillian," she said, rattling the knob of Lillian's door.

"For me? My God, I'm popular. That's the second call within a month."

Lillian went to the phone. She supposed that it was Louise Casey or Anna Leitz. Both of them half-hour talkers and just when she wanted to get her washing done, too.

"Hello."

"Hello—Lillian?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"This is May."

"Who?"

"May. May McCloud."

"Oh, yes. How are you?"

"I'm fine. How are you?"

"Able to take nourishment. Say, I'm sorry I didn't recognize your voice. I don't know why I didn't."

"Oh, that's nothing. Say, Lillian, what are you doing tonight?"

"Nothing in particular. Why?"

"Well, Carl has a very dear friend who wants to go out with us tonight and I think it would be nicer for him if there was another girl beside me in the party. I know a lot of girls I could ask but I don't want to ask just anyone. He's a peach of a fellow and I'm asking you because, really, I think it's mean to pick just any kind of a girl for a man. Even if it is only for the evening, I want him to have somebody nice. You know how it is, Lillian."

"Yeh."

"Can you come?"

"I guess so. Where are you going?"

"We have no plans. Why?"

"Nothing. I just asked. Well, you can pick me up here, can't you?"

"Sure. Around nine."

"All right."

The "peach of a fellow" is the man you met in the opening paragraphs of this story. How he and Lillian meet—she a lonely girl and he idle, bored, and aching to spend fifteen thousand dollars—will be told next week

HANNEKEN

A Hero of Jungle Man-Hunts

By

CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.
U. S. Marine Corps

Captain Thomason's Fix Bayonets!, which made him a celebrity, is unquestionably the fightin'est World War book both written and illustrated by any American, and he himself is the drawin'est and writin'est officer of marines in the world. He hails from Texas, and before the war he was an art student. He won his captaincy in 1918, in France.

Pictures by the author

A man beyond the fire came forward, peering intently. His silk s

IN the first week of February, from Jinotega in the north of Nicaragua, there came a dispatch to Marine Corps Headquarters in Washington: "First Lieutenant Hanneken has captured General Jiron of the Sandino band."

It was a very meager dispatch. It gave no details at all.

The Intelligence Section supplemented the information about General Jiron, for he has his card in the file which Intelligence keeps on all interesting things that turn up in the course of operations. "Jiron: General Manuel Maria Jiron y Runano. Native of Guatemala. An officer of the Guatemalan Army. Chief of Staff to old Estrada Cabrera. Former Governor of the Department of Peten. A trained soldier."

He turned up in Nicaragua in 1928, with a drift of restless spirits from the neighboring republics, and became, in effect, Sandino's field commander. In the dry season of 1928 he led the Sandinista raid into the Pis Pis region, appearing at the La Luz and Neptune gold mines with 280 mounted men, about fifty of whom were Nicaraguans. He destroyed the mines, and requisitioned everything that could be carried away—money, dynamite, gold amalgam, animals, and stores, receipting for them under Sandino's authority. What he couldn't move, he broke up. His people looted widely and killed a few natives.

When he retired he took with him the English mining engineer Marshall; Marshall was later reported dead of dysentery in the hills. Then Captain Edson's patrol got after him on the Coco River, and chased him across northern Nicaragua into Jinotega, killing thirty-two of his men. It was believed that he lost prestige from the affair, but he remained Sandino's best soldier.

And on his card follows the final entry: "Captured Jinotega by First Lieutenant H. H. Hanneken, February 4, 1929." It is assumed that the Jiron matter is closed.

As to Hanneken it was not necessary to consult the files. He has become distinguished in a service that has rather more than the average of conspicuous individuals. Headquarters was not surprised to hear of him again, but Headquarters hardly expected to hear so soon. He sailed from New York to Corinto, for duty with the brigade in Nicaragua, on December 28, and he had been in Nicaragua less than a month when the dispatch arrived. I set down hereafter enough of his career to show why dispatches are sent about him, for he is the kind of man around whom stories grow.

HERMAN HENRY HANNEKEN was born in St. Louis thirty-six years ago. He went to the city schools. In July, 1914, when the Vera Cruz adventure was giving the recruiting sergeants a fresh talking point, he enlisted in the Marine Corps.

He was then some two yards of blond boy, long-legged,

f the MARINES

mered in the firelight, and Hanneken shot through the center of it

with big bones and a spare, powerful frame. Fourteen years of service, most of them in the tropics, have matured his face and etched upon it stronger lines of character and decision; otherwise, the description applies today. He has high cheek bones and lean jaws, like an Indian, and the feature most men notice is his eye. It is an eye singularly direct, deep-set, pale, and cold, like a cat's.

He is a man of silent habit in any company, as economical of gesture and abrupt of movement as he is of speech; and they say he has no intimates. Through nine years of commissioned service he has performed the various duties of a marine junior officer, ashore and afloat and in the field, and had good reports from his seniors on all of them.

By way of diversion he reads military history, and when he cares to, he can talk more exactly than most officers on the campaigns of the great commanders.

There is little that is warm or human about the man as you meet him. But from his record you get another impression. He can inspire loyalty in people who are by nature unstable, as attests the killing of Charlemagne.

Hanneken's first year of service was routine, consisting of the peace-time training of the marines, which, discriminating files assert, was in the days of the old Advance Base Force in League Island Yard more wearing than any war. But in August, 1915, when the returning Vera Cruz detachments had just settled into barracks routine again, the volatile republic of Haiti blew off the lid, and the good people of Port au Prince removed their president, Guillaume Sam, from asylum in the French Legation, and tore him to particularly small pieces in the streets.

GUILLAUME SAM was an extremely unattractive chief executive; but the most righteously indignant citizens should refrain from violating legations. The U. S. S. Washington, cruising in Haitian waters, had the news and her orders from the air, and landed her marines in Port au Prince. Regiments of marines from Philadelphia and Charleston came south by battleship and transport, and Hanneken was in one of these regiments. He served through the occupation of the republic, and in the campaign against the Cacos who objected to the occupation; and he remained in Haiti for the rest of his enlistment, rising to noncommissioned rank.

In the way of untangling the domestic affairs of the Black Republic, the United States made a treaty which provided, along with arrangements for finance and education and trade, the reorganization of the native constabulary, called the Gendarmerie d'Haiti.

Under the law, the gendarmerie was the police force of the country. As reorganized, it was officered and administered by officers and noncommissioned officers of the Marine Corps, detached from the marine forces for the duty, and receiving, in addition to their service pay, a bonus from the Haitian government.

A Haitian gendarme.

All ranks of the gendarmerie detail are hand-picked, but the greatest care and judgment are exercised in designating the noncoms who hold gendarme commissions. They are the men at the point of contact, keeping the peace in detached and isolated district stations, where the gendarme officer, besides being military and police authority, is director of civil affairs as well. Haiti is largely rural, and it is

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

not too much to say that the security of the government rests on their shoulders, and the condition of the people depends on their wisdom and judgment.

The duty is responsible and exacting, and frequently unexciting to the last degree. They deal with a people infinitely childish, and they endure months of banishment from white men and white women, in remote places where there is no amusement but the rum bottle and no scenery but the palm. It helps if they know the language, but not all of them do. Hanneken was one of the sergeants selected for a captain's commission in the reconstituted gendarmerie.

Regarding this period of Hanneken's service, his seniors recall that his districts got along without incident, which is exactly what commanding officers want. It is remembered that he developed an unusual facility with the language of the natives, which most gendarme officers pick up sooner or later; but Hanneken, they said, sounded in the dark as Creole as a Voodoo *papaloi*.

Haiti has the French culture, and the upper class speak Parisian and send their children to France to be educated. But the peasants babble a bastard French patois, highly local, and so thick and slovenly and larded with untranslatable root-words from Africa that few white men are able to get their tongues around it. Hanneken has a gift for languages, and they relate that in Haiti he could even shift his inflection according to the valley where he was.

The chief of the outpost, a Negro as big as Hanneken, stepped forward with pistol raised.

After 1916, when the first Haitian uprising against the benefactions of the United States was crushed, the marines drew off and stood by to let Haiti keep her own house in order, through the new gendarmerie. In 1918 occurred the second outbreak of the Cacos, which passed beyond the control of the gendarmerie and brought the marines largely into the field themselves.

THE Caco has been, through the whole history of the republic, the Haitian unit of disturbance. He serves alternately as the tool of the government and as the instrument of revolution. In a word, he is a bandit; he is either Robin Hood molesting oppressive authority or an annoying and ridiculous outlaw, depending entirely upon your point of view. The Haitian politicians and agitators have their reasons for disliking American control, and are often inclined to hail the Caco as a gallant fellow. But the small farmers in the hills, who make up the body of the population, view him without sentiment, because he rations himself by petty thievery and he expresses his disapproval for existing order by burning and killing in undefended areas.

In his warfare he is untrammeled by any conventions. He does not stand and fight unless the odds are better than ten to one, and he will not attack unless he can bring even heavier odds to bear. Too closely pressed, his bands dissolve, and the pursuing column finds a peaceful agriculturist scratching with his machete among his vegetables, and regarding the *blancs* with naive curiosity, his rifle safely hidden in the brush.

But when the marines go on to the next valley, grapevine telegraph and the snakeskin drum assemble him, and there is another swoop on a naked hill village, with smoldering ruins and slashed corpses to testify in the dawn.

A hundred Cacos will ambush eagerly small noncom patrols of three or four men. What they do with prisoners—they have taken one or two alive—is better imagined than described. And the brains of the *blanc*, smeared on your rifle barrel, make it hold true; the heart, eaten, makes you brave; and the liver makes you strong. . . .

The country is ideal for banditry: the ten thousand square miles of Haiti are traversed by ranges of wooded hill country, broken up by fertile valleys and traversed by winding streams. In 1918 the Caco movement flamed up and ran like a brush fire from Port au Prince in the south to Cap Haitien in the north, and the brigade of 1,550 marines and the 2,500 gendarmerie had their hands full.

THE Caco leader of 1918 was one Charlemagne Péralte, who signed himself, in the days of his glory, Chief of the Revolutionary Forces Against the Americans on the Soil of Haiti. Charlemagne was a *griffe*—that is, he was one-quarter white and three-quarters black and he is described as a squatty, brownish man of medium size, with a gift for flamboyant proclamation and the more inflaming brands of oratory.

By profession he was a lawyer. His people, large landholders around the town of Hinche in central Haiti, sent him to France to be trained for the bar, and he returned from St. Nazaire to enter politics, in which he got, as they say, no breaks.

Once or twice, in upheavals before the marines landed, he took to the hills, and at least one administration pacified him with small appointments. But generally he remained disaffected, an Out, enjoying little in the way of acclaim and emolument for all his vaulting ambition.

He took part in the first resistance to the Americans, without disclosing particular genius, and came in to be good when the disturbance was crushed. In 1917 a court convicted him of incendiary practices, and sentenced him to hard labor on the roads in his native district.

The Haitian aristocracy do not go in for manual labor; it is a disgrace. Charlemagne found his punishment intolerable, and escaped, taking his gendarme guard with him, and some fellow prisoners. They say, it may be added, that this is the only desertion which the new gendarmerie has ever had. Then Charlemagne set up as a practicing Caco in the mountainous country between Hinche and Cap Haitien, and presently, by spectacular larcenies, arsons, and murders, and the judicious evasion of such marines and gendarmes as were sent against him, he gathered a large following and mounted to considerable fame. Through 1918 and into 1919 he burned and robbed and killed, and all the more enterprising and ambitious banditti flocked to join him

Any of the columns that hunted him through the hills would have destroyed him, if they could have got at him. But it was like looking for a small green snake in a large wet marsh. His intelligence system was perfect, the terrain favored him as much as it interfered with his enemies, and he always got away. His horn continued to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

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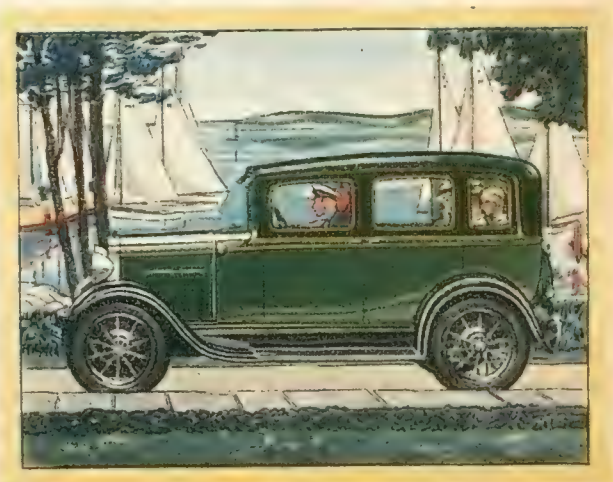

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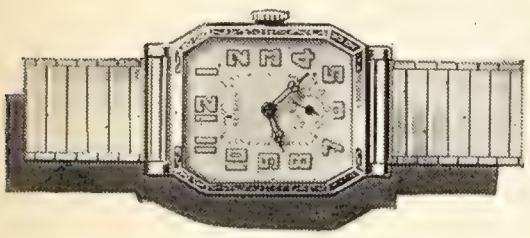

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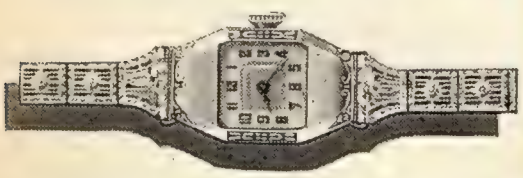

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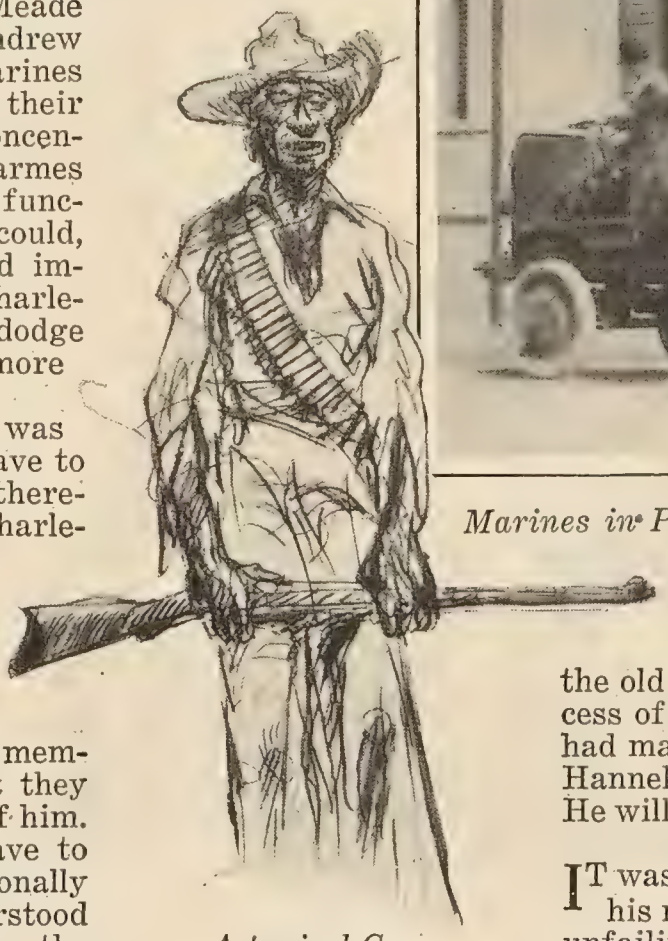
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

be exalted, and the marines were not pleased. Such things have come to pass before. In South Africa, in the Riff, in the Philippines, and our own Civil War—witness Mosby's irregulars—small, highly mobile forces, operating in a country that provides plenty of elbow room, have made highly trained and able professional armies look silly.

In 1919 Colonel Wise, general of the Gendarmerie d'Haiti at Port au Prince, took thought and enunciated the principle that the thing to do about this Cacoism was to bag the leaders. If Charlemagne and such people were brought in, there would be an end of it.

He communicated this thought to Major Meade, commanding in the disturbed northern departments, and ordered Major Meade, in his large, general way, to get Charlemagne. Major Meade said Yes, Sir, and withdrew to the north. The marines continued to rattle their bayonets in strategic concentrations, and the gendarmes performed their police functions as well as they could, and they both patrolled important areas, and Charlemagne continued to dodge about between the two, more annoying than ever.



A typical Caco.

To Major Meade it was evident that it would have to be an inside job, and therefore a gendarme job. Charlemagne, a thoroughly modern commander, remained well to the rear in all his actions. Occasionally they caught and scattered members of his bands, but they never got in rifle shot of him. So somebody would have to go where he was, personally—somebody who understood the people, and knew the country, and could speak the language, besides having the professional military qualifications. Captain Hanneken was then with a detachment of gendarmes in the town of Grande Rivière, and to him Major Meade passed along his orders.

Grande Rivière is a town of about 2,000 inhabitants, twelve miles or so inland from Cap Haitien, on the west bank of the stream called the Great River of the North, which rises in central Haiti and flows to the sea at the cape. The town is in the foothills. East and south of it the mountains rise, mile on mile of tumbled ranges, leading into the wild back country where the Cacos hide.

In Grande Rivière Hanneken considered the matter thoroughly and silently, as was his habit. He could not go out of his district after his man, for Charlemagne knew when an officer moved, and if a strange captain turned up in a new place, he would be curious about it.

THEREFORE, since he couldn't go to Charlemagne, Charlemagne must come to him. And he made a plan, the details of which he never shared with anybody, for Haiti was a notoriously leaky place. Not more than four persons in Haiti were allowed any knowledge of Hanneken's intention.

The other three were Major Meade, a Haitian citizen named Conzé, and Lieutenant William Button of the gendarmerie, a corporal of marines. There was also Gendarme Jean Edmond François, who rendered service. But none of these knew more than a part of the scheme.

This Conzé was a fellow of substance in Grande Rivière, much respected. He visited one night at Hanneken's house, and they talked of this and that, and of the reward lately placed by the government on the head of Charlemagne: $2,000 gold in Haitian *gourdes*—a *gourde* being about ninety-six cents gold—paid in the hand of the man who brought in Charlemagne, dead or alive. Marines, of course, were not eligible for the reward.

Next morning they were saying, in Grande Rivière, that the *blancs* had offended the excellent Conzé, and Conzé had departed last night for the hills to become a Caco. It was a sensation. The local gendarme station was also very much agitated because Gendarme Jean Edmond François had deserted, with his arms. Well, the

© Henry Miller

Marines in Port au Prince turning out by motor truck in answer to a riot call.

women in the market observed, Jean Edmond was a man of spirit, not to be held down. And the old heads in Grande Rivière freely predicted the success of Conzé in the Caco line, for it was known that he had made off with the pearl-handled revolver of Captain Hanneken, an elegant weapon, much admired. *Eh bien!* He will get along, that Conzé. . . .

IT was very soon apparent that Conze was going to make his mark. He was reputed to have quantities of arms, unfailing stores of food, and much rum for patriots. In no time at all he had recruited a force and begun to raid around after the most active Caco tradition. He had run off in July, and in August he became important, and his activities were the item of the day in Grande Rivière. He became insolent: he sent into town scurrilous letters reflecting on the character of Captain Hanneken. Grande Rivière was his chosen territory. Here he put fire to a village, and there his braves held up and robbed market women, trading into town.

The citizens came to Hanneken with representations: why didn't he do something? For, although he rushed his gendarmes from one end of his district to the other, his operations were quite ineffective; Conzé proved as hard to catch as Charlemagne himself. And about the end of August, Conzé let it be known that he had built a fort, called Capois, in the hills east of the river, within six hours' walk of town, and he dared Hanneken to come and get him. The gendarmes had better come quickly, he added, for his force was growing, and presently he would come and get Hanneken.

Incidentally, Hanneken knew, through sources he had, that Conzé was in communication with Charlemagne, and that the deserter Jean Edmond François, who wrote a clerkly hand, had become Charlemagne's private secretary.

Fort Capois could not be ignored. The nearest marines sent word that if the gendarmes suffered from broken legs or cold feet or such afflictions, they would come over themselves and clean up the district. So Hanneken, with elaborate secrecy that fooled nobody, sallied out to deliver a night attack on the Conzé citadel.

The attack was developed by Hanneken's gendarmes,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HANNEKEN OF THE MARINES
Continued from page twenty-one]

and the Cacos, with surprising spirit, stood and fought. In the height of the shooting and yelling that made hideous the bland tropic night, Hanneken's bugler saw his captain reel behind a bush, as a man may when a bullet wings him, and saw him stagger out, binding a first-aid dressing around a bloody arm. Then the bugler received orders to sound the retreat, double time, which he did with his eyes popping. Since the Americans came, such a thing had never before been known. Hanneken, his left arm in a sling, led the retirement.

Grande Rivière was stunned. The news ran through the district and beyond it: those braves out there have defeated the gendarmes in open battle, and the tall American captain is seriously wounded, and barely escaped with his life by running all the way back to Grande Rivière! The women looked sideways when the gendarmes passed, and Hanneken moped about for days with his arm tied up, enduring the gibes of his brother officers and the open scorn of the marines.

The arm was the greatest trouble to him. His medical personnel wanted to dress it — and they would have discovered that there was no wound, and that the blood was red ink from the detachment field desk.

Lieutenant H. H. Hanneken, U. S. Marine Corps hero of jungle man-hunts (in the oval), and his latest captive, General Jiron, Sandino's right-hand man, waving a machete in the center of a group of Nicaraguan bandits.

As for Conzé, he now had a real victory to report to Charlemagne. For Charlemagne had refused to be drawn, contenting himself with inconsequential letters, sent casually in reply to Conzé's ardent communications. There was a small, cold whisper through the country, from nobody knew where, to the effect that Conzé was not a bona fide Caco. Charlemagne had listened to it, to the extent of issuing at least one order for Conzé's assassination and another for his arrest.

BUT the news from Fort Capois reassured him, and he sent Conzé his congratulations and a commission as general of division. He wrote also that he might presently come and visit the heroes of Fort Capois; in the meantime, let the new general of division keep up the good work; let him take a town from the *blancs*.

Conzé replied that he needed more men for such a task, but if the great Charlemagne in person would join him, they would take the town of Grande Rivière, and after that they would drive the *blancs* into the sea.

This design on Grande Rivière became known, and people there thought it quite likely, with such a broken sword as Hanneken defending the place. The more timid property owners packed up and moved to the cape, where the marines were stationed.

Capois had been attacked early in September, and Conzé and Charlemagne exchanged notes for the rest of the month and on into October, Hanneken furnishing the means for rum and rations and a few *gourdes* to Conzé's camp. Conzé had to explain such riches to his chief: he asserted that wealthy sympathizers in the cities were sending him donations.

About the end of October, Grande Rivière was white-eyed over the rumor that Charlemagne had at last come north out of the mountains, and was at Fort Capois, and thousands with him. One night Conzé slipped in to Hanneken, and told him that the attack on Grande Rivière was set for the last night in the month.

ACROSS the river from the town was a place called Mazaire, which Charlemagne, who had announced that he was coming to this fight, would pass. Hanneken with ten gendarmes would wait for him there. And after dark, the night of October 31, Hanneken took his ten men and Lieutenant Button, and turned them into Cacos.

There is a story that for his own blond hide he had a stain from an old *mamaloi* (a Voodoo priestess) with which he covered himself even to his toes, and that it took six weeks to get him white again. With that, or with burnt cork, he and Button darkened themselves, and they all shed their uniforms and got into the rags and tatters of the Caco.

Then they slipped out to Mazaire, unobserved by the defense. Hidden, they saw pass more than 700 Cacos to the attack on Grande Rivière. Button knew what was planned, and the gendarmes knew that they lay surrounded by the enemy, and that if anything went wrong the luck would be with the ones who were killed outright.

Presently they heard Conzé's signal for the attack—three shots outside the town. A spatter of firing followed, and the Lewis guns of the marines took it up. The deserter Jean Edmond François groped out of the night to Hanneken's side: Charlemagne, he panted, had decided not to come down, and he was camped on a hill near Fort Capois, waiting for news of the battle.

They relate that Hanneken took this, as he takes most things, silently. Behind him, the attack on Grande Rivière was mounting to fury, and he had seen that the Caco force was very large. He believed that Conzé was faithful—he had to believe that—but Conzé's men were perfectly sincere about what they were doing. The whole thing had got out of control.

He had worked four months to construct the present situation, and now it had fallen apart in his hands. He knew that in decoying Charlemagne to Grande Rivière, twelve miles from Cap Haitien, he was playing with fire. Any way the affair turned out, it was going to be extremely unpleasant for Lieutenant Hanneken—unless he got Charlemagne.

He asked Jean Edmond François if he could guide them to the hill where the chief was camped. Jean Edmond François said he could. He told Button, briefly, what they would do, and he told his gendarmes to come on. He had two pistols, Button carried a light Browning automatic rifle, and the gendarmes had their service weapons. They set out for the hills as fast as men could walk.

It was a dark, hot night with broken clouds that blotted out the stars. They passed through the skirts of Caco bands that drew toward the firing, and at midnight, much blown, they approached a group of armed men at the foot of a wooded, rocky slope, the first of the outposts

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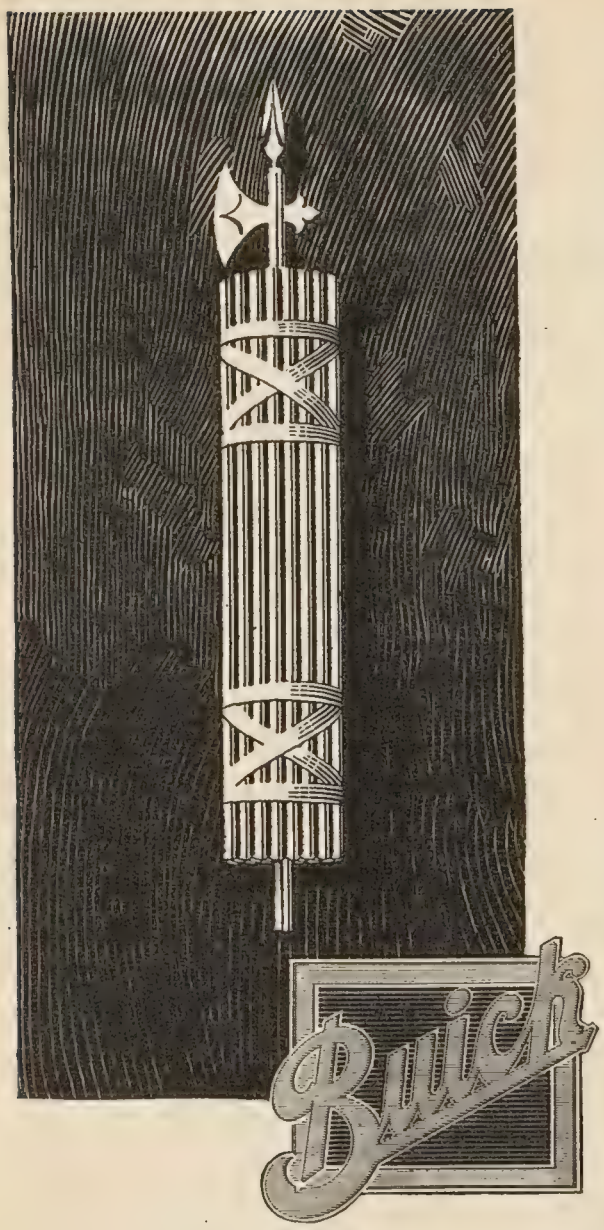

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

around Charlemagne's camp. Jean Edmond François had the password for the night, and he gave it: it was "General Jean," in honor of Conzé. He also told the outposts that they brought news for the chief: Grande Rivière was taken. And they were passed up the hill with jubilant yells.

But there were five more outposts on the trail, Jean Edmond François said, and he thought it more prudent that they leave the trail and slip around them. Hanneken thought not, for the chance of missing Charlemagne by getting lost was a chance he refused to take. They held on up the trail, and four outposts let them through. The last detachment was the personal bodyguard of Charlemagne, and they saw it at the crest, silhouetted against the glow of a dying fire in a little rocky clearing beyond. "He is up there, *mon capitaine,*" Jean Edmond François breathed, and glided off into the dark.

The chief of the group, a Negro as big as Hanneken, stepped forward with his pistol raised, and took the password. It did not sound quite right, and he would have talked, but Hanneken brushed by him, with Button at his heels.

The Negro caught Button's arm, and saw the automatic rifle. "Wait," he said, "where'd you get that pretty gun?" Button mumbled at him and pulled away after Hanneken, who was striding towards the fire.

There were two women by this fire, and as Hanneken approached it, one of them threw an armful of light stuff on, and it blazed up. A man beyond the fire came forward, peering intently across the flames. Hanneken had never seen this man before, but he wore a silk shirt, and belted on him was the same pearl-handled revolver that Conzé had taken when he had gone Caco.

The silk cloth shimmered in the firelight, and Hanneken had out his pistol and shot through the center of it. In the same breath, Button whirled and fired his Browning from the hip into the group of guards. One of the women, squalling, flung a blanket over the fire, and then there was no light in that place except the insane stabbing flashes of the Caco rifles around the clearing. There was great outcry: screams from the women, tigerish howls from the men.

IN the dark, Hanneken groped on his hands and knees, and found the silk shirt: the man in it was dead. Near at hand was a shelter such as bushmen build, and he rummaged in this for a portfolio that Jean Edmond François had described; the colonel would want to know who in Haiti wrote love-letters to Charlemagne. He caught up the body, and flung it down behind some rocks, in a hollow he had marked, and he jumped down with it, because there were too many slugs ripping by for it to be healthy aboveground. Somewhere near him were the gendarmes and Button, and all over the place the Cacos shot and raged. Hanneken lay low, and shot at flashes that came too near. But the dark covered him, and no Caco knew exactly what had happened. St. Remy Péralte, brother of Charlemagne, was wounded there in the night.

Toward daylight, stragglers came by from Grande Rivière, where they had been repulsed with slaughter, and most of them drew back into the hills. At dawn Button appeared, and the gendarmes. A special problem was Jean Edmond François, whom the gendarmes proposed to shoot out of hand as a dishonor to their corps, and it took all of Hanneken's influence to protect him until the exact bearing of his case broke on his old comrades.

When the light strengthened, they counted nine dead Cacos, most of them in a huddle where Button's automatic had played through the bodyguard. St. Remy had been carried off. But they had Charlemagne. He looked very small and mean, lying among the rocks in the new day.

They found a pony straying loose, threw the body across it, and went down the hills to Grande Rivière, fired at all the way by Cacos in the brush. From there they took the body to Cap Haitien, while the countryside flocked to look. It was desirable that the world should see the Chief of the Revolutionary Forces in his last condition, and should spread the tale, and he lay in a public place in Cap Haitien, where the archbishop, who knew him, officially identified what was mortal of Charlemagne Péralte.

Then, because he had been the fire in the heart of the Caco movement, and so that the Cacos might not say, "It is a lie of the *blancs*—they killed one whose name they said was Charlemagne, but Charlemagne is yonder in the hills, strong and brave as ever," he was buried publicly in all the cities of Haiti. Certainly there were funeral processions and official arrangements in those places. But actually, that he might lie quiet and no magic be made of his bones, the marines buried him, with appropriate reticence, under the concrete entrance to the Department Headquarters of the North, where night and day the marine sentry on Post Number One paces up and down.

Nor has Charlemagne, to this writing, been resurrected.

HANNEKEN had no part in all this. On November 1 he returned from Cap Haitien, took his Grande Rivière gendarmes—it was the thing he requested, and his commanding officer indulged him—hotfoot out to Fort Capois, where some of the Cacos had rallied, and chased the Cacos off and destroyed the place. Later there was a chief, Osiris Joseph, who made play for the mantle of Charlemagne in northern Haiti, and him Hanneken ran down and shot also. About the same time Captain Perkins, in the south, got into the camp of Benoit and killed him. It began to occur to the Caco chiefs that the next comrade who came along, no matter how surely vouched for, might be Captain Hanneken or some such person, and the morale of the Caco high command decayed notably. In 1920 the last of the chiefs returned to peaceful pursuits, and the republic is now tranquil.

As for the men who disposed of Charlemagne, Colonel Wise suffered at the time from the fever of the country, and he records that the news was the best medicine he ever had. One of the old fighting colonels of marines, he had seen enough to be unemotional about heroism, but he recommended Hanneken at once for a commission in the Marine Corps, and cited him for the Congressional Medal of Honor, Button's name going in with his for promotion and the decoration.

Hanneken was commissioned second lieutenant, with rank from November 23, 1919, and both he and Button later received the Medal of Honor at the hand of the President in Washington. The Republic of Haiti conferred its highest decoration, the Medaille Militaire, to which Hanneken subsequently received a clasp and five stars for further acts of distinguished gallantry under fire in the final Caco episodes; and for the killing of Osiris Joseph the Secretary of the Navy awarded him the Navy Cross.

Button died the next year of fever. Jean Edmond François received gendarme honors, and he, with Conzé, divided the reward paid by the government for Charlemagne. In Haiti, Charlemagne has already become a legend, and Conzé and Jean Edmond walk in its reflected glory.

They tell you at Headquarters that Hanneken was not ordered to Nicaragua for any special purpose. The corps assumes that all its officers are competent, and they go to duty beyond the seas according to their places on the foreign service roster.

But, as I wrote in the beginning, Headquarters will not be surprised to hear again of Hanneken. He has an aptitude for the difficult and dangerous.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

An arresting article

Is Prohibition Forcing Civil War?

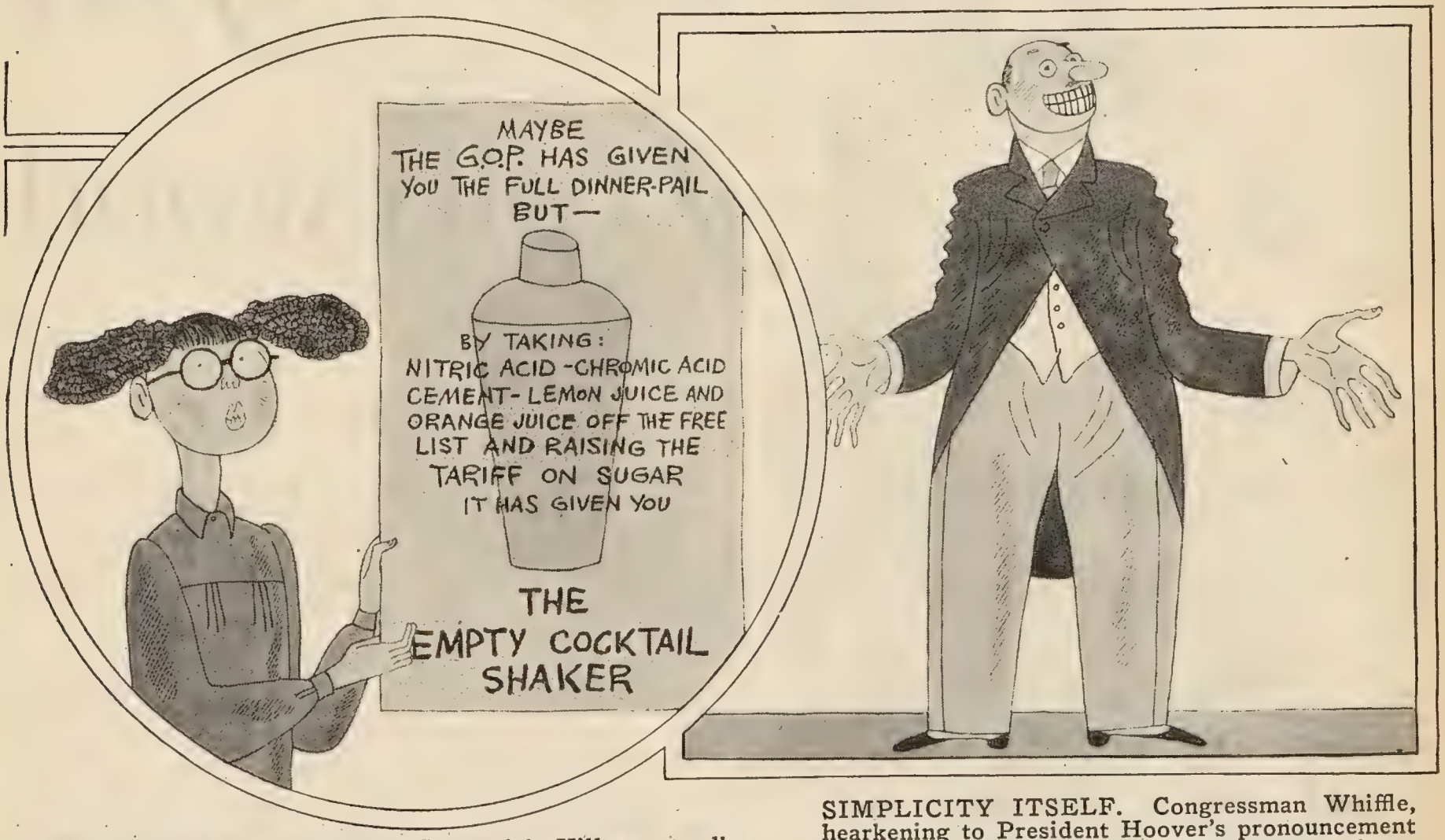
by a distinguished historian

Ida M. Tarbell

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

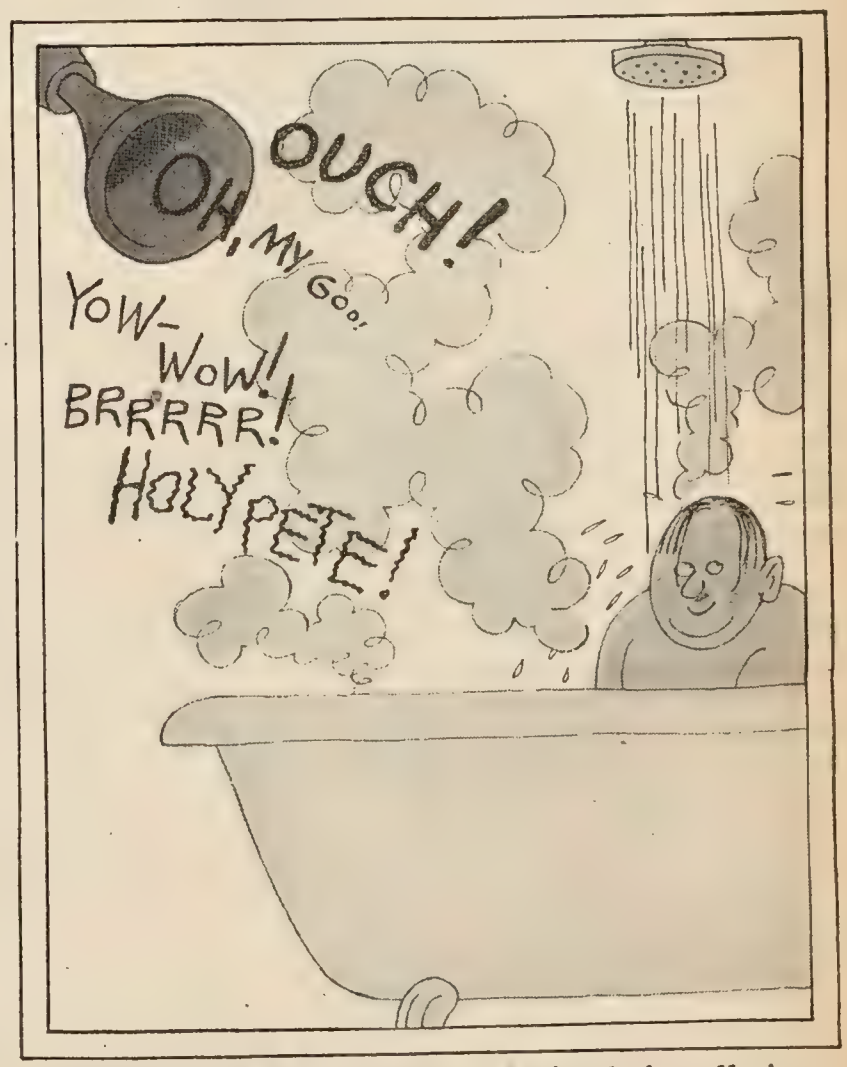
By RALPH BARTON



MISS TATIANA BOGGS of Greenwich Village standing beside her prize-winning design for the 1932 Democratic campaign poster.

SIMPLICITY ITSELF. Congressman Whiffle, hearkening to President Hoover's pronouncement that the real problem in law enforcement is to awaken public consciousness of a moral sense, introduces a bill making consciousness of a moral sense compulsory.

THE RT. HON. STANLEY BALDWIN believes that the movies spread false ideas; which is quite the contrary to politics, which disseminates the divine verities.



TALKIES IN THE HOME. A simple installation which reproduces the exact effect of the morning cold shower for the benefit of the rest of the family, without involving torture.

Show Girl in Hollywood

A New DIXIE DUGAN Adventure

By

J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by J. H. STRIEBEL

Dixie Dugan, who will be remembered as the cute little baggage in Get Your Girl.

DIXIE DUGAN of Show Girl fame, who gained stardom, via a night club, a stabbing fray, and a kidnaping, in a play written for her by her reporter boy friend, Jimmy Doyle, is now making a bid for Hollywood. Jimmy's show has flopped! As a first step toward California, she gets an appointment with Fritz Buelow, Colossal director, by pretending she's a newspaper woman. As she wrote to her sister Nita in Paris—tonight's the night!

PART TWO—DIXIE GETS A BREAK

THE Fuzzy-Wuzzy—a creep joint in Harlem. An assortment of couples in ocher, beige, Arabian sand, and postum shades doing the bumpity-bump under revolving lights—red and green—while a small hot band makes dirty wah-wah. It is edging up to midnight, which is only the middle of the afternoon north of One Hundred and Thirty-fifth. At a small disheveled table sit Dixie Dugan and Jacques Goldfarb.

GOLDFARB: He ought to be along here any minute now.

DIXIE: So you've been telling me for the last three hours.

GOLDFARB: He must have got caught in a story conference over at the studio. He's a demon for work—Mr. Buelow—and this is the most important picture he's ever directed. It's an epic.

DIXIE: What's an epic?

GOLDFARB: Well, it's something—something *(makes eloquent gesture with hands)* like that, see? Big! It's called Sinning Lovers.

DIXIE: Do they sin in a big way—with sound and effects? Listen to that wench sing. Hot Dow!

> Oh, yu may leave an' go to Halli-ma-fack,
> But mah slow draag'll bring yu back;
> Yu may go, but THIS *(slap)* will bring you back.

GOLDFARB: Mr. Buelow said for us to be sure and wait here for him; that he didn't want you to be disappointed in getting your interview.

DIXIE: What's your racket?

GOLDFARB *(indignantly):* Racket? I'm Mr. Buelow's personal representative, his general manager; and also in charge of his press relations.

DIXIE *(humming):* "You may go, but this will bring you back." *(Absently.)* Don't those boogie femmes have funny shapes? *(Coming to suddenly.)* Oh, I beg your pardon!

GOLDFARB *(suddenly):* Say, listen, Miss Dugan, d'you like this writing business?

DIXIE: Writing business? No, I can't say that I do, but it's a living and a girl must live. I forget just why.

GOLDFARB: You're too pretty to be writing for a living.

DIXIE: That's what I often tell myself. Only this morning I said to myself, "Dixie, you're too pretty to be writing for a living," and then I listened, but I didn't hear anything. So that's why I'm here, waiting to interview your famous Mr. Buelow, and if he doesn't show up pretty soon he'll get a good journalistic kick in the pants from me. Are you there?

GOLDFARB *(shaking flask ruefully):* We seem to have killed it. I wish I knew somebody here.

DIXIE: I'll fix that. Call Charlie there at the door.

GOLDFARB: Why, have you been here before?

DIXIE: I laid the cornerstone and broke a bottle of gin on it as it slid down the ways. No, that was a fairy boat. Say, Charlie, we want a quart of Scotch. He'll get it for you—he's a good egg. How do I do it? That's the power of the press you read about.

GOLDFARB: How would you like to go into the movies? *(Reaching for her hand.)* I can fix it up.

DIXIE: You don't have to hold that—I wouldn't hit you.

GOLDFARB: I think you would be cute in the movies.

DIXIE: I shouldn't wonder. That's what my older brother was saying the other day—Sam. He isn't very bright. Spends all of his time writing to the papers saying, "I'm a little girl sixteen years old and my boy friend doesn't speak to me any more. Do you think it is because I'm getting warts? I'm sure he is too much of a gentle-

man to say so. What shall I do? Shall I get another boy friend who doesn't mind warts, or shall I get some more warts and not bother about the boys?"

GOLDFARB: Suppose I could get you a screen test?

DIXIE: All right, I'm supposing.

GOLDFARB *(capturing the other hand):* I think you'd be a knockout in the movies.

DIXIE: You're repeating yourself, mister—get on—get on.

GOLDFARB: You don't seem to like me.

DIXIE: I don't see how you can say that. I'm very fond of you. I had an uncle once who looked like you. I remember I was just a little bit of a girl, and then one day a lot of men came to the house and took him away. Raise your elbow a bit—that's better.

GOLDFARB *(jumping up):* Oh, hello. Mr. Buelow, I want you to meet Miss Dugan.

BUELOW: How do you do? Sorry to keep you waiting. May I present Chiquita Tortilla? This is Miss Dugan. You have seen Miss Tortilla, of course?

CHIQUITA *(extending small dark hand):* I am ver' pleased to like you, yes? *(To Buelow, with flashing black eyes.)* Miss Doogan, who she?

BUELOW: A newspaper writer. Writes for the—the —what do you write for?

DIXIE *(uncertainly):* The—the All-American Newspaper Syndicate.

GOLDFARB: I thought you said the Pan-American?

DIXIE *(laughing it off):* It's really the All-American, but we call it the Pan-American because we're always putting somebody in the grease.

CHIQUITA: In th' grease? What's that?

BUELOW: Miss Tortilla hasn't been in this country long. She doesn't understand American slang. In fact, she hasn't been here long enough to understand much about the country, have you?

CHIQUITA *(taking cue):* Ah, but I love thee grand America. Eet ees so beeg, so reech, an' effrybody so nice eet make my heart go boomp boomp.

DIXIE: Is Miss Chiquita boomping in the picture you're making now?

BUELOW: She plays Lilith in the ancient story and the Red Hot Mamma in the Modern Babylon part—that's New York—you know, skyscrapers, modern towers of Babylon—Babel—well, same thing.

GOLDFARB *(worried):* Mannheim was looking for you this evening. He was in the projection room looking at the Coney Island rushes.

BUELOW: What did he want?

GOLDFARB: He was sorter glum. Said there wasn't enough sex in the merry-go-round sequence.

BUELOW: There you go, Miss Dugan. That gives you an idea. Every time you try to do something Big in this business a supervisor pops out and gums the works.

DIXIE: What's a supervisor?

GOLDFARB: The gag is that he's a guy that's hired by the front office to keep Gentiles from getting too artistic.

BUELOW: And after I go and shoot the merry-go-round with allegorical dissolves that show Life is a mad carousel going around and round in tinsel grandeur to the cheap blare of that gaudy Calliope called fame—this big buttonhole presser yells more sex.

DIXIE: What does he want? More It in the horsies?

BUELOW *(pouring himself drink):* I guess so.

DIXIE: You might have 'em all come alive and go on the make for each other. *(Singing with orchestra.)*

I'm not much to look at, nothin' to see;
Just glad I'm livin' and lucky to be—
I got a woman crazy for me,
She's funny that way.

BUELOW: That's good. What's that?

DIXIE: Dick Whiting's newest. Ain't it diggety? I feel like laying down a few flat arches. Who's for that?

GOLDFARB *(rising):* Come on!

BUELOW *(quickly):* Here! It's my dance. *(Holding her closely as Chiquita stares after them in angry surprise.)* Say, you're different from most of these writers.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HIS manager started holding hands and talking screen tests, but his technique was very bad.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

DIXIE *(singing):*

I can't save a dollar; ain't worth a cent;
She doesn't holler; she'd live in a tent.
I got a woman crazy for me,
She's funny that way.

Who's different?

BUELOW: You are. I like you.

DIXIE: Come, come, mister. Heads up.

BUELOW: Do you like writing for a living?

DIXIE: Crazy about it. Just nerts. Take a typewriter to bed with me every night.

BUELOW: Is that all?

DIXIE: And some paper. Let's talk about you. Are you really a genius? Do you think talking pictures are here to stay? How long are you gonna be in New York? Does your little Mexican friend carry a knife? She's madder'n hell.

BUELOW: Say, you're a swell dancer, kid.

DIXIE: It all dates from the day I clipped that coupon. Now I make all my own clothes and speak to the waiter in perfect French. But you should see me with a typewriter. *(Sings.)*

Of course, he tried me out, but I went completely Winnie-the-Pooh on him.

When I hurt her feelings once in a while,
Her only answer is one little smile;
I got a woman crazy for me,
She's funny that way.

There's a damfool for you.

BUELOW: Say, listen. You're too pretty to be writing for a living—

DIXIE: —how would you like to have a screen test? Is that it?

BUELOW: Well, how would you?

DIXIE: No.

BUELOW *(stunned):* What?

DIXIE: What do I want with a screen test? Suppose it turned out good? I'd have to leave New York and go to Hollywood and make pictures. And what for? There are too many pictures now. Let's make 'em play an encore. Come on, clap hands. . . . No, I guess that's all. Back we go, and you better pipe down on that screen-test stuff when we arrive, or your little hot-tamale friend won't like it.

. . . . . .

Miss Nita Dugan, *Brooklyn, N. Y., June 6.*
Hotel Scribe,
Rue Scribe,
Paris.

DEAR SIS:

Guess what? I have a movie director on my trail and a song writer on my hands. Life is getting full of that old meaning for me, and to think that just a few weeks ago I was feeling so low I would have gone away with a flag-pole sitter. And it all happened last night at the Fuzzy-Wuzzy in Harlem where I had gone to meet Fritz Buelow—you know, that director I told you about.

Well, I was sitting up there with his manager, waiting for him, and along about midnight he staggered in with this Mex femme, Chiquita Tortilla. Before that his manager, an Eskimo named Goldfarb, started holding hands and talking screen tests, but his technique was very bad so he didn't get anywhere. Then Buelow trotted me around the floor a bit and told me I am too pretty to be writing for a living—I was pretending to be a writer for the papers, you see, and why not? Who isn't? Channel swimmers, parachute jumpers, flea trainers—they all wind up doing signed articles, telling how they did it.

Buelow still thinks I'm a writer, and we hadn't been around the floor twice before he was feeling my ribs and talking screen tests. I guess men are pretty much alike except some of them have a lower boiling point. Being a movie director, Buelow seems to figure all he has to do is look masterful, holler allez-oop, and the little girl does a nip-up. Well, I will say I encouraged him.

After all, this bozo goes places and does things, and if he wanted to give me a lift I could be sitting on top of one of those Beverly Hills throwing rocks at Mary Pickford's cat. Anyway, he was awfully nice to me and, of course, he tried me out right away, but I went completely Winnie-the-Pooh on him and now he probably thinks I'm all seven of the foolish virgins with a touch of Ed Wynn. Anyway, he kept up his lateral passes combined with an occasional end run, but the baby sister held for downs on the one-yard line. I think we play a better open game here than in the west.

I CAN'T say that all this endeared me to little Chiquita, but I should get flats under the eyes worrying about her. Buelow finally talked me into having a screen and talking test, and I'm to go over to the studio in Astoria in a couple of days. And would I have dinner with him tomorrow night? Sure, says I, and coffee with liqueur in the salon. So that's that.

But that wasn't all. During the evening several people came over to the table to talk to Buelow, and one of them, a song publisher, brought a cute fellow with him and introduced him to us. He was one of those dreamy kids who look a little bit shell-shocked, so you knew right away he must be either a genius or a nut. He told me he was a lyric writer and that he wrote the words for a lot of popular songs that I can't remember now, and that he had just signed a big contract to go west and write theme songs for the movies.

So I asked if he had written any theme songs, and he says yes, he wrote one for The Terror, but it was never used. It was called Little Terror, I Love You. I asked him why he didn't write one for Noah's Ark and call it Noah's Ark, I Love You, and he said he hadn't thought of it, but it wasn't a bad idea. He's kinda cute at that; reminds me a little bit of Denny, my old greeting-card weakness.

Well, to get back to the party: it was still going strong at 4 A. M. with the dance floor jammed and all singing She's Got Good Bread, but Buelow said he had to be on the set at nine, so we all blew down to Childs on the Circle and had bacon and eggs and coffee, and Mickey took me home all the way over to Brooklyn, which is no way to treat even a song writer.

And now I'm wondering what Buelow will say when he finds out I was faking and that I'm not a writer at all, but just a little hoofer who is all burning up with ambition. Gee, Sis, no foolin'. I've got to get something pretty soon. Jimmy can't get his show produced which he's been writing for me. He couldn't even get me an introduction to Buelow. He wouldn't anyway—too jealous. Won't he burn up when he finds out I've not only met him anyway, but am getting tests and everything? And wouldn't it be just too much if I did get a break in the movies and went over? Oh, boy! Come on, Fritz. Do that thing!

Love, DIXIE.

Miss Dixie Dugan, *June 7.*
439 Flatbush Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR DIXIE:

This is one of those hello and good-by letters. I'm

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

ANNIVERSARY MODELS

featuring Power Detection and Elimination of All A-C Hum

MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

MODEL 92 Absolutely no hum and no oscillation at any wave length. Automatic sensitivity control gives uniform sensitivity and amplification in both high and low wave lengths. Improved Majestic Super-Dynamic Speaker. Extra heavy, sturdy Majestic Power-Pack. Jacobean period cabinet of American Walnut. Doors of matched butt walnut with overlays on doors and interior panel of genuine imported Australian Lacewood. Escutcheon plate, knobs and door pulls finished in genuine sliver.

MODEL 91 Power Detection and the *new* –45 tubes plus four tuned stages of radio frequency enables Majestic to produce the most powerful and selective radio set ever built. Absolutely no hum and no oscillation at any wave length. Improved Majestic Super-Dynamic Speaker. Early English design cabinet of American Walnut. Instrument panel overlaid with genuine imported Australian Lacewood. Escutcheon plate and knobs finished in genuine silver.

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The new Majestic is so amazing that mere words won't tell you the story. Just see it, and try it for yourself. Try it at *any* wave length—give it rough treatment—it will go through every test as the best radio set you have yet seen, at *any price.*

Look for a finished job, one that you can bank on to give you *lasting enjoyment* and *lasting service.* That's the new Majestic. It has no experimental tubes nor tricky, untried circuits. It is dependable, solid all the way through. And Majestic's new cabinets are in keeping with the mechanical perfection of the set itself. Any one of more than 12,000 Majestic Dealers will gladly give you a home demonstration, without cost and without obligation.

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ELECTRIC RADIO

YOU CANNOT BUY A BETTER RADIO SET AT ANY PRICE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

leaving today for Hollywood. It's funny, you know, but I was all pepped up about going out there until I met you the other night and now I hate to leave little old Broadway and you.

That would make a good song, don't you think? "I love to say hello, I hate to say good-by, but somewhere the sun is shining and soon I'll be with you, and my blackbirds will be bluebirds, because I love you." That needs a little polishing up. You see, I was just sort of dummying it out.

I think you're awfully sweet. I wish you were coming out to Hollywood or I were staying here where I could see you often. You know, I think you are a real inspiration. You know, when I got back home the other night after seeing you I was so pepped up I couldn't go to sleep. All kinds of songs were going through my head and then I thought of a theme song that I'm going to sell as soon as I get out to Hollywood.

You know that movie, The Man Who Laughs? Well, I was reading in Variety they are going to re-issue it with sound and they are looking for a theme song. What do you think of this one? It's just the chorus and it needs a little polishing up, but here's the way it goes:

Oh, man who laughs, you make me cry.
My Man! You're my man.
And I can't live without my man;
The man I love.
Just like a poem by Victor Hugo,
I will go wherever you go.
Laugh, Man, Laugh, but by and by
You will learn what it means to sigh,
Man Who Laughs (Ha! Ha! Ha!)
You make me cry.

I think it ought to be a big hit. You can see it's got a lot of good commercial things in it. Part of My Man which was a big sock, and The Man I Love which was one of Gershwin's best, and part of Laugh, Clown, Laugh, and then at the end where I have the laughing indicated I'll have the composer pull in a strain of Pagliacci and besides all that I think those are two swell wow lines:

Just like a poem by Victor Hugo,
I will go wherever you go.

That's a new rhyme, too. I bet after Berlin sees those he won't be so chesty about his "valise-full of books to read where it's peaceful."

Do you get it—valise-full, peaceful? That was in Lazy.

When I go out to the coast I'm going to team with Dick Whiting—you know, the fellow who wrote the tune for Horses and Japanese Sand Man and Ain't We Got Fun and a whole lot more? I'm going to miss you something terribly. I never fell so hard before. Say, that's not a bad start for a lyric. "I never fell so hard before, until I fell for you," and there could be a swell wow line in the chorus something like this:

Falling in love is old and slow;
I jump right in, I'd have you know.

Will you please write to me—I don't think I could stand it not to hear from you any more. Honest, I mean it! You can reach me at the Roosevelt Hotel, Hollywood, until further notice.

Sincerely,
MIKE (*call me Mickey*) O'KEEFE.

Mickey took me home all the way to Brooklyn, which is no way to treat even a song writer.

. . . . .

DIXIE DUGAN RATES TEST

(From Variety, week of June 14)

Fritz Buelow, the Colossal director, has been in town handing out screen and voice tests to likely-looking gals. Object: important rôles in thpeakie thequentheth of his newest epic Sinning Lovers. The latest to rate a few hundred feet of sound track is Dixie Dugan, who will be remembered as the cute little baggage in Get Your Girl, and before that in vode tab out in the Alfalfa zone long enough to take a few bows and get herself kidnaped for a hat full of headlines. Dixie should do well in this new racket, and when we say racket we mean sound.

SB597 WOODSTOCK NY 12 915A
DIXIE DUGAN JUNE 16
439 FLATBUSH AVE
BROOKLYN NY
DO I HAVE TO READ VARIETY TO FIND OUT WHAT YOURE DOING JIMMY

NC322 BROOKLYN NY 1 235P
JIMMY DOYLE JUNE 16
WOODSTOCK NY
LOUDER DIXIE

SA635 WOODSTOCK NY 11 1031A
DIXIE DUGAN JUNE 17
439 FLABUSH AVE BROOKLYN NY
HOW DID YOU GET TO BUELOW WHATS ALL THE SECRECY FOR JIMMY

NA437 BROOKLYN NY 6 436P JUNE 17
JIMMY DOYLE
WOODSTOCK NEWYORK
ONE MY IMAGINATION TWO YOUR IMAGINATION DIXIE

COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION
Eastern Offices,
1500 Broadway, New York.

June 21st.

Miss Dixie Dugan,
439 Flatbush Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR MISS DUGAN:

Your recent screen and sound test has been completed. Could you come in early next week and have a talk with our production manager, Mr. Zouftig?

Very truly yours,
COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION,
per I. Nebbick.

Next week Dixie bares the secrets of her diary on the way to Hollywood.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of North Carolina; North Dakota; Ohio?
2—Who was Charlemagne?
3—What is the frontal bone?
4—What is vellum?
5—Who is Secretary of the Interior?
6—What king assisted Solomon in the building of the temple?
7—What is the literal meaning of the French phrase *tête-à-tête?*
8—What is a Moslem?
9—Who manages the major league baseball team for which he pitched for many years?
10—Who wrote "God's in His heaven—All's right with the world!"?
11—What is the monetary unit of Spain?
12—What were known as the Punic Wars?
13—A furlong is what part of a mile?
14—What do the initials LL. B. stand for?
15—What is called the City of Churches?
16—What does intransigent mean?
17—Who were the vikings?
18—What is a ridgepole?
19—What kind of bird is a harpy?
20—What kind of vehicle bears the name of a former English monarch?

(Answers will be found on page forty-six)

Should a Child Have More Than One Mother?

A Psychologist's Notion of a Better Way to Grow Up

By

JOHN B. WATSON

who is the celebrated founder of the extreme behaviorist school of psychology, which denies man a soul and holds that his personality, character, and conduct are made up entirely of responses to stimuli. Behaviorists disregard heredity and attribute everything to environment, and Professor Watson has declared that if you will give him any healthy newborn infant, he will make it a future leader in any calling. His new and radical philosophy of life has given rise to much controversy. These are his views on the bringing up of children.

Pictures by G. PATRICK NELSON

IF you could start the world over again, how would you change it? Would you have churches and clergymen, law and punishment? Would you have schools and colleges? Would you keep the institution of marriage—one wife to a husband, each faithful to the other? Would you keep the home as we have it—allowing parents to own and possess their own children and to be responsible for their upbringing?

I suppose 99 per cent of us have never seriously questioned these institutions. They are at the very heart of our present civilization. So smug do we feel about them that any invitation even to think about their present-day value brings the cry, "Down with the lunatic!" A university professor, even in our enlightened North, who raises a question about them loses his job just as quickly as does the professor in the South who tries to teach evolution. And yet haven't all of these institutions failed utterly and miserably since we ceased to be a primitive people? Are we not carrying them on because of inertia and ignorance of what better to put into their places?

Such thoughts drive the behaviorist to dream of a Utopia where children may grow up with reactions fit for present use and not for a Victorian era.

The home, as we have it today, I think is not geared for twentieth-century service. It has failed primarily because it *prolongs the period of infancy.* No other biological family so prolongs it. Crows live as long as we do, yet their young become independent of the parents at the end of a few months. The young guinea pig is kicked out on his own after a few weeks. The young rabbit and the young rat, born as helpless as our own young, go about their affairs at the end of four short weeks. The young monkey, our closest relative in the animal field, will steal food from his mother at the end of a year, and if she attempts to administer punishment she must be agile indeed to inflict it.

On the frontiers and on the farms, the young at very tender ages become factors in production. It is not unusual at all to see children in the South, eight and nine years of age, working in the cotton fields, and to see boys ten and twelve years old doing the outdoor chores, fishing, hunting, and trapping to supply the family with fresh meat. In the cities today, children are not even taught that there is such a thing as a struggle for food. They grow up through the grades, the high school, and college without becoming factors in the production necessary to run a home.

During its first three years the mother alone has access to the child.

The women (the wives) haven't enough to do today. Scientific mass production has made their tasks so easy that they are overburdened with time. They utilize this time in destroying the happiness of their children.

THE mother begins to destroy the child the moment it is born. She receives the child as a bit of formless protoplasm. During the early tender years (birth to the third year) she alone has access to it. The parents' handling of that child is the only shaping it gets. They have to build it like themselves—they don't know any other way to build it. Every adult is thus the resultant of the shaping influence of the father and mother—plus, of course, that of a few grandparents, uncles, and aunts.

Hence all of the weaknesses, reserves, fears, cautions, and inferiorities of our parents are stamped into us with sledge-hammer blows. We do not inherit our character, temperament, and special abilities. They are forced upon us by our parents.

Watch the next three-year-old child you see—pick one almost at random. Here is one case. She is shy; cries when her mother leaves the room; sucks her thumb; is still incontinent; will not play with other children; spends only a few moments with each toy, then runs to the mother to be picked up, fondled, and kissed; she will not eat alone, every mouthful requires a distinct effort

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOULD A CHILD HAVE MORE THAN ONE MOTHER? Continued from page thirty-one]

on the part of the mother; she will not eat the food set before her; she whines continually; she will not go to sleep alone, but must have both her mother and a light present until she goes to sleep.

This child has not a happy moment during the day. Was she born this way? Not for a moment. The mother and the father created the child. Has it a chance? Not one, in this household. The only hope for such a child is to take her from her home and place her with people who have sense enough to treat her like a human being. We have good experimental evidence to show that in a few months by careful handling this child could be completely reconditioned. There is evidence in every psychiatric clinic to show that if she is not taken in hand (as most of them are not) she will grow up into an inferior kind of human being showing all the earmarks of her infantile training.

Here is another child, of four—afraid—afraid of its own shadow. If a dog comes near, he cries and runs to his nurse or mother. When a stranger comes to the house, he hides behind any convenient object; a toy electric train terrifies him; a butterfly toy or a mechanical mouse drives him into his mother's arms or to hide behind her skirt.

Here is still another child, three years of age. She kicks and screams when dressed, when restrained from running across the street or from playing with something that may do her bodily injury. She fights the servants. No nurse can be persuaded to stay near her. All day long we hear from the mother, " You bad child—mother has to punish you again."

Happy children? Made happy by tender mother love? Like Diogenes I have searched with my lantern to find a happy child. I almost said I found them happy only when they are asleep; but they are not happy even when they are asleep. They are restless. The adults have to tiptoe around the house for fear of awakening them, so lightly do they sleep.

Are these exaggerations? I hope so. Maybe my observations have been limited and biased, but my search for a happy child has been wide. Few parents today know how to rear their children and they bitterly resent being told how. They are going to bring their children up the way they themselves were brought up.

So much for the early training of the child in the home. His remaining years until adolescence is past must be spent in the home in the company of his parents. His parents must still remain the primary patterns for shaping his own life.

AND what about parents—what about the husband-wife relationship? How many wives today are happy? How many husbands are any happier? How many men and women are free from the restless sex urge which disturbs so many homes?

It is estimated that only 20 per cent of the married women have learned how to have successful sex relationship with their husbands. This means that in 80 per cent of the homes today there is restlessness and unhappiness. The men know little or nothing about training their wives. Most husbands and wives are not even frank enough to talk their problems out and try to reach an adjustment.

Bitterness grows up. Wives used to grin and bear the situation, but now divorce increasingly comes in to help solve this problem. But the women have been so badly trained by their mothers and the men by their fathers that a new marriage very often means only a trial honeymoon period and then another period of restlessness. Of course, there are other factors in marriage besides sex, just as there are other factors besides hunger for bread and meat. But the bread and meat problem has to be solved before the individual can go about his other business. The sex problem too must be solved before the individual is free to pursue his other vocations.

Often, on account of economic factors, the woman will not get a divorce but temporizes. She jealously guards her husband's every action. These homes, fully 80 per cent—and more, I believe—are unsound places in which to bring up children. In such homes invalidism is resorted to by husband or wife to avoid marital relationship. Such homes are homes of whining and complaining.

So destructive is the home today, so devastating is mother love, that some of us believe we ought to try a new way of bringing up our young. *Can we not, just as a speculation, consider letting parent-child identity go by the board? Can't we give up our rock-ribbed idea of possessing our own children, for the reason that it is not humanly possible to bring them up to fit our present civilization if we do bring them up as possessions?*

Here is a child of four, afraid—afraid of its own shadow.

OUR selfishness, I know, is deep-rooted. We want our children as we want our houses, automobiles, horses, and dogs—whether it is good for the children or not. There is still a deeper-rooted selfish reason, too, why we claim children of our own flesh and blood. It is the belief that they carry on our own identity through the ages, continue our own greatness, help to aggrandize us. This view is based upon the mistaken idea that our own behavior is inherited. We can't help but believe that our children inherit our virtues, special abilities, temperament, and talent. They help us to continue to live forever. It is hard to get away from this medieval point of view.

Let us build a Utopia where we can dream of a different kind of family life.

May I say before we enter the gates of this Utopia that I am old-fashioned enough to believe that monogamy is possible (whether desirable cannot be affirmed at this time) if we prepare for it early enough in the lives of boys and girls? At any rate, I want to see monogamy tried. It never has been yet in any thorough kind of way. I am old-fashioned enough too to want to save a remnant at least of the thing we now call " home." This Utopia is not propaganda for any known " cause." Utopians are too ignorant of " great causes " and all political and economic issues to know what such things are all about.

Industry with us in our Utopia goes on much as it does here. There is agriculture, mining, manufacturing, shipbuilding, and the like. Factories hum there as here, and men work harder if anything because they are trained to be absorbingly active all during the waking hours. They have the same incentive as here for doing a skillful job: increased pay, greater notice from the community for good work, and the like. Yet at the same time there is more time taken off for play and athletics than has been the case with any other nation. Wealth is laid up there as here.

The outstanding difference is that hereditary wealth is not allowed, because of its devastating effect upon the succeeding generation.

Utopians are not communists or capitalists or laborites or Marxians or Christians or Catholics or Jews or Mohammedans. The people are after behavioristic happiness for themselves and for their children. They know that they must work out this happiness by trial and error—by experimentation. They will no longer be guided by history and tradition.

In Utopia (a country about the size of the state of Texas, containing slightly less than 10,000,000 souls) we have in each unit 260 wives, each with a husband (and a few " spare " husbands and wives who are needed as substitutes in cases of illness). Each husband and wife lives in a separate house. Every house is large enough to give each child a separate room, and a large common playroom well supplied with windows of quartz glass. Each house is in the center of at least a five-acre plot of

ground. Besides the husband and wife, one scientifically trained assistant acts as nurse and instructor. Except when very young, the children need very little personal care.

In each unit there are 780 children—three children to a pair of parents. When the population of Utopia begins to increase noticeably the statisticians call attention to it and the parents begin to limit their children to two. In some of the homes we have two boys and one girl and in others two girls and one boy; the total number of boys in the unit equals the total number of girls. The children in any given home vary in age from birth to twenty years. The scientists in Utopia have perfected a milk which does away with breast feeding; for, however desirable breast feeding may be physiologically, psychologically it is most undesirable.

The mother never knows the identity of her own child. For scientific study, a Bertillon system is kept in the department of records in the hospital so that parenthood can be established if later research problems demand it.

Our children in Utopia are not made selfish. They care for everyone. Why not? They belong to everybody, and everybody belongs to them.

As soon as a child is born, it is taken into Home Number One in which there are already two other children. The child lives in this home exactly four weeks and is then taken to another home in which there are two children. This procedure is continued until infant, child, and young adolescent has passed through the hands of all 260 mothers, having stayed just four weeks with each mother. He will have been in the hands of thirteen mothers each year. He will be exactly twenty years old when his 260th mother and father pat him on the head and send him out to earn his living unaided.

We chose the four weeks' rotation period because there is little chance in this short stretch of time that any one home could indelibly and unduly condition him. Mother fixations do not develop (for mother or for child). Jealousies do not have time to grow. Dependency upon any one individual is not possible. Shyness and inferiority cannot develop for the simple reason that there is no stimulus in the environment to breed it.

THERE is no soil in Utopia upon which "possession" of one person by another can thrive. Hence invalidism (a device by which a lazy, whining, complaining child or adult can control the behavior of others with profit to himself) is never seen. The bodily stock of the parents is fine—venereal disease being unknown—hence there are few or no cases of organ inferiority in the offspring. The few sporadic cases where children are born with one or another type of defective organ are turned over to the physicians either for painless death, for experimentation, or for developing special compensations.

The 520 parents of Utopia have widely divergent backgrounds. Some of the fathers are veritable Trader Horns and Daniel Boones. Others are skilled artisans, printers, engravers, fabricators in wood, stone, marble, and metal. Still others are manufacturers. Many are scientists covering the fields especially of chemistry, physics, and medicine. All are versatile and have wide experience with many trades. Any one of them could start naked into the wilds of Africa and conquer his environment, clothing and feeding himself and contriving shelter. All are skilled in athletics, boxing, shooting, and sailing. There is no military class. All accept children as a part of life. They take time and care to instruct them.

There are no churches and no clergymen in Utopia (and incidentally no philosophy). The Utopians are quite objective in their make-up. They have never been confronted with any evidence that there is any kind of life hereafter. They have never observed any telepathy, spiritual manifestations, or things occult. They have never seen anything which cannot be explained on a purely physical basis. They believe that religion, based as it is really upon a projection of the old family system (on the idea that there is a heavenly father, a son, etc.), simply carries on the evils of family life which originally drove them into Utopia for a new start.

The family as we know it in America, it will be remembered, teaches the individual to be dependent upon the father and mother until the age of twenty-one. It fosters dependency up through adolescence. Religion is a device for carrying this dependency throughout the life of the individual. Young Utopians are taught to depend upon themselves. No loss of fortune or material goods can overwhelm them.

Death through accident or old age of adults or companions does not devastate them as it does people in the rest of the world, because strong attachments (except the mating attachment) cannot grow up in Utopia. Death is looked upon as a part of everyday life and is just as natural an event as birth or sleeping and eating. Young Utopians are taught that death is the end of an individual's existence, and this is why happiness must be sought for in the things they are doing—must be sought and found every day; and if they are not finding it, then something is wrong with their training. They need further training and instruction. Hence treasures are to be laid up here and not in some mythical hereafter.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOULD A CHILD HAVE MORE THAN ONE MOTHER?]
Continued from page thirty-three

Religion excuses failure and weakness. It encourages resignation, laziness, and inefficiency, and has since religions began. Prayer is looked upon as an expression of weakness; of the individual's inability to conquer his environment. Even in everyday affairs the youngster is taught to appeal very sparingly for help from anyone, and then only after his own experimentation has failed to yield results.

The women in Utopia likewise have had wide experience with life. While they are married the first time at quite an early age, they are not allowed the care of children until they are twenty-eight. The Utopians realize that, however much care is used in rearing families, narcissism (you will recall the fable of Narcissus, who fell so deeply in love with his own reflection in the water that he could not tear himself away) grows up because of the attentions of the males to the more especially beautiful and well favored women.

The child's environment is kept frontierlike during infancy.

Indeed, this is one of our most serious problems in Utopia. There is not so much of it as there is in this country, because all of the women in Utopia would be considered beautiful. The stock from which these women come was chosen with reference to this point. Narcissism disappears with us around the twenty-eighth year—almost coincidentally with the appearance of the first wrinkle.

Again, all of the women are graceful and strong, due to their outdoor life, dancing, and athletics. They are all small to medium in stature. Large women and the occasional ill-favored woman are not allowed to breed. There are no fat women in Utopia and no fat men. Fat is looked upon in the same way as incontinence in other bodily functions.

There are no women in industry as such. They are not needed there. They are needed in the home. They are happy there. The jobs of keeping themselves young and beautiful, useful, and of learning about home science, give them all the activity they need. They have no time for straight industrial pursuits. They realize that they cannot eat their cake and have it too. Their life is just as serious and rich in achievement and endeavor as the men's.

THE different mothers and nurses are so well trained that the home care of the infant or child is continuous, in spite of the fact that it lives in any one home only four weeks. Just as today, in cases of illness, the night nurse takes on just where the day nurse left off, so another mother takes on the care of a child. Hence personal habits and conditionings grow up perfectly, even though the child is rotated. The whole purpose of this rotation of the home naturally is to keep the home background neutral and at the same time to give the child the most perfect care. We obtain neutrality by making strong attachments impossible.

But doesn't that make the child selfish—caring only for himself? Not at all. Our children care for everyone. Why not? They belong to everybody and everybody belongs to them.

The doctors in Utopia have the most important rôle in rearing children. All the physicians are trained behaviorists. To them behavior complications, which are at the bottom of our fears—temper tantrums, rages, daydreaming, depressions, exaltations, inferiorities, shyness, and the like—are as important as whooping cough, measles, typhoid fever, consumption, and cancer. They guard the community on the psychological side just as they guard it on the medical side. There is a preventive psychology in Utopia just as there is a preventive medicine. Hence the doctors take the whole care of the whole individual. They watch over infant and youth as well as adult.

The doctor's training requires a number of years because it has to be wide and varied. None is able to take complete charge of an individual before he is thirty years of age. The physician is paid by the state. His salary is high—commensurate with the income of the big business men in Utopia. Each physician has to keep well—medically and psychologically—children and parents to the number of seventy-five.

Possibly the greatest task of the physician is that of unconditioning. If children or adults in his group show signs of conduct deviation, if they run amuck, if the children show emotional upsets, if they play truant, steal, or show unstandardized sex reactions, the physician takes them in hand and first unconditions—that is, clears out the unsocial ways of behaving—and then reconditions, or conditions further.

WE believe in Utopia that if a man "misbehaves" it is due to faulty training in youth—and is, therefore, the community's fault—or it is due to bodily disease factors. Hence "misbehavior" is a scientific community responsibility. The doctor must retrain on the psychological side, or must cure the bodily ailment. Such things as punishment and prisons are strange to us in Utopia. There are no such words as *right* or *wrong* and no such word as *punishment.*

The physicians have extensive training grounds where psychologically sick individuals can be retrained, and if an Utopian becomes hopelessly insane or incurably diseased, if idiots and feeble-minded children appear, the physicians do not hesitate to put them to death. A jury of seven physicians vote secretly before euthanasia can be practiced. The verdict must be unanimous on the first ballot. If the vote is not unanimous, further medical or psychological efforts must be undertaken to reconstruct the individual.

Utopians are thus spared the ridiculous spectacle of seeing twelve ignorant but true jurors passing judgment on sanity, guilt, or innocence. We believe that all such decisions should rest in the hands of specialists.

The education of the children in Utopia is one of our deepest concerns. Until the youngster can navigate under his own steam, somewhere near the age of three, he is necessarily kept quite close to the home base. Much of his time there is spent in forming good personal habits of eating, sleeping, dressing and undressing, persistence in work, and the like.

The rest of the time is spent in the formation of emotional and dispositional habits. If these are not formed early the youngster is burdened for life. Shyness or overboldness rarely develop. Fears of objects which are harmless are kept down to a minimum. Care is used to prevent tantrums and sulkiness and combativeness from developing. When the child gets out of hand, the behaviorist physician is sent for to help the mother out.

Such things as beating a youngster, storming at him, and other punishments are not indulged in either in the home or in the hospital. It is a research problem with every child to straighten him out and to keep him straight, and only tried experimental methods are used.

Almost from the moment of his birth his environment is arranged to call out activity. Each home has a large yard surrounded by a tall fence. The child can play alone or with other children without having to be watched by adults. Each home is equipped with a periscope so that the parents can glance now and then at the child without being seen. The child learns to do his stuff without having to have notice.

No profusion of objects and toys surrounds him. *From the first, emphasis is put upon the taking of raw material and making something out of it.* There is soft earth for digging, there are rocks, sticks and boards, and strings, and tools. His environment is kept as frontierlike as possible during his tender years. It is made increasingly

complex and difficult. Difficulties abound, yet there is always at hand the raw material which, if correctly used, will help him out of his difficulties. Today a six-year-old and a four-year-old in Utopia dug for four hours on the foundation of a playhouse. There was never a quarrel. They did not even glance around when a dog came near them. They were absorbed in their activity.

This complete absorption in activity is the keynote of the happiness of our children. It is our definition of behavioristic happiness.

At three or before, the youngsters, girls and boys, start for school—the same school. There are no girls' schools and boys' schools, no boys' camps or girls' camps. School, again, is not a place of textbooks but a place where varied and complicated activity can be engaged in under the guidance of specialists. Learning is accomplished by doing, by the youngster finding himself in more and more difficult situations and extricating himself by trial-and-error behavior. The schools duplicate all of Utopia's activities in miniature. For the very young the duplication is necessarily very inexact. As the children become more skilled their new activities become more complicated—they more nearly duplicate the adult activities of Utopians.

AT the age of sixteen the training of girls becomes different from that of boys. The boys become apprenticed to science, medicine, manufacturing, architecture, mining, agriculture. By the time the lad is twenty he passes into science or industry without break. During the years from sixteen to twenty the boys try out several industries, and make a selection of the vocation which they are to follow in later life. There is no such thing as a college, or a university, or a technical school. The industry or the science itself is the school in which they learn.

At sixteen every girl learns how to run a home. She learns everything from planning the interior of a home to designing the rugs and linens that go into it. Girls learn domestic science, cooking, dietetics. They have special instructions in the art of interesting and handling men. They are given instructions in the art and technique of being engaged. They spend a great deal of time learning the technique of sex. They have to learn nursing and be instructed especially in the care, handling, and teaching of young babies and children of all ages.

They learn how to run a home—just as the boys learn their jobs—by going into homes, restaurants, and hospitals, and working there. They study interior decorating and the designing of furniture, hangings, their own clothes and hats. They are busy and happy from morning till night. It is during these ages that they begin in earnest the study of dancing, of the use of cosmetics, of how to stay thin, of how to be successful hostesses and to put on the intellectual attainments that go into the making of a beautiful, graceful, wise woman.

The young women of Utopia feel and act as freely as the men. They have a high respect for the art and science of being a successful woman. Social pressure too keeps women out of competition with men—just as in America women are kept out of navigation, of being porters on trains, of being stevedores, railway engineers, brakemen, and the like.

So far, our way of handling children has proven safe and sane. Never in the history of mankind have there been such young people. In infancy and childhood one rarely hears a cry or sees a temper tantrum, yet they are not without that spark of emotional life which differentiates one individual from another. They are social yet they know how to handle themselves when alone.

There is no problem ever of what to do with the youths. They know what to do themselves. Put them down anywhere, before any kind of job, before any kind of person from a railway magnate to a tiller of the soil, and they are at home. Skill in many activities brings peace and fearlessness for the future. And they are trained to live together as members of communities, as workmen and technicians, as man and wife.

With inhabitants like these it is no wonder that we feel no need for that abstract entity we call the State.

THE END

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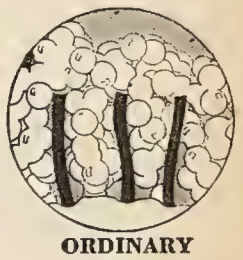

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Kiss Me Again

The Story of a Star that Fell— for Love

By
FRED MACISAAC

Pictures by GLEN MITCHELL

Moore saw him fall and realized their peril.

NANINE D'AMORE was world renowned at twenty-one, the most celebrated of the famous children of Hollywood. A rhapsodic press agent had proclaimed her " The World's Delight " without being aware that he had coined a catch-phrase which would augment her reputation enormously. It happened that he was discharged a week later before he or anybody else realized what he had done for Nanine D'Amore, so his inspiration helped him not at all.

The World's Delight, in the opinion of her maid, her manager, and her press agent, was an impossible little upstart, eaten up with conceit and hard to get along with.

But when she found her producers, to whom she was a diamond deposit, groveling at her feet, when she read the encomiums of critics, the ravings of women interviewers, the blurbs of advertising writers, and the hysterical letters of thousands of fans she can hardly be censured for being improperly impressed with herself. And when she first entered the film business she had been adorable.

She was eighteen years old then, a dainty elflike blonde creature with enormous blue eyes and an exquisitely wistful little mouth. She was discovered by Mammouth Films, Inc., when the president of that mighty company concluded that his present crop of stars were getting old and earning too much money. He picked three lovely children of whom Nanine was third choice. In conference with his publicity man, he changed all their names.

Ann Watts became Renee Jasmine, Lulu Coogan blossomed into Orchid D'Oriente, and the little Mary Evans who entered the president's office emerged as Nanine D'Amore.

Two of the three new stars did not cause a ripple, but Nanine D'Amore made a tremendous splash in the pond of popularity. The camera loved her. By some witchery of lenses and lights, a charming but not too beautiful little girl appeared on the screen meltingly delightful. The men who went to the theater saw in Nanine D'Amore the crystallization of nebulous ideals, and the women wanted to lay her little head on their bosoms and mother her.

In a year she climbed to the pinnacle of popularity and her exploiters were shrewd enough to tear up her first contract and replace it with one which gave her a reasonable percentage of the vast sums she was turning into their coffers.

She bought herself a palace in Beverly Hills, motor cars and Paris gowns without number, but she could not squander money as fast as it flowed in. Nanine was naturally clean-minded and discriminating, but if she had been otherwise she would not have been permitted to revel with the rioters of Hollywood because her Madonna-like reputation was worth millions to the producers, who guarded her like bald-headed, hook-nosed maiden aunts.

WHEN talking pictures came in there were malicious predictions that The World's Delight would queer herself if she tried to talk, but she took the tests and found that the phonograph was in the conspiracy with the camera to perpetuate the fiction of Nanine D'Amore. There came from the wax a deliciously cool clear soprano, as sweet as a chime, as resonant as a small silver trumpet, as appealing as the plaint of a small golden-haired child. The president of Mammouth was moved to tears by his delight.

" Now, Nanine," he declared, " three months it will take us to build our sound stage and three months more to make a few pictures. You bet I won't send one of yours out while this thing is an experiment. Why don't you go to some place in Europe for six months and rest up? "

" Incognito! " she exclaimed, clapping her hands in excitement.

Like a flash he rose and propelled the boat forward.

"Nix. Nix. You'll get a million dollars' worth of publicity. They'll run special trains from all over Europe to see you in London and Paris and Berlin."

"But you said some nice quiet place," she pouted.

"Well, you can find one afterwards and go there for a few weeks," he qualified.

So Nanine, preceded by heralds and trumpeters, accompanied by an entourage, went to Europe and appeared in the capitals of the old world before vast multitudes and moved through it all with the haughtiness and condescension of the little queen she supposed herself to be.

Her chaperon, Mrs. Ronald Loring, who had been a great actress in her day, played the cicerone and duenna as skillfully as she had played Tosca and Portia on Broadway twenty years before, managed the receptions and presentations to exalted personages admirably, and submitted with exemplary patience to the unreasonable exactions and occasional tantrums of her charge, and heaved a sigh of thankfulness when she finally planted Nanine in a gorgeous suite of rooms at the Hotel Victoria in Sorrento. Here they were to rest for a month with no receptions, no visitors, no banquets, no personal appearances. Despite her aplomb, Nanine's nerves had suffered and those of the chaperon were at the breaking point.

ANGUS MOORE heard of the arrival of The World's Delight from his waiter at breakfast next morning. The peasants of south Italy, devout Catholics though they may be, are not convinced that the nymphs, dryads, demigods, and other divinities of their Greek ancestors are dead, but think they may have moved to some remote part of the world, and in this category they place the lovely creatures who are shown on the screen in their village theaters against the fairy background of America. Thus the waiter was hysterical with excitement, and so were the other waiters and the clerks and the chambermaids and most of the guests. But Angus Moore remained calm.

Years ago he had been a newspaper artist in New York and had known models and chorus girls before they blossomed into film stars and he had none of the European illusions about the miraculous creations of Hollywood—and he didn't like motion pictures anyway. For seven or eight years he had been living in Paris, absorbed in the business of painting portraits on canvas, and he proposed this morning to go down to the foot of the cliff, set up his easel on the rocks, and see what he could do with the miracle of Capri as displayed from that angle. If a film star named, so absurdly, Nanine D'Amore was going to get the cooks at the Victoria so excited they couldn't make a better omelet than what had been placed before him, he would change his hotel. Regarding the young woman he had no curiosity, because he had seen her once on the screen and was satisfied to let it go at that.

A COUPLE of hours later, Nanine, wearing a wash dress, sensible shoes, and hatless, breathless from scrambling over rocks, and somewhat uplifted by the overweening loveliness of the morning and the view, came upon the artist, who squatted on a camp stool and scowled at the square of canvas still untouched by paint. The man was attractive in a leonine sort of way, she thought; so ugly he was good-looking. His jet-black hair was tousled and in need of being cut, and his nose was so short and squat it seemed out of place on his face, and he had a big mouth and a solid chin, and he was not bronzed, but sunburned. She thought he was about thirty-five years old.

His costume was anything but artistic, for he wore dirty white trousers and a blue flannel shirt open at the throat, while his arms were brawny and his hands huge, with spatulate fingers.

Nanine crept up and stood behind him and smiled at the immaculateness of the canvas. The job was too big for the boy, who didn't know how to begin. Beside him lay a lot of paint tubes from which he had squeezed upon his palette blobs of red, yellow, green, and blue paint. Poor fellow.

"Do you speak English?" she asked pleasantly.

Angus Moore glanced sidewise, but did not lift his head. So all he saw were a pair of legs and the hem of a white dress. The legs were straight and well formed, but too thin. He lifted his eyes to the waist and decided that the figure was too thin.

"Try eating spaghetti. It will put weight on you," he said dourly and, stooping, he picked up his palette and a jackknife and began mixing two colors.

There was a couple of seconds of shocked silence and then a giggle.

"But I don't want to get fat. It's bad for business," said a still small voice.

"What the deuce is your business?" he asked indifferently.

One of the sensible shoes lifted and stamped.

"If you look at me you might guess," she said sharply.

Angus looked up and saw a small, thin, white face with a pair of extraordinary blue eyes which were snapping angrily. Nanine had dispensed with make-up this morning.

"Undernourished," he grunted, and continued the business of mixing paint.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KISS ME AGAIN
Continued from page thirty-seven]

"Are you an American?" she asked with asperity.

"Yup."

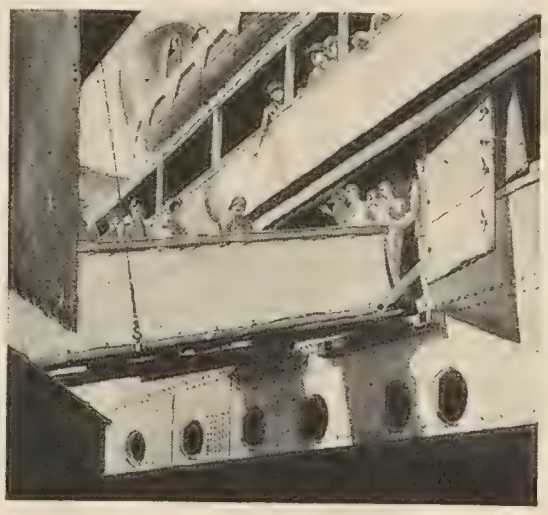
"And you don't know who I am?" Incredulous.

"Nope. Don't care."

Nanine clenched her hands. "Take another look," she commanded.

Angus Moore turned around and inspected her, and grinned wickedly.

"Oh, yes," he said dryly. "You're better-looking on the screen."



Nanine bit her lip and hurled deadly darts from her devastating eyes.

"You recognized me, nevertheless," she accused.

"Heard of your arrival. Hope you have a nice time here. I've got a lot of work to do."

She glanced maliciously at the canvas. "I see. So you prefer me on the screen?"

He nodded. "Does a lot for you," he said laconically.

"Nevertheless," she retorted with a forced smile, "you know you'd be delighted to paint me. If you can paint."

"Paint you? I don't know. You've got a good head, and really fine eyes and you're graceful and I suppose you are charming when you feel like it, but you're not the type I like to paint. Skinny. No, I don't want to paint you."

Of course the man was a fool and a boor and she ought to turn on her heel and walk off, but it couldn't be possible that any artist wouldn't want to paint Nanine D'Amore. She had to keep thin, but she was the most beautiful girl in the world. Everybody knew that.

"Why?" she demanded satirically. "Why don't you want to paint me?"

Angus scratched his head. "You're spoiled," he said hesitatingly. "You're conceited and you can't conceal it. I think you have a bad temper and you're selfish and proud—what are you proud about?"

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Nanine, and then she squatted upon a rock. "This is a new line. I suppose you imagine you can interest me by being rude. You don't look clever enough for that."

He chuckled. "I'm not. I'm not trying to interest you. I don't think anything about you, and while I'm talking to you I'm losing the morning light on Capri."

"Bother Capri," said The World's Delight imperiously. "Of course you are interested in me. Everybody is. I may be proud, but I have a right to be, and I'm not bad-tempered or I would have knocked over your easel, slapped your face, and gone about my business. Who are you, anyway? What's your name?"

"Angus Moore."

"I never heard of you. I've met great artists. Do you know Soretti and Dural and Marmont?"

HE blinked. "I don't suppose you'd know it, but you have named three of the greatest living artists," he said solemnly.

Nanine clapped her hands and, heedless of dignity, emitted a peal of very musical laughter.

"You wouldn't have me for a model. Well, the three gentlemen I have named implored me to pose for them. Laugh that off, Mr. Angus Moore."

Angus didn't laugh, but smiled exasperatingly. "I suspect they are film fans and they saw you when you were acting. They would be disappointed when they painted you."

"Indeed. Why?"

"Well, they'd get you with the bloom off. They would discover that your normal expression is petulance and discontent. They would find you too thin and rather ordinary. You'll pardon my candor?"

"Oh, certainly. Why not?"

"Take my advice and give those boys some stills to paint from," he said earnestly.

Nanine leaped to her feet and confronted him in fury.

"Your advice," she cried shrilly. "Stills indeed! You wouldn't paint me! Do you suppose I was seriously suggesting that you paint me? Nanine D'Amore posing for a tramp artist on the rocks at Sorrento! You flatter yourself, Mr. Moore. I don't even know if you are an artist."

He smiled whimsically. Angry as she was, Nanine didn't fail to see that his teeth were white and even and his smile made him really attractive.

"I don't really know myself. I've worked hard and done pretty well, but a view like this stumps me. Did you ever see anything more bewitching than the outline of Capri in this light?"

She shrugged. "It looks something like the island of Catalina," she said carelessly.

"Catalina—oh, my God. Do me a favor and go back to California. Go somewhere. Leave me alone."

NANINE, naturally, sat down again. "You're the first man I ever saw who didn't like me," she said plaintively.

He had picked up his palette and laid it down again.

"What makes you think I don't like you?"

She smiled, and the smile had its effect as usual. "It's obvious, isn't it?"

"No. I just answered questions truthfully. Probably if I saw you on a stage in your royal raiment I'd flop like Soretti and Dural and Marmont, but all I see is a rather pretty little girl who is pouting because nobody makes a fuss over her."

Her lovely eyes began to dance. "Ah, you admit I'm pretty."

"Sure. About a month of an exclusive spaghetti diet and you'd be a beauty, but what of it?"

"What of it?" she repeated.

"Yes. What do I care? You don't suppose I'm going to get interested in The World's Delight, do you? Too much competition. And your husband wouldn't like it. You may have a couple of husbands for all I know."

"How dare you! I have not."

"Well, don't marry. Stick to being The World's Delight. Darn it, the sun is going behind a cloud."

Nanine shook her head dolefully. "Even if I ate spaghetti for a month and became beautiful you'd turn me down. Isn't that harrowing?"

He turned his dark eyes upon her and held her gaze. "I am aware you are bored and trying to stir up a flirtation, but I don't flatter myself you would be interested in a tramp artist. You are a celebrated film star because you happen to photograph unusually, but if you had really accomplished something and were so brilliant and lovely that you carried me off my feet, I'd realize that you couldn't be bothered with a fellow like me, so I should be careful not to think anything about you at all."

Nanine usually screamed when people annoyed her too much, and she had an impulse to claw this complacent booby, but she succeeded in restraining herself.

"I suppose," she said bitterly, "you think I made my reputation without doing any work or having any brains."

"What do you do except make faces at a camera?" he asked artlessly.

"What do you do except stick paint on canvas?" she retorted hotly.

"Well, I haven't been holding receptions all over Europe because I paint decently."

"I—I think you are the dumbest brute in the whole world," she cried vindictively.

"I wouldn't be surprised if you were right," he agreed.

"I'll prove it to you. You are years older than I and you admit you don't amount to anything. Well, I am a success. I'm at the top of the heap in the toughest game in the world by the use of my brains and by the worst possible drudgery. When I am making a picture I work like a slave eight, ten, twelve hours a day. Every actor in my company hopes to take the picture away from me. I have to watch it all through its course. I spend many hours in

"Nevertheless," she retorted with a forced smile, "you know you'd be delighted to paint me. If you can paint."

the cutting room, hours arguing with directors and producers, trying to make sure that nothing is put over on me. I wouldn't last a week in Hollywood if I were the fool you think I am. As you say, anybody can make faces at a camera.

"And that isn't all. I never dare eat a square meal. I rarely have time to do anything I want to. This is the first vacation I have ever had in my life. And now that talking pictures are coming in, what little time I have to myself is occupied in elocution and singing lessons and I am studying French and German so that I can do my pictures in those languages—"

"I didn't mean—" he stammered, but she cut him short.

"You say I am proud, ill-tempered, and selfish. I am alone in the world since my mother died and people are always trying to take advantage of me, which makes for bad temper. And if I were proud, do you suppose I would bother to justify myself to a stranger who has never accomplished anything in his life; who can't even paint that island over there?"

Her earnestness had transformed Nanine. Her strange little face was transformed into what the stolid camera saw and the witchery of Nanine D'Amore came out from cover and overpowered the artist.

When she finished he breathed a deep sigh.

"I was a dumb brute," he exclaimed. "I'd like nothing so much as to paint you just as you are. The devil with Capri."

Nanine was standing as she talked, her little hands unconsciously fluttering gracefully, her eyes shining with excitement and self-sympathy, which seemed to Angus Moore as the epitome of innocence and sweetness.

He grasped his easel and swung it round, picked up a stick of charcoal, and thrust out a commanding finger.

"Stand right where you are. Let the breeze blow your skirt and put your right hand to your head to hold your hair in place."

SHE caught the pose, he nodded and began to draw, but in a second a mocking laugh made him pause.

"Pose for you, indeed," she scoffed. "Who are you that I should pose for you? Do you think I am an Italian peasant girl who works for a few lire an hour? You're a fool, Mr. Angus Moore."

Saying which, Nanine laughed more mockingly.

"Paint Capri," she taunted. "Paint anything you like. I'm going back to the hotel."

She began to climb the rocks rapidly and he looked after her while a dark red mantled his cheeks and ears and neck.

"You can go back to the devil where you came from," he shouted after her and then picked up his palette and brushes. However, he found it impossible to paint Capri.

Nanine was breathless when she reached the foot of the long staircase leading up to the top of the bluff, and with her breath went her triumph. It had been delightful to turn that rude, stolid, contemptuous savage into another one of her admirers by a few minutes of the artistry which God had given her, but the look in his face when she broke her pose and jeered at him hurt her now.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KISS ME AGAIN
Continued from page thirty-nine]

She had demonstrated to this strange young man that everything he had charged her with was true—pride, selfishness, meanness. Of course she couldn't pose for an itinerant artist, but she had lured him on to make his proposition and then flouted him maliciously. While he had been insufferably rude and deserved the treatment she had meted out to him, there was something about the man that appealed to her strongly. Nanine had never been in love; the Apollos and Adonislike heroes of the screen had never fascinated her because she knew too well their weaknesses. If she ever loved, it might be some nice, rough, homely man *like* this one, but not this one. She had finished him.

She climbed the long stairs slowly and looked back from the height to see him squatting in front of his easel. Poor chap. It might have been the making of him as a painter to put the face and figure of Nanine D'Amore on canvas.

At the top of the staircase she looked again, but the bulge of the cliff concealed him from view. She sighed and went on to the hotel. Mrs. Loring was on the porch, and so were scores of guests who stared at her curiously as even well-bred people are wont to do at theatrical celebrities.

"A cablegram, my dear," said Mrs. Loring in her justly admired contralto voice. Nanine tore it open with a gesture of impatience. A woman in a steamer chair said to the woman beside her: "Imagine being so blasé that there is no thrill in a cablegram, my dear."

The cablegram was from Hugh Levine, president of Mammouth, couched in his customary chatty style:

"You cleaned up big. Understand Angus Moore is at Sorrento. Authorize you to pay him fifty thousand dollars for your portrait to hang in the lobby of the New Mammouth Theater in New York. Don't take no for an answer."

Nanine read it slowly, incredulously. Fifty thousand dollars for a portrait of her by the man she had called a tramp artist?

"Do you know who Angus Moore is?" she asked Mrs. Loring.

"My dear, he's the greatest living portrait painter since the death of Sargent and he's staying at this hotel. You must meet him."

Nanine smiled wryly. "I have," she said. "Mother Loring, I could scream. Oh, don't worry—I won't do it here."

That night a notice was posted in the hotel lobby that a steamer would leave for the Blue Grotto, which had been inaccessible for several days because of rough seas, at 10:30 next morning. Angus Moore read it and decided to go, though he had visited the marvelous cave half a dozen times already.

Half a hundred guests of the Victoria and other hotels filed on board the little steamer at the appointed time, and just as the seamen were taking in the gangway, a shout from above caused them to pause.

DESCENDING from above, escorted by the manager of the hotel, came Nanine D'Amore, Mrs. Loring, two maids, and a sallow little man with eyeglasses and a small black mustache who was in charge of the business details of her progress through Europe. There was a hum of excitement on board which died away when the star and her chaperon proceeded immediately into one of the few private cabins on the vessel.

Angus Moore, leaning on the rail near the stern, with some amusement saw the film star and entourage make a spectacular arrival. His exasperation at the manner of her departure the previous day had not lasted long, and had been replaced by admiration of the artistry of the little witch. Of course she was badly damaged by flattery and adulation, but there was good stuff in the girl and dangerous charm. For the sake of his peace of mind he hoped he would have no further encounters with her. With the absurd exclusiveness of such people, she had hidden herself in a poky little cabin when she ought to be out in the open, drawing in deep breaths of the pure salt air and permitting the gorgeous sunlight to put red blood in her veins. But she probably dreaded sunburn like the smallpox and her excursion of yesterday was more than might have been expected of her.

There was a dead calm on the bay whose azure waters glittered and gleamed and sparkled in the bright sunlight. Hardly had they started when the great cliffs of Capri seemed to loom over them although they were three miles distant, and slow and fussy as the steamboat was, she crossed the strait called the Little Mouth in a quarter of an hour and crept along in the shadow of the island cliffs, which were nearly 1,000 feet high at this end and as sheer as the walls of a skyscraper in New York.

They passed the little cove from which a funicular railroad leads to the village of Capri, 1,000 feet in air, and then moved slowly westward while the cliffs reared their heads higher and higher.

ANGUS MOORE felt himself wishing that the girl were friendly and were standing beside him so he could tell her things about the mystic island, once the haunt of the Sirens, and he would have liked to point out to her the ruins of various villas of Tiberius and the site of the gorgeous baths of that soft Sybarite of a Roman emperor who ruled the world from the stronghold of Capri.

A man with a megaphone was ballyhooing the points of interest in bad English, and it might be, within her four walls, that she heard him. Confound the insolent little wretch, why couldn't he put her out of his mind?

A quarter of an hour on the cool green waters beneath the mighty cliffs and a group of rowboats ahead marked the mouth of the Blue Grotto. Sight-seeing is made easy nowadays, but one still enters the Grotto as Tiberius did, assuming he ever did.

The steamer stopped her engines and drifted a hundred yards off the mouth of the cave, and several outcries of alarm were lifted when it was learned that the entrance was only visible for a few seconds at a time. A burly American tourist standing near Angus uttered a barytone yelp.

"What's that? Go in there? Not in a million years," he exclaimed. "Why, those boats might be smashed against the roof of the entrance."

"But the boatmen are very expert," pleaded his Neapolitan guide.

People were already descending the accommodation ladder and entering boats, and as the first of these drew near the opening and it was seen that it was necessary to step from one rowboat to another—in what an old lady declared to be "practically midocean"—there were additional deserters. Eventually, only a dozen of the passengers, mostly young people, were willing to take the hazard.

Angus waited patiently by the rail as one boat after another with its pair of passengers pulled off, and finally it was his turn. As he made to descend, female voices in altercation were heard approaching, in which a thin piping tenor joined.

"If you think I came out here to funk it, you're very much mistaken," declared Nanine D'Amore sharply.

"But, darling, you have no right to take such a risk," pleaded Mrs. Loring.

"Pshaw, there's no risk, and anyway I'm going."

"You can't, Miss D'Amore. The boss wouldn't stand for it. Think who you are," squealed the little man with the black mustache.

"Why, the boat might be overturned, or it might be smashed against the rocks!" exclaimed Mrs. Loring.

Angus turned on the ladder and surveyed the scene. The chaperon had hold of one arm of the film star and the manager was grasping the other. He smiled and at that moment Nanine caught his eye.

"Let go of me, both of you," she cried. "Let go, I say!"

She broke loose and Angus Moore stepped into the boat. A second later Nanine, hotly pursued, came over the rail and half fell down the ladder. Moore caught her and placed her on a seat.

"Shove off," he said in Italian and the rower restrained his laughter and pushed the boat away from the steamer side.

Moore saw the little business manager in an attitude of despair and then they pulled under the steamer's stern. Angus met the eyes of the girl, who colored under his whimsical gaze.

"Hello," she said, smiling. "Weren't they absurd?"

"Rather."

"And there is no risk, is there?"

"Very little, except for your clothes. That chiffon affair is lovely but you are going to get it wet and dirty."

"Yet you are better dressed than you were yesterday."

"Unfortunately. Those were my painting togs."

"If I was rude, so were you," she said after a moment.

"I apologize. I admit my presumption."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Do we have to go through that hole?"

Although there were no waves, the ocean swell was astonishing. At one moment there was five feet of space between the surface of the water and the roof of the cave entrance, and a moment later the sea had risen and covered the opening.

TO a neophyte at the Blue Grotto it is rather terrifying to see a skiff, guided by a boatman at bow and stern, head for the mouth of the cave, plunge in, the boatmen flattening themselves, and a second later to see the ocean lapping greedily what appears to be the solid side of the cliff, boat and occupants having vanished.

"There is time to back out," said the painter with a slight smile.

Nanine reared her little head and thrust out her chin. "I forgot to mention yesterday that we occasionally risk our lives in films."

"Judging by the alarm of your friends, you do it no longer."

"No-o. They think I'm made of glass now."

They had come up with three or four boats from the steamer which were grouped a hundred feet from the cave awaiting the official Grotto shallops which had already made half a dozen trips taking in white and nervous tourists and returning them laughing and triumphant, and there were now only two couples ahead of Nanine and Angus Moore. The girl watched one of these couples transship and saw them forced to lie down in the bottom of the boat and she cast a timid glance at her companion.

"If you like you may go in alone," he said.

"No, no. I'm afraid. And after my grand-stand play on the steamer I've got to go through."

"I'm sorry you are forced to have me for a partner."

She gave him her slow provocative smile. To his disgust he felt his heart turn over.

"I'm not. You were rather hateful yesterday, but you look strong and sort of protective."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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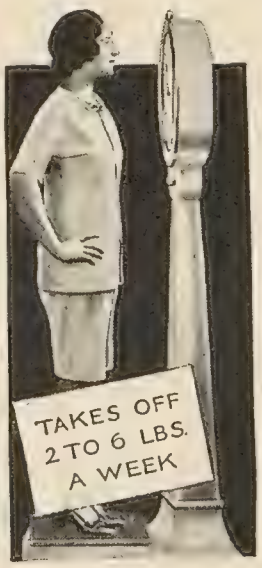

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[KISS ME AGAIN
Continued from page forty-one]

He laughed. "Really there is no risk."

Another boat was rocking beside them containing a middle-aged rabbit-toothed man and a plump woman who must have been his wife. He heard the laugh and the remark.

"Is that so?" he called. "Miss D'Amore, I happen to know that a boatman was drowned last week and his boat smashed to splinters."

The woman beside him emitted a squeal. "Why didn't you tell me before?" she demanded angrily. "I won't go in. I won't."

"Well," he said in a relieved tone, "if you won't, of course I can't either."

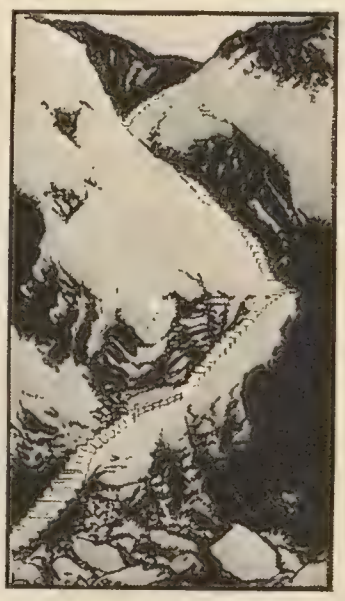
"Is that true?" whispered Nanine.

"Possibly. I have heard of fatal accidents, but they are very rare."

A Grotto boat propelled by two three-quarters naked watermen slid up to them and the bow oar grinned and motioned to the rabbit-faced person that it was his turn. The man shook his head.

"Not us. We're going back to the steamer."

The boatman sniggered in his face and motioned to Angus Moore. He looked down at Nanine. "Shall we?"



She was very pale, but she nodded determinedly. Angus stepped into the other boat, smaller and frailer than that they had occupied, and flat-bottomed. He held out his hand and the girl accepted it and permitted him to lift her in. The boatman in pantomime was telling them to lie down and, with a sigh of regret for her gown, she obeyed. Cross seats had been removed. Angus, with an apology, laid his bulk alongside of her in the narrow space.

Although their hands were at their sides, the pair were practically in each other's arms, their faces only a couple of inches apart. He saw a troubled look come into the great blue eyes and a subtle and intoxicating scent was wafted to his nostrils. The artist, despite his profession, was unfamiliar with lovely woman in such close proximity, and Nanine was so near, so sweet, so helpless, so trusting that he began to tremble.

WITH a shout the boatmen drove at the mouth of the cave, choosing the exact second which would shoot them through the opening as the sea unveiled it. The dark arch loomed above them and Nanine uttered a terrified moan. He did not mean to do it; he could not understand the impulse which compelled him, but he pressed his lips to hers.

The stern boatman, aware like everybody in the flotilla of the identity of the girl, saw their lips meet, delayed a fraction of a second before flattening himself, and the roof of the tunnel scraped him out of the boat and overboard.

Moore saw him fall and realized their peril. Without his aid the boat would not reach the cave in time and they would be crashed against the limestone roof. Like a flash he rose to his knees, jammed his hands against the rocky ceiling, and propelled the boat forward. The ocean smacked against the roof of the entrance a fifth of a second after the stern emerged. His hands were cut from the jagged rock, he was faint at the thought of the disaster which they had so narrowly escaped, and he dropped, limp, upon a side seat.

The bow oarsman was jabbering about the loss of his mate, but Angus didn't hear him. He heard a small voice saying, "May I get up now?"

He leaned over and helped her to a seat opposite him.

"Can you ever forgive me?" he pleaded. "I think I must have been insane, and I very nearly cost you your life."

She smiled indulgently. "I saw what happened. I think I owe you my life," she said.

"I was mad, I tell you, mad."

"Your hands are bleeding. Do you think that man was killed?"

He turned to the boatman. "Do you think he is all right?"

"Oh, sure," replied the Italian. "I go over three times las' week myself. It is nothing unless you get your head bust. Giovanni got thick head. You give us extra tip, si?"

Angus repeated what the man had said. "Now try to enjoy the Grotto."

"I'm still frightened."

"Of course you are, but the man is all right. Did you ever in your life see such sublime coloring?"

"I'm afraid I can't think much about it. Why is it so brilliantly blue?"

"Refraction of sunlight through the Grotto entrance. What can I do to convince you? I'm not a libertine. I never behaved like that before."

NANINE smiled triumphantly. "You were never with me before. Of course it was a terrible thing. Will you paint my portrait?"

He looked astounded. "But—but—do you forgive me?"

"I know you think I am a poor model, but I want you to paint my portrait. Please."

He spread out his bleeding hands dispiritedly. "It will be the end of me," he said. "I'm insane about you now. If you pose for me, it will finish me."

"I'm proud and petulant and ill-natured. You said so yourself," she accused, but her eyes were as brilliant as the pool on which they floated.

"You are the bravest, most perfect—don't make me paint you."

"I insist," she said with a mischievous laugh.

Neither had observed that another boat had entered the cave having as passenger the unlucky waterman. They realized he had returned when he climbed into the boat looking somewhat the worse for wear, an open cut on his forehead.

He greeted them with an ingenuous smile. "I see you kiss Nanine D'Amore," he declared. "You marry her, si? You must be ver' rich man. Give poor Giovanni big tip. Si?"

"You guessed right about the tip, Giovanni," said Angus sadly.

The man laughed, leered, and then motioned them to lie down again.

"Must we go through it again?" she asked nervously.

"I'm afraid so. This time I promise you—" His eyes finished for him.

The boat jockeyed for position. It darted forward. Nanine had closed her eyes, but she opened them now and their brightness dazzled him. Her white hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Angus," she whispered. "Kiss me again."

They drove through the darkness and their lips were still pressed together when they came into the sunlight.

The fantastic-looking guardian standing over them leaned forward and made the sign of the cross over them.

"The kiss of betrothal," he proclaimed. "I see it, but this time I do not fall overboard."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

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You Can't Spoil Twins

A five-year-old visitor was listening to a discussion on the spoiling of only children. Presently she joined the conversation, remarking: "We never had an only child in our family, 'cause the first one was twins."—Elizabeth L. Gott, 22 Murray Ave., Annapolis, Md.

* * *

A Little for the Stomach's Sake

My small niece stood longingly before the case with the candy display. I asked her what she would like.

"Could you spend a whole nickel?" she asked, and I said yes.

"Then," she said, "if you can, ice cream is awfully good for anyone."—Mrs. G. W. Reeves, R. F. D. 3, Belding, Mich.

All in the Family

Some Memories of an American Home

By

Theodore Roosevelt

Quentin Roosevelt,
the author's youngest brother, in boyhood.
It was he who, in 1916, was to find a soldier's grave in France.

Outdoor Recreation

A GREAT mistake is made by many families who treat out-of-door play as something in which elders and juniors part company. There is no need for this. It is very easy to devise games in which everyone can join and where everyone gets all the exercise and fun he needs.

Thirty years ago we used to take communal walks. Automobiles were still concealed in the mists of the future, and feet were then one of the principal means of locomotion. All went, from Father and Mother to the dogs. Mother would walk serenely and evenly ahead, while the dogs and children played around her like a school of porpoises around a ship. Every moment some treasure was discovered—perhaps a turtle, perhaps the broken end of a rusty shovel.

There was one particular walk which took us by a house where there was a large black dog with a terrifying bark. What was worse, you never could tell from where he would rush. To this day I can remember the feeling of danger it gave me. When that house hove in sight I used to "hang by mother's pocket." It was the only way I got even a comparative sense of safety.

Once, in the exigencies of economy, some red cloth left over from a feminine garment was converted into a pair of "short pants" for me. I rather liked the color, but I knew of the predilection of bulls for red. When our path lay through the field where Smith's bull was I always kept Mother between me and the bull.

We particularly valued Father as a companion. He could think of such delightful things to do. There was a big sand bluff on the point half a mile from Sagamore. He organized handicap races up it. They were splendid for the lungs, as every step the contestant took he slipped back halfway.

One late autumn afternoon when Mother was not with us, we had a race down the bluff. The ground was frozen hard. We started at top speed. Then one after another tripped and fell. We reached the bottom dusty, bruised, and breathless.

This was all very well for the boys, who enjoyed it greatly and to whom a scar more or less made no difference, but my sister Alice got a gash on her forehead. When we reached home Father was in deep disgrace. Mother made him drive her in the buggy to the village to have the doctor bandage the cut.

AS time passed these walks became harder and Mother dropped out. They were known as scrambles. Father led them and in general they were confined to the male members of the family. A maxim which made them particularly delightful was that clothes were not to be considered. A tear in a pair of trousers was merely an incident of the day, rather a badge of honor than otherwise.

A variant on scrambles was what we used to call a point-to-point. This consisted in selecting some landmark and going to it without turning aside for anything. If a haystack was in the way we either climbed over it or burrowed through it. If we came to a pond we swam across.

When Father was President we were tramping through the swamp that then lay to the south of the White House. A deep creek barred our way. We swam it, then we noticed that our clothes had a peculiar and offensive smell. It developed that we had unwittingly swum a drain.

Besides these walks we had games in the Old Barn. It was a weather-beaten gray building that had stood on the hilltop time out of mind. There we used to gather and play hide and seek. We tunneled the hay until it was like a rabbit warren. These burrows gave us a great advantage over the grown-ups, who on account of their size got stuck if they tried to use them.

We played another game known as an Obstacle Race. The course lay from the front door of the barn, up and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ALL IN THE FAMILY
Continued from page forty-three]

over the hay on the right, back up a beam to the hay on the left, out the window, and around the barn to the starting point. Each runner did the course separately against time. We kept our records with as much care as if we had been competing in the Olympics. But by the time our children came along the poor Old Barn was gone. It had become so shaky that Mother, fearful it might "go to pieces all at once," had had it pulled down to prevent it falling on us while we were playing there.

Now we have a more diversified schedule. We call it Games on the Hill. On Sunday afternoons we all gather, sometimes twenty or more children and half a dozen parents. The children vote as to what the first game shall be. As a rule the choice falls to hockey. Hockey is a misnomer. It is old-fashioned shinny. The game is played with a ball and shinny sticks on a grass plot just back of the stable. Rules are all but unknown. Everyone from forty to four takes part. Like the Dodo's caucus race, it has no definite conclusion.

When everyone has had enough we change to hide and seek. This is not a stationary game, as the object is to reach "hunk" unseen. The last one in is penalized. Everyone is constantly on the move. The littlest ones generally stick to my brothers Kermit and Archie or to me, which puts an almost insurmountable handicap on us. Once after a valiant endeavor to reach hunk with my brother's daughter Clochette, aged seven, I overheard her telling the other children, "Yes, and Uncle Ted dragged me in by my stomach!"

THE other day we adopted a new game, Treasure Trove. Some object is hidden and then a series of clues, each leading to the next, are placed over a half mile of country. They read: "Look in the old apple tree near the easiest place to climb the fence." "What does your mother call you when you don't wash? Go where they live." The children dashed wildly from place to place. They all enjoyed it, but it put too great a premium on age. As one of the little ones said, "It is so hard to know what a clue means when you can't read."

In winter when the ground is covered with snow we change our sports. Coasting, tobogganing, and skiing are the order of the day. The side of the hill is covered with upset children squirming in the snowdrifts. Here a little boy will be sadly watching a pair of skis, with which he has parted company, pursue their interrupted course to the bottom of the hill. There some legs feebly waving from a snow bank will mark where a sled has upset. Sometimes we go to near-by ponds and skate. We are none of us particularly good on the ice, but even at that we are better than Father was. When he was on skates he was not to be trifled with. The wise child gave him a wide berth. There was no knowing if you were near him when he might play the unconscious Juggernaut.

In summer we often have picnics as a variant. These take place regardless of weather. Sometimes we go far afield; more often we use our west beach.

In times past, when Long Island was real country and automobiles more unfamiliar than the Man in the Moon, there were countless delightful places. Now on Saturday and Sunday people from the city fill every nook and cranny. This greatly limits our choice, for half of the fun of picnics is to be alone with the family with no outlanders. Nevertheless, so deeply is the love of picnics ingrained in us that we still go, regardless of difficulties.

A family picnic in T. R.'s later years. Left to right, Archie, Quentin, Mrs. Richard Derby, Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, and Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt.

One picnic when we were small I shall never forget. It was at Lloyd's Neck. The day was swelteringly hot. The sun shone with relentless fury on the water. The pebbles on the beach were hot on our bare feet. There was not a breath of air.

AFTER we had consumed great quantities of baked clams and cinders, sandwiches and sand, and washed them down with copious drafts of warm ginger ale, we cast around for something to do.

The mothers had gathered in a little knot under a tree and were sewing and talking in placid content. To us children such serene composure was irritating. It suggested the quiet of the cow chewing its cud in the shade.

We turned to Father. He was equal to the occasion and proposed a walk. Off we trooped together, big and little, boys and girls. We wandered along the beach, picking up the delightful oddments that the tide line always affords—dead horseshoe crabs, winkle shells, bits of spars. The day seemed to grow hotter. We wanted to go bathing, but there was a "lion in the way." There were both boys and girls, and no one had a bathing suit. Father slew the lion with the pronouncement that we could all bathe in our clothes.

In less time than it takes to tell we were splashing in the water like a school of bonyfish. My sister Alice was wearing a long white piqué skirt. In the pocket she was carrying a small red-backed volume of Shakespeare. In the excitement of the moment she forgot to leave it on the beach. As a result, the whole right side of her skirt was stained a strawberry red.

Finally, thoroughly happy and refreshed, we splashed to the beach again, shook ourselves like dogs, and started back. We drew near the tree under which the mothers were gathered. At first they paid no attention to us—then as they saw our condition they sat up abruptly. We were not popular, especially Father.

I was in the boat with Father, Mother, and Kermit as we rowed back. The atmosphere was chilly in spite of the day. Mother ostentatiously borrowed an elder cousin's coat and wrapped Kermit in it, announcing to no one in particular and everyone in general that she hoped he would not have a bad attack of croup that night. Father rowed very hard, kept very quiet, and tried to pretend he was not there.

When we reached Sagamore Mother went into the house saying, "Come with me, children. You must each of you have some Jamaica ginger to keep off colds."

Now, Jamaica ginger was a particularly noisome medi-

cine. It came from a bottle that was kept in the family medicine chest in Mother's room. We all hated it.

As the swing door closed behind her, we gathered in a little knot about Father. "Father, won't you ask her not to give us ginger?" He looked at us quizzically. "Children," he said, "I don't dare interfere. I shall be very fortunate if she does not give me ginger too."

Besides this we had bathing, the whole family together, —the little boys in tights, Mother decorously clad in an enormous heavy bathing suit with skirts and pantalets that came down to her ankles. Father had a very odd garment of which I have never seen a duplicate. It was made in one piece and buttoned down the front. There were little half sleeves which came just below his shoulders.

Once when my cousins and I were practicing with a new rifle, the patron devil of little boys prompted us to select for a target the red side of our bathhouse. Next day Father went in bathing with Mother and some of her friends. His bathing suit was new, and he was proud of it. While standing on the float he called on the company to admire it. They looked at it, and found that the seat of the trousers was punctured with a series of holes like the bottom of a sieve.

Besides the usual diving and swimming we had exciting variants. We would overturn a boat and the children would scramble to and fro over the half-submerged rocking hull like small seals.

THERE is a story of a nice young lady who was walking on the shore one day. She saw a head appearing and disappearing between the waves some distance out. The day was blustery. There were whitecaps. She became worried for the safety of the unknown swimmer. Looking around she saw a longshoreman digging clams. She ran to him and pointed to the bobbing head. "There's a man who must be in danger of drowning. Take your boat and go to him!"

The longshoreman straightened up, turned his leathery face seaward, and squinted his eyes. After a minute or two he said, "That man in danger? Hell, no! It's a Roosevelt," and picking up his hoe began digging clams again.

Today we bathe in much the same fashion as we did then. The little boys' costumes are like our costumes thirty years ago. The only real difference lies in the bathing suit my wife wears, which would have been considered scandalous in the extreme by us when we were children. One advantage we had over our children was horses. At Sagamore there were always a number of them, more or less ridable, ranging from Father's hunter to a barrel-like and rather vicious Shetland stallion. A troop of cavalry was nothing to what our riding parties were. We looked like the Cumberbatch Family in Caldecott's drawings.

When we boys reached our teens we schooled the horses over jumps in the field back of the stable. We played no favorites. All that came to our mill was grist. Until we were found out, we schooled the carriage horses as well as the hunters. There was one black pony, the especial province of my brother Archie, that went by the name of Betsy. She resembled a woolly bear, but was a remarkable little beast. You could lead her under a bar and then jump her over it.

One of the most delightful of our outdoor recreations during the summer was camping. This consisted of the male parent taking the male children to spend the night on some beach or in some wood near Oyster Bay.

When we were little Father took us all camping in this fashion. Now my brothers and I in our turn do the same with our children. Needless to say, the point of view on the trip is entirely different when you are ten and conducted and when you are thirty-nine and conduct. To the boy of ten it is an odyssey of adventure where anything may happen, from the advent of strange unknown wild animals to combats with outlaws. To the disillusioned grown-up the happenings are all too well known.

In our day we generally rowed. Father would take the younger in his boat. The older would "paddle their own canoes." Sometimes we ran into stiffish storms, but as

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[ALL IN THE FAMILY
Continued from page forty-five]

we all swam like ducks they made no difference.

Father was pilot, cook, raconteur, and disciplinarian. I never realized the extent of his good temper until it came my turn to take my children in similar fashion. It did not occur to me in those days that he could do other than enjoy being dirty with a good excuse. I can see him now in the misty gray of a rainy morning paddling down a shell-strewn beach in his bare feet, a toothbrush in his hand, to where the water swished oilily around the reed-clothed rocks.

Custom not only prescribes these camping trips, but also that all boys of the Roosevelt family of sufficient age go, regardless of whether their male parent is able to be with them.

ALL these sports were and are delightful for all ages. Everyone enjoyed them. By companionship in play more lessons are taught children than by any other means.

It does little good merely to say to a boy, "Selfishness is bad. You must not be selfish." He automatically says "Yes," but he neither understands nor heeds. If he is out camping and grabs for the best bits of food, then is the time to drive that lesson home. Stop him and before all of his comrades explain just what selfishness means. He will remember this indefinitely.

If boys are going on a hike and one of them develops a blister, make him take off his shoe. The chances are nine out of ten that there will be a nail in it. That is the time to teach forethought. We have all met the type of boy who roughhouses around the camp fire while supper is cooking and scatters sand in the frying pan. He does not mean any harm, it is merely thoughtlessness on his part, but the sand is in the frying pan just the same. He can be trained to take thought by action taken at such a time far better than by hours of lengthy homily.

I CAN recall a hundred lessons taught me in this fashion, and now in my turn I am trying to teach them to my children in the same way.

Gracie and Cornelius Roosevelt, two of the present Colonel's children.

Last spring Kermit and I took our children camping. We sailed out in a small centerboard boat. During the night the tide fell and the boat grounded. Next morning early when we rowed out to it we found the centerboard had been jammed with pebbles. One of our small sons when we discovered this proclaimed loudly and vaingloriously how quickly he could fix it if he were given a chance.

The day was cold and gray. We towed the boat to shore. Then we said to the small boy, "Now is your chance. Get out, get into the water, crawl under the boat, and pull the pebbles out."

His enthusiasm had ebbed. The water was cold and forbidding. He feebly suggested that he had changed his mind.

We answered, "You said you could fix the boat. Get into the water and try."

In he crawled. After a minute or so he scrambled out looking like a drowned rat.

He had not fixed the centerboard, but though a sadder he was a wiser little boy.

Another "All in the Family" sketch by Colonel Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 30

1—Raleigh; Bismarck; Columbus.
2—Charles the Great, or Charles I, Emperor of the West (800-814) and King of the Franks (768-814).
3—That which forms the upper front part of the cranium; the forehead.
4—A fine parchment, usually made from calfskin.
5—Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur.
6—Hiram, King of Tyre (I Kings v).
7—Head to head.
8—An orthodox Mohammedan.
9—Walter Johnson, manager of the Washington team.
10—Robert Browning, in Pippa Passes.
11—The peseta.
12—The three wars between Rome and Carthage.
13—One-eighth.
14—Bachelor of Laws.
15—Brooklyn, New York.
16—Uncompromising; irreconcilable.
17—Pirate crews from among the Northmen who plundered the coasts of Europe in the eighth-tenth centuries.
18—The highest horizontal timber in a roof, receiving the upper ends of the rafters.
19—A species of eagle.
20—The victoria.

Here Come the GIRLS!

Introducing the First of the Canned Revues, and Two More from Mr. Fox

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Paul Muni, as the condemned murderer in The Valiant, refuses to disclose his identity to Marguerite Churchill, who plays the rôle of his sister.

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★

OUT in Hollywood most of the producers have been racing revues through the sound mills. The first of these audible girl shows to reach completion is the Fox Movietone Follies. The producers declare proudly that the oldest flapper in the production is nineteen.

Some of the girls in the Fox Movietone Follies. There isn't one in the show older than nineteen, the producers say.

Despite the coöperation of whole batteries of song writers and dance designers fresh from Broadway, the Fox Movietone Follies are rambling and haphazard, too lacking in comedy and too short on theatrical ingenuity. Shot at the Fox Hollywood studios behind screened-in and guarded sets, this picture aroused the whispered expectations of the coast gossips. It was to be the ultimate in décolleté. Actually, the Follies is fairly conservative in its cuticle revelations.

★ ★

India is on the verge of a holy war. The wild hillmen from across the Himalayas are gathering for conquest with a beautiful white girl as their leader. The British rush Captain Donald King, disguised as a renegade British officer wanted for murder, to the scene to sway the beautiful Yasmani from her dire purpose.

That's the story of The Black Watch, adapted by the Fox Company from Talbot Mundy's novel, King of the Khyber Rifles. The film starts in superb fashion, but it dwindles away to the sort of stuff that sends audiences into titters.

The brusque Victor McLaglen, who plays King, is not the romantic figure for the pseudo-waster loved by the amorous Yasmani. Even were he fitted to the part, the awful dialogue would ruin him. Myrna Loy is Yasmani, the Afghan Joan of Arc with too much IT. She is rather good here.

★ ★ ★

Reports about another Fox production, The Valiant, have been seeping out of Hollywood for months. It was to be the year's sensation—if the studio powers didn't tamper with the picture.

The Valiant reached Broadway comparatively intact and brought down the encomiums of the Manhattan critics.

A condemned murderer who steadfastly has withheld his identity awaits execution. A young girl comes to the prison to see him. Her mother believes the boy to be her long missing son. The girl has only fleeting recollections of her brother, but she hopes to test him with a little game they used to play before she went to bed each night. They always said good night in the words of Romeo and Juliet, "Parting is such sweet sorrow."

The girl tries Shakespeare upon the tight-lipped prisoner, but he pushes aside her attempts to learn his identity. Only when she goes do you realize that the murderer really is the lost brother, for then he whispers Romeo's answer: "Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest."

This is a tremendously moving scene. Paul Muni, a newcomer, plays the silent young murderer with fine intensity and restraint. Marguerite Churchill does the girl in sensitive and moving fashion.

The Valiant is a worthy effort, but it affords a tough evening's entertainment.

★

They called the film The Woman Who Needed Killing until release time. Then the Paramount folk got cold feet and shifted the title to A Dangerous Woman.

It's all about Africa, the heat, the rain, and the fever—and the British commissioner's naughty Russian wife. Tania is too beautiful and all the men of the province fall within her sinister wiles. That is, until a reptile cuts short the giddy Russian's career.

Do you know that—

Until two seasons ago Paul Muni was on the Yiddish stage, known as Muni Weisenfreund? . . . Marguerite Churchill is twenty years old and a graduate of the Theater Guild Dramatic School? . . . Lola Lane, lead in the Fox Follies, was born in Indianola, Iowa?

Vox

The Farm Problem

[Editor's Note: We have received this interesting article on the farm problem from Mr. George E. Knapp, an Iowa lawyer. Long though it be, we have decided to print it without abbreviation in this issue of Vox Pop. This, however, cannot set a precedent for long articles in this department.]

Vinton, Ia.—I have just read with a great deal of interest your editorial, "How the Government Can Solve the

Farm Problem." You have hit the cause of the farmer's perplexities squarely on the head. Your remedy is not quite so clear.

In the first place, the very first individuals the government would encounter when it attempted to buy the surplus land to plant to forests, or allow to lie fallow, and thus decrease the supply of farm products, would be Mr. Politics and his consort, Mrs. Graft.

The expenditure to pay these people would be ten times more than the lands were worth, and then the lands would have to be purchased. The politicians would never allow such a sweet opportunity to get by them without exacting and receiving a staggering amount of money. But we are a rich nation and could stand this, as we have always stood it.

But this is not the worst of it. Your plan for putting the farmers who sold out at work on public improvements would reduce them to day laborers. They would never stand for this. They would promptly "retire" and trade with Sears-Roebuck or Montgomery Ward, and let the road building or the public improvement go to pot, so far as they were concerned.

Road construction is hard and steady work. Farmers are usually good workers but not steady workers. More than any other class of men they gad in business hours. One sees them in town, for apparently no good reason, at all hours and in all seasons. They keep no business hours. They speak of themselves as independent proprietors. They would take to continuous hard labor, eight hours a day, six days a week, in season and out, reluctantly, if indeed at all.

To make a day laborer out of a farmer, and especially one who had owned land and operated a farm, would be no small undertaking. He would resent direction and close supervision. He is used to bossing things himself in his way.

And what about the union labor? Dumping an army of laborer-farmers or farmer-laborers on the market would produce a panic with the labor unions, would it not? They now have plenty of trouble in maintaining their artificial condition: their eighteen-dollar-a-day brick masons, their ten- and fifteen-dollar-a-day carpenters, and so forth. Could the government pay the harvest hand and the cow milker fifteen dollars a day to work on the roads? If it could, then God pity the men who work at anything else.

The farmer needs help and needs it badly. But it cannot come by passing, and trying to enforce, a statute. He cannot be legislated into prosperity except at the expense of the rest of the people. Help must come, if it comes at all, through the farmers themselves. What they need is organization, coöperation, and ordinary business methods.

Enough farm machinery was ruined in Iowa last year, through gross neglect, to pay a substantial portion of the interest on their indebtedness. If the United States Steel Corporation attempted to operate by the ordinary business methods of the farmer, it would be in receivership in ten days.

The average farmer is a waster from away back. In this part of the country he farms on rather a large scale. His farm represents quite an investment. Larger than the average retailer in his vicinity. He must make a decent return on his investment. His concern is large enough and important enough to demand business ability and business methods. It gets nothing of the kind.

Only recently has the farmer attempted to keep any record of his transactions. If he owns and operates a farm of 160 acres—an average-sized farm for this part of Iowa—he has an investment of, say, $20,000. Can one imagine a business man with an investment of that amount who keeps no books whatever?

The only advantage the farmer has in a business way is that he always has a market for cash, at some price, for his products.

If he has anything to sell he can haul it to market and get the cash. But he is now one of the greatest consumers in America. And he buys everything he eats, wears, and uses, in the open market.

He raises a hog and sells it in Chicago, where it is butchered and packed, and resold to him for ten times the price he received for it. He now eats his own hog, just as his father did. The difference is that his father butchered the hog, and his son has Armour or Swift do the job for him and pays them enough to make them multimillionaires, while he cusses the government and votes the Republican ticket.

He sells his cream and legs it to town and goes to the movie, and on his way home buys creamery butter. He sells his eggs and then buys them back in double strength: egg malted milks at the soda fountain at twenty cents each.

The time was when you could spot a yokel across the street. They can still be spotted afar off but not for the same reason.

They now dress better, and more up to date, than the town slicker.

The girls come to the town movie theater and watch Gloria Swanson flash through a film with fifteen changes of Paris gowns.

If a three-button vest, reversible, with a monogram on the left-hand corner, appears on Broadway on Monday, the farmer boy at State Center will blossom out in one on Wednesday.

All this by and through the motion picture.

If you New Yorkers really want to know what the latest creations in dress are, go out on the farm, right after supper, and see the girls and boys as they step into their automobiles and beat it for town.

All these things must be purchased in a market controlled by the *seller*. The farmer sells his products in a market controlled by the *buyer*. Now you have it, Mr. Liberty.

Between the market of the farmer when he sells and the market of the farmer when he buys—frequently his own product—is that mighty horde of nonproducers: the broker, manufacturer, promoter, Old Man Transportation, Old Lady Overhead, Mr. Rent, the lawyer, doctor, dentist, the sprightly Mr. Advertisement, the forecloser, and the note shaver. All must live, and all off

Pop

the bounty of the farmer, the producer. Again the farmer is not only a producer—he has come to be one of the greatest consumers.

When the farmer controls, by organization and coöperation, his selling market—at least to the extent of forcing his share of the profit for the things he produces—he will solve his own problems, and not until then. He should have the wit to follow the example and the legitimate methods of union labor, if he would come into his own.—*George E. Knapp.*

That Certainly Is Telling Him

HURON, S. D.—The letter written by One Who Knows Women kind of got under my skin, and I just had to write and tell him what I think his difficulty is.

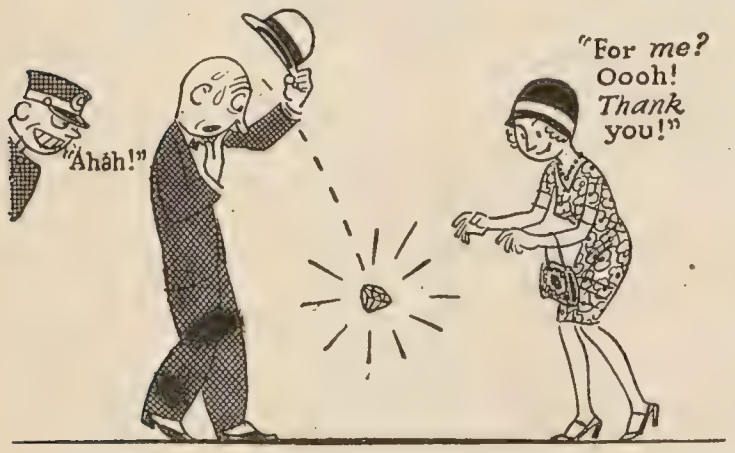
He once had the idea that he was God's Gift to Women, and he met a woman who showed him that he was nothing but the Answer to a Squirrel's Prayer.—*One Who Knows Men.*

Mr. Doherty Activates a Cleveland Mind

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I guess I ain't cut out for a life of crime. That thing by Mr. Edward Doherty that you printed—" Diamond Smuggling " was the name of it—set me to thinking. Yep, it started the old bean working about ways I could smuggle diamonds in.

The first slick scheme I thought of wasn't so slick. It was for a smuggler to hide a great big diamond under his hat.

But then, if he forgot and went and raised his hat to a lady, why, that diamond would roll off his dome, and he'd end up in stir.



And the second slick scheme wasn't so slick, either, and hardly worth telling about, but, anyhow, this was it: I got to thinking how good a long-haired dog would be for jewel smuggling. You'd just tie the diamonds to the hound's hairs, deep down, next his skin.

But then, I got to thinking, what if the dog took a notion to *scratch himself?*—*Old Smuggler.*

Duet on " President Smith "

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Finding the mistakes in your artists' drawings is an interesting pastime.

In the drawing depicting a session of " President " (Good Lord, deliver us) Al Smith's cabinet I note the following mistakes:

1. Al's brown derby is missing.
2. There is no bulge in Floyd Gibbons' pocket where he carries his opium pipe. No one but a hophead could perpetrate his " Red Napoleon."
3. There are no prize-fight or racy pictures on the walls.
4. There is no sawdust on the floor to indicate that this session is being held in the back room of a saloon. Where but in a saloon would such a gang forgather?
5. There are no beer mugs in evidence.
6. The table should be replaced by a regulation bar, with a footrail.
7. Some of those in the picture show slight signs of human intelligence. This is inconceivable.
8. The whole layout and idea is simply preposterous. LIBERTY ought to know by this time that the American people vote dry.

Please have this picture redrawn in line with the above suggestions.—*Ora L. Jones.*

PIEDMONT, CALIF.—" The Red Napoleon " had me all excited until Alfred E. Smith was introduced as President of the United States—and then I knew that the adroit Gibbons was spoofing us all the time, and that there really isn't any war at all.

A writer really should set some limits to his fancy, even in a highly imaginative serial such as this.—*E. L. H.*

O. K., Brother

DULUTH, MINN. — Your " Red Napoleon," by Floyd Gibbons, is O. K. Now all we have to do is wait for 1933 to roll up and see if Mr. Gibbons knows his Karakhans.

Let's have the bums sail into this country and find out their mistake. It ought to be a good fight.

I've got two bucks on Uncle Sam's nose, so don't fail me.—*Duke of Wellington—Eighth Street Insane Asylum.*

He Had an Eye Shot Out at Chateau Thierry

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Please advise me through your Vox Pop what that gadget is that Mr. F. Gibbons, of " Red Napoleon " fame, wears around his head and under his left ear.—*An Interested Reader.*

Maybe

SALEM, ORE.—Thanks for your editorials on prohibition—they are well to the point. When are you going to editorialize on the discomforts and tortures of the modern style of dress for the male of the human species?

When I see how easy it is for the girls to dress, it surely makes me disgusted

to struggle into the gear that is decreed for me to wear.

Can't you do something about it?—*Felix A. English.*

H. D. D. Submits an Index of Intellectual Strength

FLORENCE, ALA.—The only real advantage, as I see it, of having Vox Pop is so that the Great American Public can get an idea as to the intellectual strength of their country.

Judging from the majority of letters I am sure that idea would be: " We need more bug houses."—*H. D. D.*

What Did You Decide?

LA JOLLA, CALIF.—I'll bet you publish a lot of your stories with your tongue in your cheek. For instance, " Fool Errant."

Of all the silly, senseless, incoherent twaddle, that was *it?* Such unnatural dialogue! Such a nit-witted hero—and a *stuttering* hero at that!

It's a good thing you included a synopsis so we could tell what it was all about. For the only reason we continued to struggle through it was to see who the fool errant was—LIBERTY, Hugo Ross, Patricia Wentworth—or *us.*—*From One Who Doesn't Matter.*

Why, How You Talk!

CHICAGO, ILL.—My word! Just when I get all set for a good snappy story by that hard-drinking, heavy-loving, and high-flying boy, Elliott White Springs, and can see the Vox Poppers grinding their teeth at his wickedness, doesn't he go and do a Mary Pickford!

Don't do it, Elliott (sobs in my voice). Don't do it. Stay naughty. I don't like you reformed. Don't give us any more like " The Steeplechase Pier."—*M. M.*

TRIUMPH

A Story of the Other Woman

By FREDERICK TISDALE

Pictures by G. PATRICK NELSON

It seemed that the still face was formed of soft white marble. Upon the brow there was peace.

AS Josephine Warren crossed the room she tried not to notice how crowded and uncomfortable her big pieces of furniture looked in the small apartment. She was looking for one of Sam's old suits. They had not recovered from the general demoralization of moving and she was not sure where this garment had been hung. Finally she found it in the tiny closet opening on to the entrance alcove.

The suit was a brown tweed that Sam had discarded months before. Now it would have to be brought out for cleaning and repair because Sam would have to wear it again. Josephine took the suit into the living room. She carried it with the tenderness women have for the intimate belongings of the men they love.

The old tweed had taken on the comfortable rotundity of Sam's middle-aged figure. A round cigarette burn on the vest recalled a happy week at Excelsior Springs. Josephine brushed a short gray hair from the coat collar. Her finger tips tingled pleasantly with the rough of the woolen finish. The garment had a faint and satisfying odor. It was a blend of good cigar smoke, the bouquet of fine liquors, and something else that was Sam's own personality.

Josephine recalled with satisfaction the overheard remark of a woman friend:

"Sam Warren *smells* like a man."

Sitting beside the one big window she began to go through the pockets. There were two green theater ticket stubs, a United Cigar coupon, three matches, a yellowed card with a recipe someone had given him for making brandy out of dried peaches.

In the back of her mind she was hoping that she might find a forgotten five or ten dollar bill. Her heart gave a little jump as her fingers encountered something that had been crammed down at the bottom of the inside coat pocket. It wasn't a bill, though. She drew out and unfolded a scrawled note. It was undated. This is what it said:

> Now listen, Sam:
>
> My rent is still overdue and Mrs. Shylock is squawking her head off. For the second and last time, come across, daddy, or you'll lose your baby.
>
> BILLY.

Josephine felt as if she had been struck across the face. She read the letter again. The handwriting was without character; some of the letters slanted forward and some backward. Any doubt as to the girl who wrote it would have been dispelled by the formation of the characters. But there could be no doubt about her nor about her relations with Sam.

After a while Josephine laid the tweed suit carefully on a chair and went into the little bedroom. Holding the note tightly she sat down at her dressing table and studied her reflection. She tried to judge herself impersonally—without the conceit which makes us reject the truth even when a fine French mirror wants to disclose it.

There was no denying that she was still a very handsome woman. But—she had let herself get a little bit too fat. When she lowered her head a fold appeared below the chin. The pure fine line from the throat was gone.

"You can't be young always," Josephine said defensively to the reflection. "I am forty-three and I guess I look it. But Sam is fifty."

These were undeniable truths, but she took little comfort from them. When a woman gets old, she is old, and that's all there is to it. When a man gets old he goes out and tries to buy youth. That was probably what Sam had done. She wanted to hate Sam for what she had discovered, but she couldn't manage to do it. After you have loved a man twenty-five years, you can't begin hating him all of a sudden.

Josephine folded the note very carefully and opened the drawer of the dressing table. She hid the paper under a jar of cold cream at the back. In doing this she encountered an innocent-looking revolver; one of those small weapons men who are away from home a good deal buy for their wives' protection against the theoretical burglar.

Josephine went back into the living room, got the brown tweed suit, and rang for the shabby yellow Negro who ran the single elevator and did errands. She told him she wanted the suit cleaned and repaired. It would have to be back by Saturday.

SAM came home at 3 o'clock. Josephine noticed that it took him longer than usual to get the key in the lock and open the door. She had determined to accuse him the minute he came in, but when she saw him she relented. His round, smooth face was sagged and gray. There was a harassed look in his eyes.

She kissed him and asked, "How did you come out, dear?"

"Well," he said as he let himself go into a big chair, "I was with the committee of creditors all day. Going over the books. After all, it's something to fail for three hundred thousand." His smile was like a ghost of his old heartiness.

"Did they uncover anything new?"

"Not a thing. I'd turned over all my assets. If they're lucky, they'll get forty cents on the dollar. I told them I'd pay every penny of it sooner or later and I will. The receiver complimented me. But compliments don't buy any groceries. How do you like being the wife of a bankrupt, Jo?"

"Oh, I guess I can stand it."

"Well, listen, honey. You won't have to stand it long. A man may be down, but you know what they say in the Salvation Army. I telephoned Brant today. If the worst

She had gold-dug Sam to a fare-you-well; had lavished his money on younger men.

comes to the worst I can pack up the old bags and go on the road again. I can sell rings around the kids they're hiring these days. Nobody knows cotton goods or the mid-western trade better than I do. A man isn't old at fifty."

"Isn't he, Sam?"

"Course not. You watch my smoke. This time next year we'll be trading in the old Buick on a Rolls-Royce."

"I guess I'd better be starting dinner," Josephine said, rising.

"That's the old spirit! We'll lick 'em yet. And say —I'm hungry as a bear."

Josephine went into the little kitchen from which there issued presently a cheerful clatter of aluminum and china.

"Think I'll take a shot of Scotch," Sam said loud enough for his wife to hear. "Thank the Lord I got one quart of real stuff left."

She heard him fill a glass in the bathroom.

"Oh, Jo," he called, "did you send out my brown tweed suit?"

"Yes, I sent it. Be back Saturday."

"That's a good girl."

While she busied herself over the gas, she determined to speak of the letter after he had dinner. But Sam's enthusiasm over the thin chops, the return of his ruddiness and jollity, were as much a barrier to her as his dejection had been a few hours before.

"Nobody can cook like my girl," Sam cried as he passed her a cigarette across the coffee cups. "It's worth going broke once in a while to get some real food."

He stopped and studied his wife's face with genuine affection and concern. Small beads of perspiration were on her smooth forehead. She had pushed her rich black hair back off her ears.

"You look tired, honey," he said.

"Oh, I'm all right, I guess."

"You won't have to do your own work very long."

"I don't mind the cooking so much. It's the dishes."

He jumped up, went behind her chair, lifted her face, and gave her an upside-down kiss. "Tell you what,"

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he cried, "I'll wipe the dishes for you. Like when we were first married."

"Oh, Sam, you are a dear."

Josephine told herself that she would bring up the letter when he finished his evening paper; then it was after she creamed her face; then when she got into bed. But all these rituals were over and still she did not have the courage to begin. She thought how strange it was that she, who had committed no wrong, should feel so hesitant and embarrassed when he was the one who had transgressed so grievously.

The Warrens were an old-fashioned couple. They slept together. The huge walnut bed with its spiral posts left little space in the room for anything else. Both were sentimental about this bed because they had bought it when they were first married. After Josephine had switched off the light she lay on her back staring up into the darkness and thinking about the letter. Beside her, Sam flopped over on his right side and sighed his content. She knew that he would soon drop off and sleep like a baby.

As always, he said, "Kiss me good night, honey."

When their lips touched something inside her broke. Sudden and furious sobs racked her. Great tears ran through her fingers and wetted the pillow.

In the darkness the amazed Sam reached over and tried to take her hands from her face. He kept saying, "Why, honey, what is the matter? Why, honey . . ."

After a while she became more calm. There was no escape now.

"Sam," she said steadily, "I found a letter this afternoon. In the pocket of your old tweed suit."

"Well?"

"It was signed, 'Billy.'"

Sam lay silent in the darkness of the bedroom. He was too honest to try to lie out of it. The thing had come and he must face it. Through his mind shot an old Sunday-school text about your sins finding you out. Much as he loved his wife, he could not make himself feel sorry—not really sorry—for his escapade with this Billy. (What a pretty young devil she was! And what great, roaring parties they had been on together!)

"Well?" Josephine was saying.

"Well, Jo—I guess I am just a dirty dog."

"Where is she now?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen her for nearly a year. That is the truth. I swear it before Christ. You know you are my girl. That you always have been and always will be. I don't know what makes men get themselves all messed up with women like that."

"What was she like, Sam?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said lamely. "She wasn't so hot."

Neither slept much that night, though each pretended for the benefit of the other. Certain thoughts kept going around in Josephine's mind. Divorce? Never. Even if she had not loved Sam she could not desert him in his financial crisis. And she did love him. Sam liked women. It was easy for them to get around him the way this one had done. It was all the girl's fault. She was to blame.

ON his side of the bed Sam was reviewing his iniquities. That he loved his wife deeply he could not doubt. This other lovely daughter of the flesh— She had gold-dug Sam to a fare-you-well; had lavished his money on younger men; had driven him out at last with vulgar insults on his age and his gray hair. He knew she let him go only because she had drained him dry. Yet (God forgive him!) he could not make himself regret it, though he tried very hard. He knew that if she phoned him now his heart would leap again and that she could do with him as she wanted.

In the morning Josephine tried to act as if nothing had happened. Sam thankfully took his cue from that. She kissed him good-by as usual when he left for the office. He was busy tying up the loose ends of his dead cotton-goods jobbing concern.

After he had gone, Josephine took the note from the dressing-table drawer and went downstairs. Sam had left the car for her. It was an old blue Buick which had been their second car before the crash came. She had some trouble getting under the wheel. Decidedly she had let herself get a little too fat.

It was a bright blue day. She had to drive past the English-style house in its big yard where she had lived so many years. She had determined not to look at the place, but the delicate perfume of lilacs made her glance aside. The bushes she had planted herself were in the glory of full bloom. Strange curtains shone through the familiar leaded windows.

Josephine turned into the boulevard and stopped two blocks farther on before an arrogant white house with a red tile roof. Louise Drake met her at the door, taking her two hands and kissing her.

"I'm so glad to see you, Jo. Where have you been and how are you anyhow?"

"All right, I guess."

"I see something's wrong. Come in and tell me about it."

AS they crossed the heavy rugs into the broad living room Louise felt that curious satisfaction that comes to us from pitying the misfortunes of our friends. Merciless reducing had made of Louise a modish symphony in straight lines and sharp angles. Her thin yellow hair was a great trial to her. She experimented with it too much; it seemed like every time you saw Louise her hair was fixed a different way. This time it was a startling mass of small, bright spirals which stood out all over her head. The curls were as tight and hard as brass shavings.

"Well, dear?" Louise asked when they were seated.

"It's this." Josephine handed her the letter.

She was not prepared for laughter, but that was the way Louise greeted the problem.

"I don't see anything funny about it," Josephine protested.

"Dear, dear, Jo! You are hopeless. If you think this is new to me, you are very much mistaken."

"You knew about Sam and this girl?"

"Of course, silly. Everyone did but you."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Break bad news like that? Not on your sweet life, darling."

"Of course you couldn't," Josephine admitted.

"Don't take it too seriously"—Louise was passing the cigarettes—"I went through the same thing years ago. I thought I would die when I first found out Phil was playing around. Now—? Let him play all he wants to as long as he comes across with everything I crave. At our age a thimbleful of philosophy is worth all the love in the world. Men are that way and you can't do anything about it. The worst thing in the world is to nag. Try to forget it and before long it won't hurt any more."

"I can't forget it."

"Oh, sure you can," Louise protested brightly. "You'll see the day when you can laugh about it. Now that you are one of us, I can tell you some very amusing stories. Remember when you were in Michigan last year? Well, the doings that went on then was nobody's business. Your husband, Phil, and Joe Palini—you know Joe, the big commission man down on River Street. They got plenty oiled one afternoon at Joe's house. A good thing Maria Palini was in Colorado. These Italian babes don't play with 'em. Well, there was Sam and this Billy. Phil and Joe had girls too. They made such noisy whoopee that the neighbors complained. They paid no attention and finally a cop went in the house. And what do you think they were doing?"

"What?" asked Josephine faintly.

"They were playing Indian! Indian, my dear! They had tied Sam to the newel post of the stair and said they were going to scalp him. All of 'em, men and girls, were whooping around him like a bunch of wild Apaches. From what the cop said they must have been dressed

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"Jo, you are dumb! It's common knowledge that Sam went on the rocks because of her."

down to the part. Isn't that a laugh? I would have given an arm to have caught them. Imagine that bunch of fat, gray-haired old goofers running around in their B. V. D.'s with those wild girls. Pretending they were young. Old fools!"

After a time Josephine asked, "Do you know this—Billy?"

"Well, I know of her. Calls herself Billy Mondell. Just a little tart. About twenty and pretty enough to make any man fall for her. Sam isn't the first man she has ruined."

"Ruined?"

"Why, Jo, you are dumb! It's common knowledge around town that Sam went on the rocks because of her. She cleaned him good, and he let his business go to pot running around with her."

"He was away on business a lot," Josephine admitted thoughtfully.

"Monkey business," said Louise.

"I don't know what to do about it."

"What can you do about it?"

As she drove home Josephine repeated the question without finding the answer. This girl had drained Sam and thrown him aside. She had taken their beautiful home and Josephine's flowers. A woman like that had no right to live. Men had no sense. They were powerless in the hands of such creatures. Especially older men like Sam who could be so easily flattered. A woman like that had no right to live. No right to live.

For days thereafter Josephine's mind was a stormy chaos, though she hid the fact from Sam. Every small incident that recalled her former well-being served to inflame her against the girl who had caused her troubles. She felt that she would never know peace again until she had squared the account. Only some physical, devastating triumph over Sam's former mistress would satisfy.

Josephine began carrying the small revolver in her

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handbag when she went out. She did not know the girl and she made no effort to find her but felt she would recognize her enemy instinctively if she ever came near. She had never fired a revolver, but she knew you had only to point it and pull the trigger. She pictured herself confronting the girl and telling her who she was. She saw her victim's jaw sag in terror. There would be a grab for the revolver, but Josephine would not let her have it. Then . . .

This fury wore itself out. Josephine's good sense told her how silly she would feel if Sam or anyone discovered she was carrying the revolver. She still felt the need for humiliating her enemy, but it would have to be by some other means. A little regretfully she slipped the revolver back into the drawer.

"THIS is Louise, Jo," said an excited voice on the wire. "Have you seen the big news?"

"No. What is it, Lou?"

"Buy a paper and look on the front page."

That was all Louise would tell her. Josephine hung up and sent the elevator boy for an afternoon edition.

It was spread all over the front page in screaming black-face type. Billy Mondell, "famous in the night life of the city," had been killed. She had started for St. Louis with Joe Palini, the big commission merchant. Maria Palini, his wife, had heard about it. Unknown to the guilty pair she bought a ticket and got on a day coach. When the express was well under way, Maria Palini had knocked on the door of a stateroom in one of the Pullmans. Billy Mondell opened the door. What happened was pictured in a flash of vivid writing:

"This girl had worshiped her own beauty. Instinctively she sought to protect it. Covering her face with both hands she stood with her back against the swaying steel door of the compartment. Mrs. Palini fired six times. She was pulling the trigger on empty cartridges when the gun was wrenched from her. The girl was a heap on the Pullman floor, her face still covered with her hands. All but one of the six bullets had struck her in the body."

When Sam came home that afternoon he kissed his wife and asked:

"Have you seen the papers?"

"Yes."

"She was the girl," said Sam steadily. "Is that the end of it, honey?"

He caught her in his arms and clung to her in a way that showed how much he needed her.

"That ends it, Sam," she comforted. "I'll never speak of it again."

Sam told her she was the sweetest girl in the world and he meant it.

SURELY this Billy Mondell had come to her bad end with a violence and finality sufficient to satisfy the most exacting. Josephine told herself that. But she still felt somehow that she had been cheated. She had burned with a need for a personal victory over the girl and now it was too late.

Josephine devoured every word that was printed about the case next day. There were pictures of the "siren"—muddy newspaper half-tones that did not look like anything in particular. Near the bottom of one column she encountered an item that arrested and held her attention.

Burial was to be from the "mortuary parlors of Harry Stein." She knew Harry Stein. That night and next morning she fought against a desire that the item had awakened. In the end it conquered as she had known it would. That afternoon she got under the wheel of the old blue Buick and drove off.

Harry Stein was a short, fat man with the solemnity necessary to his calling. You sensed a good deal of human gayety beneath his business manner. He was genuinely surprised and delighted to see Josephine in his subdued outer office.

"Why, Mrs. Warren," he cried, "I am so glad to see you. I haven't laid eyes on you since you moved from the neighborhood yet."

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Stein. I was driving by and I just stopped in to see if I could use your telephone."

"Sure, sure, Mrs. Warren. The booth is right over here." He led her across the dignified marble floor with short quick steps.

Josephine noticed two women waiting on a couch beside an inner door. One was a florid creature with dead blonde hair who reeked with an ostentatious perfume. The other was much younger and much prettier. She was chewing gum. Now and then she sniffled and put a handkerchief to her eyes, but she kept right on chewing the gum. There was no doubt as to the social status of the two.

To make good her pretense, Josephine called Sam at his office and told him what time she was having dinner. Sam knew already, but it did not seem strange to him that she should phone. When she came out of the booth, Stein was waiting.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Stein," she said. Then—"By the way, you have a funeral this afternoon."

"Yes, Mrs. Warren." He glanced at the two women across the room and lowered his voice. "It's that poor girl that was shot yesterday."

"I read about it in the papers. I wonder, Mr. Stein, if you would do me a little favor."

"Why, sure, Mrs. Warren."

"I would like to look at this—girl."

"Sure, sure. Why not, Mrs. Warren? Just step this way."

HE knew nothing of the relations between Sam Warren and the girl who had been killed. It did not seem unusual to Stein that anyone, especially a woman, would want to look at her.

He led Josephine Warren through the door past the two waiting women and switched on a light.

They were in a small chapel. Stein pointed with his chin, withdrew, and closed the door on his heels. Near Josephine were rows of chairs. Beyond, facing a severe little pulpit, was the gray thing she sought. It bulked large and dominating in the plain little room. With a pulse that beat painfully in her ears, Josephine advanced.

The only flowers were a huge spray of red roses that covered most of the gray top. There was no card. Josephine wondered what cautious lover had sent this—the last of the girl's gifts. The lid was back. Josephine bent down. At last she was face to face with the girl who had wounded her so deeply.

No one but a woman can appreciate to its fullest the beauty of another woman. To Josephine it seemed that the still face was formed of soft white marble. Brown curls with a copper fire in them had escaped over the small lace pillow. Upon the brow there was peace, the strange, baffling peace seen only on the faces of the dead.

The lines from the perfect oval of the face flowed into the full throat with its rings of Venus. The arch of the bosom culminated in the proud rondures of the breasts which even the somber silk covering could not subdue.

Instead of victorious, Josephine Warren felt suddenly weak, defeated, and very old. It seemed to her that the still pale lips of her enemy were lifted at one corner in a faint smile of scorn and pride. This form which in life had felt the arms of many men became, to the woman who watched, a personification of the lawless and irresistible beauty of youth—of the force which would always draw men through folly to disaster.

Josephine turned and walked to the door. This bit of dead youth under the nameless red roses had triumphed after all.

"You are crying, Mrs. Warren," said Stein. "Let me show you to your car. A sad case, a very sad case."

"Yes," she said, "I should not have looked at her."

She was glad Stein did not know that she was crying for herself.

THE END

The Flying Senator

A Close-Up of Hiram Bingham, Adventurer of Land and Sky

By

REUBEN MAURY

P. & A. photo

Hiram Bingham, the Flying Senator, also explorer, author, and A. E. F. veteran.

IN Washington, Hiram Bingham of Connecticut is called the Flying Senator.

Not that he flies nowadays. The last time Bingham took to the air as a pilot was on the Christmas Day following the Armistice in 1918.

"I don't intend to fly again," he will tell you. "It's a young man's game; and my eyes have grown old."

But his interest in aviation, military, naval, and commercial, remains as keen as it was in those war days when he fought to bring order out of chaos in America's air forces and results out of red tape.

The eyes of the Senator from Connecticut may have grown old, but he looks young except as to his hair. He has all of that, at the age of fifty-three, but it is a silvery white. His face is lean and keen, weathered by tropic suns to a texture resembling that of fine leather. Six feet two or three inches tall, slim waisted, broad shouldered, with that face and that hair, Bingham is easily the most striking figure on the floor of the Senate chamber.

Hiram Johnson has his points as a Senate showpiece; Watson of Indiana looks like a composite model of all the old-line politicians that ever lived; Heflin's appearance is the most beautiful combination of country squire, tailor's dummy, and cigar-store Indian that could be imagined—but Hiram Bingham is something new in United States Senators. He is an adventurer, a scholar, a warrior, and somehow he has landed among the lawyers, the politicians, and the demagogues. This being the case, the country should hear more of Bingham before it hears less. He has been in the Senate only four years.

Wide World photo

Senator Bingham boards a passenger plane to attend the Pulitzer Trophy air race.

Bingham was born in Honolulu in 1875. Adventurers of the church produced this adventurer of the land and sky: his parents were Congregationalist missionaries to the South Seas. Bingham's grandfather was the first missionary of any denomination ever sent from the United States to Hawaii.

"My mother," he will tell you with quiet New England pride, "was a Brewster—Mayflower stock."

His first "good" job, as the Senator describes it, was that of chemist on a sugar plantation near Honolulu. He was then less than sixteen years old.

About that time Bingham senior completed his translation of the Bible from the original Hebrew and Greek into the language of the natives of the Gilbert Islands. The younger Bingham got to New York when his father went there to read the proofs of the translation.

Bingham worked his way through Andover and then through Yale. He was in college at the time of the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. On fire to enlist in Roosevelt's Rough Riders, he was persuaded by an uncle to wait, for the sake of his mother, until the second call for volunteers. That call never came; and so Bingham knows how it feels to have missed out on a big show.

After college came graduate work, and then an assistant instructorship at Harvard.

One thinks of Bingham's nineteen years of teaching, off and on, at Harvard, Princeton, and Yale, and one wonders how he missed acquiring the professorial squint and the classroom manner. He has neither.

The reason doubtless is that Bingham steered clear of the rut. He got around, learned the breaks of the game as men play it over the world.

Exploration was what as a young man he wanted most of all to do. In 1906-07 he traced Bolivar's route across the South American republics of Venezuela and Colombia. He put up half the money for this expedition. A year later

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

he traveled the old Spanish trade route from Buenos Aires to Lima, again partly on his own money.

In 1911 his career as an explorer, geographer, and jungle reporter began in earnest with an expedition into Peru, ancient empire of the Incas.

His great achievements in Peru were three:

He climbed Mount Coropuna, giant of the Andes.

He found Uiticos, capital city and palace of Manco, the last Inca emperor, who from Uiticos defied and harassed the invading Spaniards for thirty-five years.

As if that were not enough for one man to have accomplished, Bingham stumbled one morning almost by accident into the ruins of Machu Picchu, the impregnable citadel where that same Manco is thought to have hidden the virgins of the sun, whose prayers, it was believed, could save the Inca empire from drought and the conquering Spaniard.

The story of these discoveries is told in Inca Land, the most fascinating of Bingham's five books.

Pershing's expedition into Mexico gave Bingham a chance to make up for a part of his Spanish-American War disappointment. He crossed the Rio Grande as a captain with the famous "Yale batteries," the Tenth Field Artillery of the Connecticut National Guard.

Returning to New York late in 1916, he heard a speech by Herbert Bayard Swope on conditions in Germany. Bingham became convinced that we were destined to be at war with Germany within six months, and that whichever side won the war would win it in the air.

By March of 1917 he was talking aviation with Glenn Curtiss at Miami and was learning to fly. He was brevetted as an "aviator pilot" and had earned an Aëro Club license by April 30, a little over three weeks after we entered the war. A letter to General Squier, chief signal officer of the army, got Bingham in on the ground floor, so to speak, of the great military air force which, for all our failures, we did succeed in building up.

He went to Toronto in May, 1917, to learn how the Royal Flying Corps trained its men. The next six months he spent in the United States, organizing ground schools for military fliers and telling the colleges how they could help in the work of turning out airmen.

It must have been during this period that hatred for official red tape, unpreparedness, and political favoritism blazed up in the Bingham soul, where it still burns fiercely. Here are some of the more scorching remarks to be found in his book, An Explorer in the Air Service:

"THE fact was that our national policy of unpreparedness had brought us actually into the greatest of all wars without adequate plans for training aviators, although everyone knew we would need them by the hundred.

"During the first few months of my duty in Washington, the officer who, under General Squier, was in immediate charge of the aviation section of the signal corps, was not a pilot, had only been up once or twice, was frankly afraid to fly even as an observer, and went so far as to say to me that for the father of seven sons to take flying lessons showed that he did not love his children.

"The average American citizen took the attitude that any young fellow who was willing to enter the hazardous game of aviation was thereby exhibiting such tremendous patriotism and extraordinary courage that he ought to be lightly wafted on his way into the air, notwithstanding any mental deficiency which the ground school examinations had disclosed. One Congressman even wanted imperfect eyesight to be waived!"

Bingham's next important stop was Issoudun, in central France, where the A. E. F. established its third aviation instruction center. The third A. I. C. was the largest flying school we had in France; it graduated such fliers as Eddie Rickenbacker, Hamilton Coolidge, Quentin Roosevelt, and Douglas Campbell; and Bingham was lieutenant colonel in command at Issoudun. In the whole drama of our overseas air forces, he played a tremendous part.

After the Armistice he was most honorably discharged, and presently he went into Connecticut politics.

He was elected lieutenant governor, then governor, by the largest majority ever given a gubernatorial candidate in his state. Then United States Senator Frank Brandegee of Connecticut committed suicide in 1924, and at a special election in December of that year Bingham was chosen to fill out Brandegee's term. He was regularly reëlected, and has four years of his first full term yet to serve.

As a Senator, Bingham has been interested chiefly in all branches of aviation and government coöperation therein, though he did take time out to secure the signatures of a couple of dozen hesitating Senators to the round robin which prevented bald ratification of the Kellogg anti-war treaty without a word about the Monroe Doctrine or our right to fight in self-defense.

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Lieut.-Col. Hiram Bingham of the Air Service in 1917.

The Air Commerce Act of Congress was largely Bingham's work, drawn up from his experience in France and on the Morrow aviation board, named by President Coolidge to study commercial aviation in 1925. By this act Herbert Hoover's Department of Commerce acquired William P. MacCracken, Jr., as Assistant Secretary of Commerce in charge of aëronautics.

MACCRACKEN'S bureau is one government branch which has delivered money's worth in service to commercial aviation. It examines and licenses aircraft and airmen, maps out civil airways, lights them, equips them with signal and radio apparatus, and furnishes weather service along the routes. It could use more money than Congress has thus far seen fit to give it. Clarence M. Young, MacCracken's chief assistant, smiles bitterly when you ask him why it is that his inspectors usually arrive at flying fields by train and taxicab instead of by plane.

Bingham also worked to bring about a reorganization of aëro affairs in the army and navy. Assistant secretaries for aëronautics were established in both the war and navy departments. It is hoped that, as a result, the next war will not see quite so many of these incidents like the one which Bingham relates of the cavalry officer who tried to inspect a flying field on horseback, whose horse was frightened by the whirling propellers, and who accordingly bellowed: "Stop those fans! Don't you see they scare my horse?"

Bingham is opposed to the establishment of an independent air force, believing that the army and the navy should manage their own fighting planes and have their own air personnel organizations. He is, however, anxious to eliminate overlapping of the two air services, particularly in the very important matter of aërial coast defense.

"Imagine," he says, "a sea battle off our coast. Imagine that the enemy drives our forces in toward shore. There is a certain moment at which the command of our forces passes from the Navy Department to the War Department. When does that moment arrive? Nobody knows; the question has never been decided. There might be a disaster some time, if we had a pig-headed admiral (if there are such things!) who refused to give up command to the land forces."

The settling of this and related questions is Bingham's chief concern at this writing. He wants Congress to name a commission to go into the whole matter, as Congress was forced to do in the old days when the army was convinced that it ought to have control over the submarines, since they could be used at that time for coast defense only.

Keep an eye on Bingham as his Senate career progresses. He's interesting and he's constructive.

THE END

"Too tired to eat? Be sensible — drink a malted."

"Sure we serve the genuine — Borden's Malted Milk. And what flavor, please?"

"You're not the first little girl that has asked for a glass of Borden's Malted."

"Enough — just enough for a balanced luncheon."

A red Borden Diamond. Spot it on those fountains that serve the genuine Borden's Malted, custom-built sandwiches and crisp salads.

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Borden's MALTED MILK

The RED NAPOLEON

A Chronicle of the Second World War (1933-1936)

By FLOYD GIBBONS

(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)

Rebele-Liberty photos

Park Avenue, New York City, as it looked on October 7, 1935, after two weeks under the Red bombardment. The view is southward from East Fiftieth Street to the tower of the New York Central Building. A month later the upper stories of all the buildings shown were completely demolished. At the right is a pre-war photograph.

THIS installment brings Mr. Gibbons' story into the winter of 1935-1936, with Karakhan's southward drive for the Pennsylvania steel and coal region effectually halted in the center of New York state, and with the general outlook for the American cause much brighter than in the preceding winter, but with the city of New York and its environs under siege and bombardment. Finding his spring advance at a standstill, the Red Napoleon shifted the attack. From Connecticut, his forces have crossed to Long Island and pushed westward to within long artillery range of Manhattan. From the north, on the east shore of the Hudson, they have rolled back the American defenders to the Harlem River. Their field guns and bombers are reducing the skyscraper districts

of Manhattan to rubbish. The civilian population of the city has been evacuated under fire, with great loss of life. Underground, however, the Americans still hold the ravaged island, and from the heights across the Hudson their long-range guns are replying to the shelling of the Reds.

Meanwhile, former President Hoover, as head of the War Industries Board, has worked wonders in reorganizing and decentralizing the production of war materials. He has distributed electric power and machinery to innumerable farms, so that, despite the incessant bombing of the nation's industrial centers, airplanes, submarines, floating docks, cannon, shells, and other essentials are beginning to be turned out in quantity. Synthetic substitutes are making up for the lack of rubber, tin, etc. Wherever possible, women are replacing men as industrial workers.

The author, with Speed Binney as pilot, is broadcasting news of the siege of New York. Margot Denison is still in the occupied territory of New England with Lin Larkin Karakhan.

PART THIRTEEN

SHOT DOWN AND CAPTURED

WHOLE volumes have been written about the artillery and gas duel that continued night and day without recess through the winter months of 1935-1936. All the bridges crossing the East and Harlem rivers had been destroyed. The American forces clinging to the edge of Nassau County and Queens and Kings counties were supplied through the three subway tubes crossing under the East River south of Brooklyn Bridge, and at night by lighters crossing from Staten Island to Bay Ridge.

The defenders on Manhattan Island received their water, supplies, and ammunition from the Jersey shore by way of the Holland vehicular tunnel and the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad tubes. Repeated efforts on the part of the air raiders to destroy these vital arteries by dropping delayed-action bombs in the Hudson River were unsuccessful. But the destruction which these bombs wrought at the land terminals on both sides was considerable, and it required the constant labor of thousands of engineers to keep the exits and entrances open to traffic.

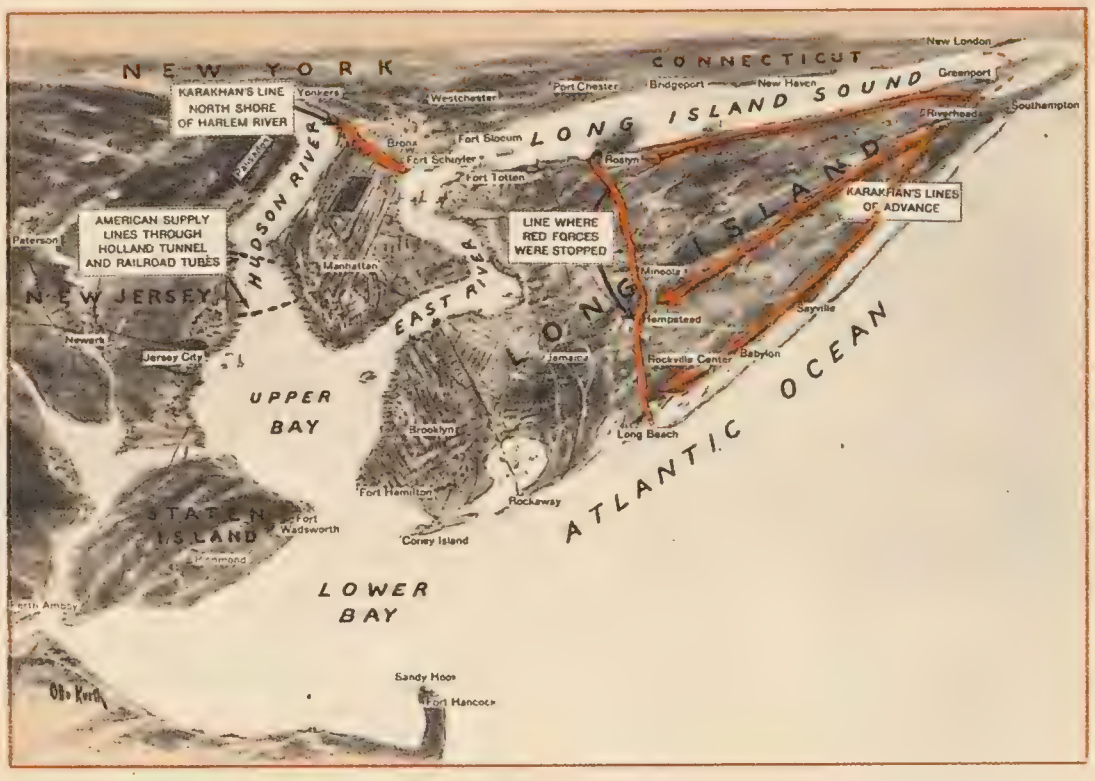
The three months of constant bombardment reduced the city to that strange aspect of a mountainous dump heap, the photographs of which are so well known to school children today.

Upon rare occasions, when the opportunity offered, Binney and I flew from airfields on the Jersey side and looked down from above on the ruins. No longer could one see the narrow canyons that marked the streets. These ravines had been gradually filled with the wreckage of the buildings. The terrific pounding of the shells had had the effect of leveling off the architectural irregularities that had once formed the magic skyline of the city.

But the surface of this mound of wreckage was not on the street level. The higher the buildings had been, the higher were the peaks and rolling knolls of debris. Here and there the shattered wrecks of towers, with blackened windows that seemed like dead eyes, reared their heads to gaze across the uneven billows of twisted steel girders, blocks of masonry, and general wreckage. In some places the upper level of the rubbish heap was twenty floors above what had been the street.

The leveling by gunfire continued night and day. Geysers of white plaster dust spouted into the air continually. Heavy shells, with delayed action, pounded the surface of the mass and hurled eruptions of debris to the skies.

In all of my observations of war, there had been nothing with which I could compare the picture other than the appearance of the ruins of Ypres as I had seen them after the German guns had played on them for four years. The surface of what had been New York was much the same, but on a grander scale. Streets, avenues, and landmarks alike were obliterated. The difference was this:



Drawn by Otto Kurth

A pictorial map of the siege of New York, showing the lines where Karakhan's forces were held.

So many skyscrapers had been crowded together on the little island of Manhattan that no amount of explosives could level them to the ground. There was not sufficient room around any tall building for it to level out. Red shells successively battered down the superstructures of the city's crowded giants, but the debris from the upper stories, falling, brought the level of the surrounding streets up to the level of what remained standing of the building.

Thus, instead of buildings collapsing into the streets, the streets were so filled with wreckage that their levels rose to the mean levels of the mound.

The appearance of Brooklyn from the air was much the same, and to the north the Harlem River ran through white mounds of debris. From the heights of the Palisades, across the Hudson, American massed guns pounded continually on the rear of the invaders and their lines of communication.

From New York to Albany the American line held strong on the west bank of the Hudson and resisted all attempts of the enemy to cross. General Aaron Rosenthal, commanding the defenses of Manhattan Island, had his headquarters on the lower floors of the Equitable Trust Building on Broad Street.

Tunnels had been excavated through the debris which filled the streets. The buildings were lighted by electric power wired in from New Jersey and were ventilated through the elevator shafts extending upward to the surface of the ruins. Engineers had repaired the subways, now far below the surface, and military trains were running between the Battery and both Brooklyn and the Harlem River. New York had become a subterranean city, with accommodations and supplies for its defenders.

I spent Christmas night with doughboy friends of mine quartered in a $20,000 a year apartment on the third floor of a building at Park Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. At dinner time a runner guided me upstairs to the "top of the world." It was located just above the fifteenth floor. The five floors above that level had been blown off.

Field guns had been drawn to the top by way of the elevator shafts. Under flat, shadowless screens of camouflage netting, the field guns had been mounted on reënforced foundations on top of the ruins.

Bud Thacklebury, my doughboy guide, steered me to an old fire-escape ladder mounting the remains of a roof tower which had been turned into an observation point.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page fifty-nine]

Standing on our rickety perch in the dark, we looked northward across the ruins of what had been once the roof tops of New York.

A light snow had fallen, giving grotesque shapes and forms to the uneven sea of wreckage, from which girders clad with snow and ice reached upward like the arms of men sinking in quicksand.

Stars blinked peacefully down from a black-blue sky and an occasional flare of red or green light cut a lurid arc against the black curtain. Shells were arriving intermittently, blasting black blotches on the snow clad ruins that looked like the floe ice of an arctic scene. From near at hand our own light fieldpieces cracked the night with their barking.

Ugly howitzers, posed and mottled like squatting bullfrogs, sat back on their haunches and vomited eruptions of brilliant orange flame; while heavy missiles whined overhead on missions of death.

We descended to Bud's quarters on the third floor of the building, passing floor after floor occupied by reserve troops. We entered the luxurious apartment formerly occupied by the socially prominent Rex Coles, whose New York pied-à-terre consisted of a pitiful sixteen rooms and four baths, furnished with rich tapestries, Oriental rugs, antique furniture, and a number of rare and well selected paintings.

"Couldn't ask for a better dugout than this," said Bud, as he introduced me to six members of his squad. "You know I used to deliver Scotch here to old man Cole before the war, but I never thought I'd be living in his joint. I wrote him about it last week. He's out in St. Louis. He's *my* bootlegger now! Sent us back a case of the best. We're celebrating tonight."

We did.

Ding Webster sat at the baby grand piano and provided the chords for our raucous chorus. We "did" Ramona, and how! We harmonized on Blue Heaven and murdered Sweet Adeline. Bat Woolsey did a solo of seventeen verses on Abdul Abulbul Amir, in which the august character of Karakhan of Kazan came in for profane treatment.

A NOTE of something serious came to us in that warm, cozy room a hundred feet below the surface. Toward midnight someone turned on the loud-speaker and there was silence in the room as the voice of my old friend Quinn Ryan, the announcer, came over the air from the broadcasting station in St. Louis:

"On this Christmas night every heart in America beats for our noble defenders holding forth so valiantly on the blazing battle front on Manhattan Island, and—"

"Us poor boys," said Bat, emptying half a glass of Scotch down his throat and adjusting the velvet divan cushions under his head. Quinn's voice continued:

"—the ruins of New York City have become the Verdun of America. The enemy shall not pass! Tonight's bulletin from the front states that the line of the Harlem River holds strong and our defenses on the west end of Long Island still stand.

"President Al Smith today forwarded Christmas Day greetings and congratulations to General Aaron Rosenthal and all the troops under his command for the glorious defense they have put up against terrific odds. General Rosenthal telegraphed the following reply to President Smith, and his message has been received with cheers and with joy in every home throughout the nation. The message reads:

"'East side, west side, all around the town, the American lines stand solid, barring the way. They shall not pass.'"

"Good for Old Rosey!" came a shout from one corner of the room. "Let's down a stiff drink to the fightin'est Jew in the world!" As we downed the toast Quinn Ryan's voice resumed from the loud-speaker:

"There is one man who cannot speak to us over the air tonight, although his voice would be particularly appropriate to the boys on the Manhattan front.

"Jimmy Walker lies wounded and still unconscious in a certain hospital in New Jersey. But doctors report that there is every hope that he will recover from the wounds he received last week on the Harlem."

And then over the air came the half-talking, half-singing nasal tones of old George Cohan, as he sang with his own special pleading and tenderness a song that brought tears to the eyes of thousands of New Yorkers in and out of New York on that Christmas night of 1935. Down deep in the ruins of New York his voice came to us through the air in these words:

"Give my regards to Broadway, remember me to Herald Square!
Tell all the boys around Forty-second Street that I will soon be there!
Tell them of how I'm yearning to linger with the old-time throng.
Give my regards to old Broadway and tell them I'll be there ere long."

OUR Christmas night celebration was interrupted by a buzzing of bells throughout the apartment building. It was the gas alarm, meaning that the enemy was once more up to his old trick of drenching the "top side" with heavy poison gases intended to carry death to the hidden garrisons below.

The whir of the ventilator fans increased as we fixed gas masks, while two of the boys, assigned to gas protection, opened the intake taps of the old vacuum-cleaning system in each room. These tubes now cleaned the quarters of poison gases and permitted fresh air to be blown in from the ventilators.

We still wore our gas masks when Bud led me downstairs and I stepped out into the electrically lighted arched tunnel that had been Park Avenue. We shook hands and said our muffled good nights through the folds of the gas masks. I walked southward under the arches of the tunnel toward the Grand Central Station.

My mind, under the stimulation of Mr. Cole's Scotch, reverted to another Christmas night ten years before when, togged out with top-hat, white tie, and cane, I had walked that same way beside a dainty, fur-clad figure in search of a taxi. Same street, same night, but what a difference!—no Christmas sky above; Park Avenue a tunnel with a crude arched roof to hold up the thousands of tons of debris wedged down in it.

I caught a supply train on the shuttle subway and then, still underground, rode the caboose of a water train under the river from the Pennsylvania Station, and reached my airfield outside of Newark.

At noon of the following day, Speed Binney and I were flying above the ruins of New York in the radio plane and

Picture by Harold von Schmidt

Howitzers, posed and mottled like squatting bullfrogs, sat back and vomited flame.

I was attempting to broadcast a description of the subterranean city and of the enemy positions north of the Harlem River. To do the latter it was necessary to fly behind the Red lines.

Just east of Yonkers, New York, the plane gave a violent lurch to the left. Glancing at Speed, I saw him slump limply into his seat. We had been attacked from above by an enemy plane and we were headed down at a terrific speed.

Grabbing the stick of the dual control, I managed in a bungling way to bring the plane out of the dive and flatten her out. I saw the ground spring up at me, and then—

. . . . .

MY next conscious impression was one of suffocation. My throat was parched, my tongue as dry as a ball of yarn. I could not breathe through my nose. I opened one stiff and swollen eyelid and looked up into the sad eyes of a pale-faced woman whose black hair was topped with a nurse's cap. She smiled—a wan smile.

"Water," I croaked, and she held a glass tube to my bruised lips. I swallowed painfully, and sought her eyes.

"You're better now. Everything will be all right," she said.

I started to ask, "Where am I?" but the thought of the triteness of such a question made me hesitate. Low in spirit but normal in vanity, I must avoid the stereotyped.

"Let's hear the rest of the story, sister," I said slowly. "My last recollection was the plane falling—the earth coming up at a terrific speed, and then 'continued in our next.'"

"You were shot down behind the Red lines," the nurse said quietly. "You are wounded and you are in a hospital in Boston, a prisoner."

"Since when?"

"It happened the day after Christmas. You were brought here the next day. That was yesterday."

"Where is Speed?"

"Who?"

"My pilot, the boy who was with me. Is he alive?"

"Here, beside you," she answered, nodding toward the next bed. "He's still unconscious—skull fractured."

"Will he live?"

"We don't know yet. But you mustn't talk any more now. Rest a bit and you'll feel better."

I returned to a sleep of exhaustion and woke with a clearer head ten hours later in the middle of a flow of Yankee profanity.

"You yellow hawk-faced Chink, I'll . . . How did you like that sock? Now taste this . . . You like white women, do you? You lemon-skinned mustard plaster. . . ."

Picture by Clayton Knight, from sketches made from an American plane, December 1, 1935

Uptown Manhattan under the rain of Red air bombs. The view is northeastward from the neighborhood of the Pennsylvania Station.

SPEED Binney was raving in a delirium in the next bed, where two blacks wearing the uniform of the Red Senegalese Legion were holding him down. A Chinese doctor quieted the disordered mind with a hypodermic, and, in perfectly spoken English, addressed me.

"In addition to his fractured skull and broken arm, your pugnacious friend suffers from that common American psychosis, the color complex. He will get over it, but it will require thorough chastisement and a few years of subjection to educate the rest of your countrymen away from their prejudice delusion."

I was in no mood to argue. I closed my eyes and let my thoughts dwell on my dilemma. I was a prisoner in the hands of Karakhan, the evil yellow military genius whose insane aim was to abolish race and color inequalities by blending the races and colors of the world; whose invading armies now occupied New England, the Pacific Northwest, and the west coast of Central America; whose standing order to his yellow, black, brown, and red soldiers was "CONQUER AND BREED."

During the year I had spent with him in Europe, I had witnessed, in dozens of executions, the ruthlessness of his treatment of individuals who stood in his way.

In the two years since, I had published and broadcast throughout America many denunciations of the "Scourge of the World." What fate could I expect at his hands now that I was his prisoner?

Finding no answer to my musings, I opened my eyes and looked up into another set of yellow features, but these were smiling and familiar.

"Welcome home, Tovaristch Gibbons!" said the smiling Boyar, as he grasped my hand warmly. "Lo, the prodigal has returned! Almost two years now since we

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page sixty-one]

parted over the front in Mexico. Much blood has gone over the sword since then, and many graves have been filled. But the flag of our Little Uncle Karakhan still moves forward. Welcome back to our midst!

" Many of your stories have I read and enjoyed! Many of your broadcasts over the air have brought back the tender recollections of our comradeship in the European campaign. Enemy, wounded enemy and prisoner, I grasp your hands in my yellow ones and call you friend, old campaigner! "

" I'm glad to see you, Colonel," I said, " and to know that you are alive. The last two years have been pretty hard, but it has not been as easy for Karakhan as the old campaign. He cleaned up Europe in a year, but he's been two years in America and the American line still holds."

" Not all of it," said Boyar.

His tone startled me. I spoke my fears. " New York hasn't fallen? Don't tell me that you have crossed the Harlem? "

" No, not that," he replied, smiling. " Your Yanks still hold the rubbish heap of Manhattan Island and your lines still stand on the Hudson to Albany and on across the state to Lake Ontario. But something else of tremendous importance happened the day you were shot down."

" San Francisco hasn't fallen? "

" No."

" Our fleet is still in the Gulf of Mexico? "

" Yes, for the present, at least," Boyar replied smilingly; " but two days ago the Red army which had been slowly advancing down through Central America toward the canal, finally reached its objective. The American forces defending the canal have been without sea or land communication with the United States for almost a year now. They were forced to abandon the position in the face of our advance overland. Unable to hold out longer, they retired southward through the jungles into Colombia—though before going they did manage to blow up the locks of the canal.

" The wedding band of the Atlantic and the Pacific has been broken. The two oceans are now distinctly divorced in the approved American fashion, but Karakhan's rainbow standard flies over the ruins from Balboa to Colon."

This was a new disaster on a front unknown to me. During the previous year I had read many radio dispatches from the Canal Zone describing the valiant defense being put up by Major General Leonard W. Foster.

AFTER the disruption of all communications by sea, when the American navy was forced to withdraw into the Gulf of Mexico, this comparatively small force of determined Americans had clung tenaciously to that strip of American soil on the Isthmus of Panama. Although the vastly superior Red fleet patrolled the Caribbean coast line, it had wisely been at pains to remain beyond reach of the heavy guns of the canal defenses. These defenses had been bombed repeatedly from the air, but the enemy airmen had carefully avoided inflicting any damage on the locks. With the American fleet bottled up in the Gulf of Mexico, the canal was of no use to America, but it would have been of use to the Red fleet if the position could have been taken intact.

" I cannot see that that affects the situation any," I said to Boyar. " With the canal blown up, it just gives you another patch of Central American jungle."

" Quite wrong," Boyar explained. " The mines have now been swept out of Colon Harbor and the Red fleet is using it for its principal Caribbean base. The facilities are much the best in the Caribbean Sea and it is much closer than Trinidad to the Yucatan Strait. It places our sentry nearer the door of the cell in which we have locked up your navy. Another sentry stands guard at Trinidad, and a third at Bermuda.

" Our throttle hold on the United States fleet is now complete. Karakhan is happy. The comparative lull in our operations which winter enforced along the northern fronts has been very boring to our chief. This new development in the south now interests him.

" He heard of your capture and wanted to see you, but instead he left by plane to inspect the Red fleet and its bases in the Caribbean. He will see you upon his return."

" Tell me the truth, Boyar. How does he feel about me? Am I due for a squad and ten rifles? "

" Not at all, old fellow. You should know our Little Uncle better than that. He likes you. As Napoleon liked his Bourrienne, as Johnson liked his Boswell, as Cæsar esteemed the humble scribe who wrote his commentaries, even as dear Samuel Pepys loved his diary-writing other self, so Karakhan values you as a recorder of war.

" YOU will remain with us from now on, and it is you who will write the history of our conquest and the glory of our victory over your own country.

" No, my dear Gibbons, you will not face the execution squad—neither you nor Binney. But one man has already faced it in your place."

" My God, who? " I asked.

" The pilot who shot you down," replied Boyar. " Since your first appearance in the air in that marked plane, almost two years ago, orders have been out through every branch of the air service to ignore you and to refrain from molesting you. You were not to be interfered with. Our Little Uncle wished you reserved for his special purposes after the war. You are destined to write the great biography of Karakhan of Kazan. It will be your life's work, and historians of the future will bless you for it.

" That Polish idiot who shot you down stated that it was a mistake—that he had failed to recognize the markings of your plane. His plea of ignorance did not save him. Negligence and disobedience amount to the same thing. He paid for it with his life. Voila! "

" I'm sorry he got it that way," I said. " Poor devil! —even though he did almost finish Speed and me.

Sketch by John W. Thomason, Jr.

" But, Boyar, if I am to be kept a prisoner to write this biography of the Red Napoleon, tell me something about Karakhan. Is he the same man I rode with in Moscow? Remember, I haven't seen him for two years. Has there been any change in him? "

" Naturally," Boyar replied. " Any man who can extend his conquests over Europe, Asia, and Africa, spread his dominion over all the seas in the world, hold South America in the hollow of his hand, and occupy practically all of Central America and large parts of Canada and the United States—naturally, such a man changes. His character develops. Remember, Karakhan is still a young man. He is only thirty-five years old."

" How has he changed? " I asked.

" To begin with," said Boyar, " the world —that is our world—now realizes that Karakhan was not an accident. He was something more than the offspring of a Mongol Tartar woman by a swashbuckling Don Cossack. Feng Hai, the great Orientologist, has now traced the lineage of our leader and found one source of his greatness. Karakhan carries in his veins the blood of Genghis Khan. He is a direct descendant of the old Mongol conqueror, and a worthy one."

" But I thought Karakhan cared nothing about birth and station. I thought he was all for equality—whatever that means."

Boyar smiled. " That was yesterday—a long-ago yesterday," he said. " Now Karakhan has pride of ancestry, and with reason. Genghis Khan was the greatest soldier in history. When Karakhan was a boy, herding horses in the foothills of the Urals, he heard the tales and learned the story of the great warrior. He was the idol of Kara-

khan's boyhood. It is natural now that Karakhan should attribute some of his success to his descent from such a man. After all, leadership—such leadership as Karakhan has demonstrated—is not accidental."

"That is a new development in him," I agreed. "You know, on the other side of the line our principal information about Karakhan concerns his miscegenation policy—his own numerous affairs with white women, and his desire for many children by them. I knew this was so in Europe, but I wondered if it had continued in America."

"No reason why I should not tell you the truth," Boyar replied. "And I can't help it if it shocks your nationalistic and racial prejudices. It is quite true. His mistresses have been many.

"He now has two children by Mrs. Randolph Ramsey, formerly of Bar Harbor. She lives there now. Her husband was killed with the American troops in New Brunswick. Then there is the Bunsen girl you know she was the divorced wife of your wood-pulp millionaire. She calls her son Kenneth Karakhan. They live in Bangor. He has a daughter by Lillian Elkhart of Newport. There have been others, but these are the principal ones."

Picture by Charles R. Chickering

"Your Sister?" An American recruiting poster of 1936.

"AND have these women submitted to him willingly," I asked, "or has he taken them as the spoils of war? It cannot be love on their part, can it? Every tradition of their lives would revolt against such a thing. American women have pride in their race and are conscious of the ostracism that awaits half-breed children. What white woman would want to bring her son into the world with the taint of color in his blood?"

"You'd be surprised," said Boyar. "Remember that Karakhan is not a man who craves easy conquests. Remember, he is above the caliber of a common soldier. Remember, he is not a debauchee. These American consorts of his are with him—when he lets them be—because they love him.

"And do not forget that the first woman in Karakhan's life was a white woman and an American woman. You know how Lin loves him."

I had been waiting for the mention of her name to ask questions that had been uppermost in my mind during the conversation. "Where is she—still in London?" I inquired blandly. "And is Margot with her?"

"No, they have been here in America for over a year now," Boyar replied. "They occupy a big place called Greystones, up on the coast near Salem."

"Has Karakhan seen Lin yet?"

"Yes. There was a meeting last fall, and since then he has spent a number of week-ends at Greystones."

"I am glad for Lin's sake," I said. "His refusal to see her was a bitter torture for her I am glad they are reconciled."

"Oh, there's been no reconciliation," Boyar hastened to explain. "Their lives are as much apart as they were in Europe, and as they will continue to be. The daughter of an Irish immigrant is not the fitting consort for a man of Karakhan's eminence. He realizes that.

"I know that you and she were old friends, and you will not agree with me. But I feel the same way about Karakhan's early marriage as he does. It served its purpose during the radical days of the old Russian revolution, but those days have passed. The marriage was a mistake."

"AND what about Margot?" I asked. "Is she with Lin all the time? How do they spend their time? Has Karakhan seen her?"

"Frequently. The three of them ride together. Your former English secretary is a stately, striking figure on a horse. She carries her head like a queen—a real queen. How much do you know about Margot, Gibbons?"

"Well," I said, "you know how we met that night in the Cabaret Internationale in Moscow. She is English born and her home is just outside London, I believe, although I never visited it and I never met her people. But I do know she is one of the finest and most intelligent girls I have ever met, and I have sorely missed the great assistance that she gave me as my private secretary."

"What's become of Whit Dodge?" asked Boyar. "I think he was in love with her. I saw it in his eyes. I believe she made him forget all about the little English princess who disappeared in Egypt. A young Yankee in love with royal blood suddenly transfers his affections to a stenographer. Didn't that ever occur to you as curious?"

I looked up to find Boyar's eyes watching me closely.

"I never saw the Princess Victoria Louise," I replied, "but I don't blame Whit for falling in love with Margot Denison. She is one of the most wonderful girls I have ever known."

"Well, you are going to see her in an hour. She and Lin are motoring in from Greystones. I telephoned them that you and Speed were here. I will leave you all alone for a grand white, Nordic reunion. I'll pop back and see you later."

In next week's installment, Karakhan dictates to Margot, who is acting as his secretary, a vitally important order to his fleet commander. Margot secretes a copy of it. Taking this copy, Mr. Gibbons and Speed—with Whit Dodge's help—escape.

Fresh Fruit PIES

By Ethel Somers

Preparing apples is simple if the unpeeled apples are rubbed through a shoestring potato cutter.

PIE is the perennially popular American dessert. Summer pie service is a special favorite because of the variety of fresh fruits available. Try varying your pies for the sake of your palate.

Plain Pastry

(For two crusts on a seven-inch pie pan)

RECIPE I

1 cup pastry flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons ice water

RECIPE II

¾ cup all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 to 4 tablespoons shortening
3 to 4 tablespoons ice water

(Pastry flour makes a crumblier crust. All-purpose flour makes a flakier crust.)

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Add the cold fat. The first trick in success is to cut the cold fat in quickly without overmixing. When cut in, the fat particles should vary in size from that of corn meal to navy beans. They should be fat particles merely coated (not mixed) with flour. Any method of cutting in the fat which packs the ingredients is undesirable.

Add the water in scattered sprinklings, tossing rather than stirring the ingredients together. The less handling the better the product. Chill for several hours. Roll the dough on lightly floured wax paper to one-sixteenth-inch thickness. Then proceed accordingly for a one- or two-crust pie: For one-crust pies or cream pies bake the shell before filling, in a hot oven (475° F.) for twelve to fifteen minutes or until brown. For two-crust pies bake at 425° F. until the crust is brown. If at this time the fruit is not done, reduce the temperature and continue baking in a moderate oven (375° F.) until the fruit is tender. Test with a fork, inserting it in a slit in the top crust. Beware of overbaking.

Rich Pastry

1 recipe of plain pastry, mixed
2 to 4 tablespoons butter or substitute

ROLL the plain pie dough to one-sixteenth-inch thickness after a thorough chilling. Divide the additional shortening (varying the proportion according to the richness desired) into three parts, using one-third at a time. Spread half the dough with a thin layer of the fat. Fold the other half on top. Press the edges firmly together. Fold in half again. Spread with a second portion of the fat and fold again in quarters. Repeat until the third portion of shortening is used. Roll to one-eighth or one-sixteenth-inch thickness, according to the use to which the pastry is put. Chill thoroughly and bake like plain pastry.

A delicious top crust of pastry is made by folding in grated cheese.

PUFF PASTRY may be made by using the larger proportion of shortening given in the rich pastry recipe and proceeding as directed therein.

FLAVORED PASTRY may be made by cutting in one teaspoon of grated orange rind, one-half teaspoon grated lemon rind, or three tablespoons of grated cheese with the shortening.

RICH OR PUFF CHEESE PASTRY may be made by folding an equal amount of cheese into the rolled plain pastry in place of the additional shortening called for in rich pastry.

SUMMER brings fresh fruits and, consequently, a marked increase in the demand for pies for the family table. An additional selection of tasty recipes for either the open-faced or two-crusted variety may be found in LIBERTY'S three cookbooks. Each of these little books sells for 10 cents; you may have all three for 25 cents. In sending for them, please use the coupon!

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Apple Pie

VARIETY in making apple pie may be obtained by leaving the skins on and cutting the apples fine. Coarse shredders do this efficiently. Such a pie should be made without flour as a thickening agent for the apple juice, as the peelings left on will actually cause the apple juice to thicken sufficiently by jellying. This pie is particularly delicious if only one-half cup of sugar is added and the cheese pastry is used for the top crust.

Pastry Turnovers

1 recipe plain, rich, or puff pastry — 1 cup filling

CUT four-inch squares from the rolled pastry after rolling to one-eighth-inch thickness. Chill thoroughly. Place one to two tablespoons of filling in the center. Dampen the edges with cold water or unbeaten egg white. Fold the square to form a triangle. Press the edges together. Prick the thicker part of the turnover in two or three places with a fork to permit the escape of steam in baking. Place in a hot oven (450° F.) for fifteen to twenty minutes.

Any fruit pie filling may be used (after blending the sugar, butter, and flour with the finely cut fruit or berries), mincemeat, preserved fruits, conserves, jellies, or half a banana sprinkled with a few grains of nutmeg, a teaspoon of brown sugar, and a half teaspoon butter or lemon juice.

Tarts

TART shells may be baked on individual pie pans, large pie pans, or inverted muffin pans.

Use any fruit or berry filling (after blending with sugar, flour, and butter). These fillings should be cooked in a double boiler.

Fresh fruit fillings may be used uncooked. Put the fruit into baked tart shells just before serving, after sweetening it with confectioner's sugar or after combining it with an equal measure of sweetened whipped cream. Jams, preserves, or conserves make ideal fillings.

Suitable garnishings are meringues, whipped cream, marshmallows, minced candied fruits, nuts, or glazing.

Water Sprightliness

By Bettina Bedwell

Photos by Scaioni

One of Worth's waterproof satin bathing suits and, at the right, a corded taffeta model by Patou.

Paris.

GOING swimming? If so, consider these wet-water fashions from Paris. There's much more to this matter of clothes for chic immersion than there was at this time last year. There's before and after as well as in the water, and quite an increase in all three. The smart swimmer doesn't discard her ladylike aspect this season even at the water's edge. Nor does she, on the other hand, hamper her athletic freedom to exercise the Australian crawl, or whatever stroke she knows.

Thrillingly new and A 1 in chic are the waterproof satin swimming suits which Worth creates for important women. One of these suits is shown in our first photograph. They are for the lady who likes to swim. The satin is supple but substantial, and yields not one thread of its dry consistency to the wild waves. Worth makes these suits with a simple bloused waist and short skirt, with trunks of wool underneath. The suit shown is sea-blue satin, with printed waterproof satin making the collar and the godets in the sides of the skirt. The swimming shoes are of blue satin with printed trim and ties. A printed water-impervious knee-length coat is left at the highest watermark of the encroaching sea, or worn right into the sea if you merely paddle in shallow water.

Jean Patou designed the bathing suit in the oval. Very much a lady swimming suit, this. Patou discovered a waterproof corded taffeta, and he made this short tunic, skirt, and waist suit of it. Also the trunks underneath. The suit comes high at the neck at the center front, and covers the entire back. It is held in place by a necklace of black silk. The big Victorian bow at the back is simply smart atmosphere.

Hermes, who makes all types of sporting outfits for the haut monde, created the two swimming ensembles of our third photograph. The standing lady wears a swimming ensemble of sea-green and navy-blue heavy knitted jersey, all wool and every thread water-resistant. The coat is sea green trimmed with navy. The blouse is in the same tones and the trunks of navy. The second lady's suit is in red and white, with the famous Hermes coat, all in wool jersey. Rubber slippers with small heels complete these ensembles.

Extremely smart bathing ensembles come from Hermes, who designs coats of jersey to match the bathing suits.

Stripping feminine beach wear for action, these knitted swimming suits are very fashionable along the smart French coastline.

The photograph at the left shows the kind of chic which Paris consecrates to serious swimmers. No nonsense or beach loitering about these suits. They are made of heavy wool knitted material in green and white and orange and white. Flat rubber shoes cover the feet.

* * *

Schiaparelli makes two-tone linen aprons to slip over your wet bathing suit for a sun bath on the beach.

Hellstern has designed slippers and bags made of red bandanna handkerchiefs to wear on the beach this summer.

Waterproof perfume is the latest Parisian scent.

what

are your childrens Nickels buying?

Play safe these thirsty days! Teach the youngsters to buy healthful Orange-Crush—endorsed by Medical Authorities as a "pure, wholesome fruit beverage."

Orange-Crush is kind to kiddies because it is simply the juice-richest, tree-ripened oranges made into a golden whole-fruit beverage. All the sun-rich juice and zestful flavor of the peel, all the healthful goodness of the pulp—with a dash of sugar, citrus fruit acid for tang—pure food color and sparkling water added to make a wholesome drink as delicious as the fruit itself.

Never confuse Orange-Crush with "pop." Sold in clean, sterilized "Krinkly" bottles. Insist on—

Sold icy-cold wherever you see this "Crushy" sign—at all fountains by the glass—at stands and stores in the "Krinkly" bottle.

Orange-Crush

©1929, O. C. Co.

Home, Sweet Home

A New For the Love o' Lil

SUNDAY morning! That delectable middle slice in the famous week-end sandwich tucked in neatly between a late rising and the summoning clang of church bells. Hot? Like skyscraper elevators, all the columns of mercury in Lil's home town climbed high-HIGH-HIGHER until they actually kissed prim Lady Ninety in the shade of every old apple tree and hydrant.

It seemed strange to have Sandy shuffling around in the twenty-four-room house after his month's absence. His creaky straw mules emitted a comforting sound. Even his impromptu bursts of My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean in his bleaty tenor came as a pleasing shock. As for cigarette ashes, each banister post and fern pot had its private heap of gray Pompeii rubbish.

This week's cover picture.

"It's lovely to have you home again, dear," Lil was telling him. She made sure a five-dollar bill wasn't stuck to her one-dollar contribution for church. "It's fun to be ordering a pineapple cheese every other day. You really should have been born a mouse!"

Sandy grinned foolishly. Even that remark seemed a compliment to him. He was so glad that his wife hadn't divorced him for desertion. A married man can no more turn into a bachelor than a Leghorn can turn into an egg. He couldn't voice his devotion. He'd said it with flowers. Tulips said it in the sitting room and violets were murmuring it from the hall!

"I wish we were poor so I could help with the chores," he said. "I'd polish up the handle of the big teapot, scrub the bread board, and give you a dime for every coffee ground you found in the sink. As for lemon seeds in the fruit squeezer—"

"Don't offer to do anything else," Lil butted in. "You'll get mental housemaid's knee and have to be operated upon. That club gave you queer ideas."

"Queer?" he yelled. "Pardon my raising my voice so high on Sunday—but I think all the lonely old birds in the city were at the Union Club. It was enough to make me queer. They either had a wife and wished they hadn't or had no wife and wished they had."

Lil wanted him to repeat this tongue twister but she didn't quite have the nerve to ask him. If she started picking the bones of his good humor he might leave her again! She kissed the top of his head on that reddish-fuzzed area which she knew would turn into a dread bald spot if he kept his too-tight straw hat.

"Dear," she said, "get your money's worth out of your mechanical horse. Two hundred dollars! Horseback lessons would be cheaper and you'd be outdoors in the actinic rays of the sun."

"I thrive on rays of hope that I'm not getting fat round the middle," he told her. "Run on to church. You look pretty in that apple-green hat."

"Applesauce, dear!" she smiled sweetly. And dabbing on a touch of rouge, she darted from the room.

Sandy darted to the play coop, swung the baby to his shoulders, and pranced like a Saratoga favorite to the tune of Home, Sweet Home. Then he sank, panting, upon the couch with his heir's muscular knees grinding into his Adam's apple.

"Now papa will read you all the Sunday baseball news," he said. "Jake's circuit clout wins—OUCH!"

Little Ulysses was yanking with a Samsonian pull at Sandy's ear, preparatory to a real cave-baby clout on his father's head with a fountain pen!

(Next week's cover adventure: The Fourth of July)

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

ALL I did was go up to see if she had any runs in her stockings.

Wedding Time Draws Nigh

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

Marsailes, France.

DEAR MARG:

Listen, Kid, I wood have wrote you about our weddin plans from Paris, but the dizzy frails over here had me goofy. No foolin, the way these Frog wimin ace around and wave the hips at you stop everything.

There was a catsy jane tryin to put the bee on me to go for the cakes and resting the other night. But you no me Marg! I gave her the high and wide and hauled hips outer the shattoe. Sister, you don't ketch me ballyhooin around French widows especially when Im just about to go for the betrothal myself. No kiddin I couldnt be annoyed!

If she had anything on the ball it woulda been different, but my dear she was no gamble. She was so tight she wouldnt even split a fever with you. Just an umpchay from Paris. A plate wiper. She told me she had a Russian guy stakin her to the chops, but the big stiff pulled a fade out with some simple footlight chorine from the French Frolics and that slaid her. No groceries.

Of course, I got squab hearted and went on the line for her eats. Now you neednt go thinking Marg I got stuck on her or that she threw me or we started any monkey business because youre all damp. All I did was go up to her flat eight or ten times while in Paris to see if she had any runs in her stockings. If theres any one thing I can do its glom a run on a girls leg, my dear you dont know the half of it. Now you neednt to go tellin your old lady about it eather because she wouldnt understand them things nohow.

Listen, what about our weddin plans? You better send out some anouncements on a bunch of colored post cards so your friends will kick in with a few nifty presents. Do you remember when Betty Mulligan got married and her uncle sent her that swell ball bearin close ringer and her mother got caught in it? Well, if we could get Jim Donovan what has the agency up in Mootch Chunk for them lectric washin machines we might get him to kick in with one of them new nickel plated ones seein that your old man has somethin on him. You remember the affair when the old gent caught him frolickin around the hired girl.

And another thing, your girl friend with the crockery eye cent me another letter sayin that she'll be offer us both unless she acts as bridesmade. That worries the devil outer me. As I wrote you before I think shes a jinx. Half the time I cant tell whether shes looking at me or an aeroplane. Shes a swell dresser alright, but why pick a bridesmade with a china lamp when Kitty O'Toole the plasterers daughter is a nifty number too.

Not only that, but her father runs the Sing Low laundry with the speakeasy in the back and the case lots Id sell him would knock over our rent. You should see the joint.

He has three chinamen in the front ironin the same shirt over and over again. Thats the stall. But in the back he has a bar that must be fifty feet long and I guess the neighbors must be hep to the place the way the drunks come staggerin outer the laundry.

I got your letter describin the flat you got picked out. Whats the big idea about the beds in a door. I aint so strong for sleepin on a door when a good old fashioned foldin bed is the knobs. Thats the trouble with wimin these days, they want a lot of swanky junk like beds buttoned on the wall, twin beds and flops with posts stuck on em so you hafta fold up like an oyster to get in em.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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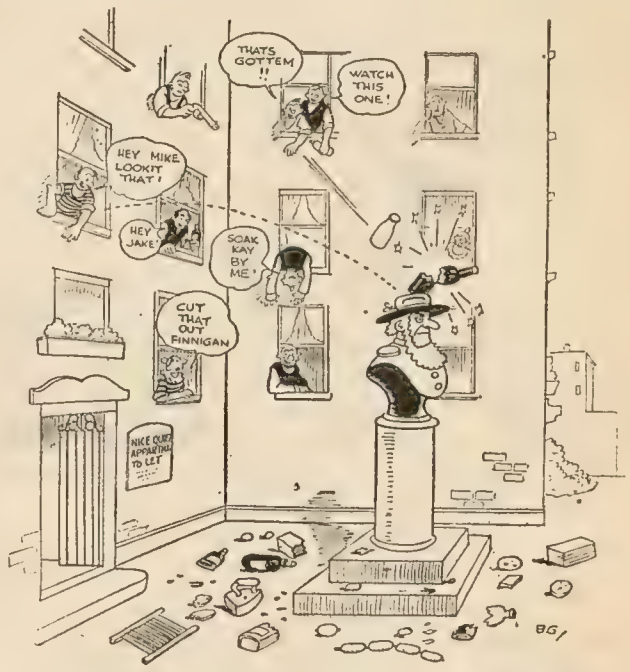
[LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR]
Continued from page sixty-seven

Yea, and what about this breakfast nook gag? Why eat in a closet when the kitchen is just as good. Not only that, its handy. You can toss the berdado skins in the sink while youre takin the vests offer em. Yes, and whats the idea about the cedar closet? We dont need any bunk like that. If you want to get rid of the bugs that eat up the clothes, just squirt a gallon of gasoline over the evenin dresses and believe me theyll be no more. That croaks em like nobodys business.



All the tenents take pot shots. I suppose thats the reward you get for bein a president.

Yes and what about not likin the dome light over the dining room table. On the square Marg, why be like that? If theres anything that gets my goat its goin into one of them ritzy flats and seein a bunch of lights on the wall all covered up with paste board an dress goods. On the square you cant see weather you got a pea on your knife or not.

You say its called the Garfield Arms and has a statue of him out in front of the place. Thats a kick! A high hat dump eh? Why a pal of mine has a pip of a place up on Riverside Drive and they got a statue of one of the presidents out on the lawn. Do you know what happens. Wait till I tell you!

All the tenents get lushed up on Saturday night and on Sunday morning the herring punishers get up at the windows and take pot shots at the statue and try and knock the guys hat off. All the janitor does is sweep up sardine cans, bean pots, milk bottles, gin flasks and what not. Oh brother, what a nifty place. I suppose thats the reward you get for bein a president.

LISTEN Love Lips I got a letter from your aunt Katie. The one with the hair lip. Shes puttin up an awful holler because you didnt give her the tip off about the weddin. No jokin, we sure will have a swell troop at the wedlock with all them goofy relatives of yours. Wait till I call em off.

Theres your girl friend with the crockery eye, Pat Casey with the mahogony leg, Kitty O'Neil with the tin teeth, Mike Grogan with the imitation hair, Uncle Mike with the boils on his neck, your aunt Maggie who just had her snoot lifted, and now comes your aunt Katie with a *hair lip*. Heavens above what a circus!!

I'll bet the minister will think they was all in the Mexican revolution. Hot damn, the joint will look like a clinic. All we'll need is your old man comin down the isle nicely plastered. What a party!! Now I aint castin any rejections at your family Marg, so dont begin squarkin. A weddins a serious business no matter how funny it is. *You* may get fuller goose pimples when you think about it but bullieve me *I* get fuller duck bumps, AND HOW!!

Speakin of weddins we have a couple on the boat what are wows. I think she married him because she was afraid to go home. Shes no chump eather. Shes got two swell platnum rist watches studded with rocks that she got for tellin riddles to old men. Between me and you Marg, there aint a silk bloomer in her ancestry. Shes just one of them girls from the country with Broadway ways. Take it and keep it, thats her motto.

She comes from the Poke-in-the-Nose mountains up in New York State, thats about four putts from the kikeskills. Yet, she lays back in the steamer chair holdin hands with the sugar daddy while on the other side shes anklin the chief engineer while the moon makes faces. Whata world fervens sake. If you ever pull a side slip on me like that, theyres going to be a black eye in the family and what I mean.

Listen Marg, this place Marsales is the cats Van Dyke. Its the gateway to Africa and take it from me the sights you see here would make the Sultan of Turkey put on a mask. The wimen wear shoulder straps a yard long and a piece of lace that you could put in a canary birds eye.

Paris may be a cold place as far as climate goes but Marsailes has the edge on em when it comes to warm wimin. Yea, and did I have a bed room. No kiddin it was about forty feet long. When I woke up in the morning the French maid what was laying out my clothes looked like one of Singers Midgets from accross the room.

Honest Marg, she could do anything! The way that girl would feed me in bed would knock the sediment right outer your heart. She just seemed to know what I wanted by the expresshon on her face.

Now you neednt go thinkin anything off color eather because shes married! Her husband was away in Checkoslovakia, sufferin with fallin arches. Its no wonder she was lonesome.

By the way Marg, I flew over to Paris from Marsailes to the Interior Decorators Conference at the Haig and Haig. Yep, Lord Beaverboard was there with King William. He had a friend with him by the name of Sandy MacDonald, so right away we went over to the White Horse Tavern and aranged to send a shipload of Giggle Soup to a bunch of Congressman in Washington because they need it to enforce the Prohibition laws in America.

Speakin of flyin, I just got a letter from Tim Hannigans wife. Poor Tim aint no more! He was hoppin scotch between Canada and the U. S. A. when one of the snap hooks popped off his engine.

Yep, Aeroplane Poison!!!

One drop!!

Im mailin you the death notice, hope youll enjoy it.

Your intended husband

MIKE SHEA

P. S. Prepare for the weddin I'm sailin home. Remember me to the janitor.

All his pals are looking forward to the big event, and his next letter should tell about the arrangements.

How Many Mistakes Here?

A number of mistakes were made in the drawing of this picture. See if you can find all of them without consulting the list on page 74

Your Day Depends Upon Your "Get-away"

Ever have those irritable, mean mornings? Everything annoys. Sometimes a quarrel results . . . sometimes just a sharp, impatient "G'bye." But this unpleasantness does not vanish so promptly. The "hangover" ruins an entire day. It's hard to think. One makes mistakes . . . fumbles . . . becomes still more irritable.

No one wants to be cranky. It's tolerated as a "mood." Few people realize it's most often not a mood but an internal condition. Poisoned intestines cause more quarrels than do unhappy situations. They make "unhappy situations"—just because people do not know constipation dulls the brain and body. It causes dizziness, "sick headaches." It makes restful sleep impossible.

Avoid this sapping of energy. Eat a wholesome fruit roll each night. Boal's Rolls are figs, raisins and herbs, mixed into a delicious confection—medicated just enough for proper elimination. The natural way to keep skin clear and breath sweet. Children beg for these fig rolls.

Keep yourself fit—always!

To acquaint you with Boal's Rolls we make this special 30-day offer. Mail the coupon and we'll send you a full-size, 15-cent package FREE. Once you have tried Boal's Rolls you will supply yourself regularly from your druggist, as thousands do now.

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Girls! Ziegfeld judges them by their HAIR!

Flo Ziegfeld, whose "glorification of the American girl" has received international recognition, says:

"I find that sparkling hair—hair that catches the lights of the theatre—is an invaluable addition to feminine beauty. In casting my productions I always keep this in mind."

They all agree—the connoisseurs of feminine beauty on stage and screen. Hair lustre is *essential* ....And now it can be yours. For the pinch of henna in Hennafoam will light those *natural* fires while you enjoy the most luxurious shampoo you've ever experienced. *And it won't change the color a fraction of a shade*... At all druggists, or we will send generous sample for the price of shipping.

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*Name*_____

*Address*_____

6-L

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If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Better than dangerous calomel. Safe. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound mixed with olive oil that drives out constipation, cleanses the system, removes the cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

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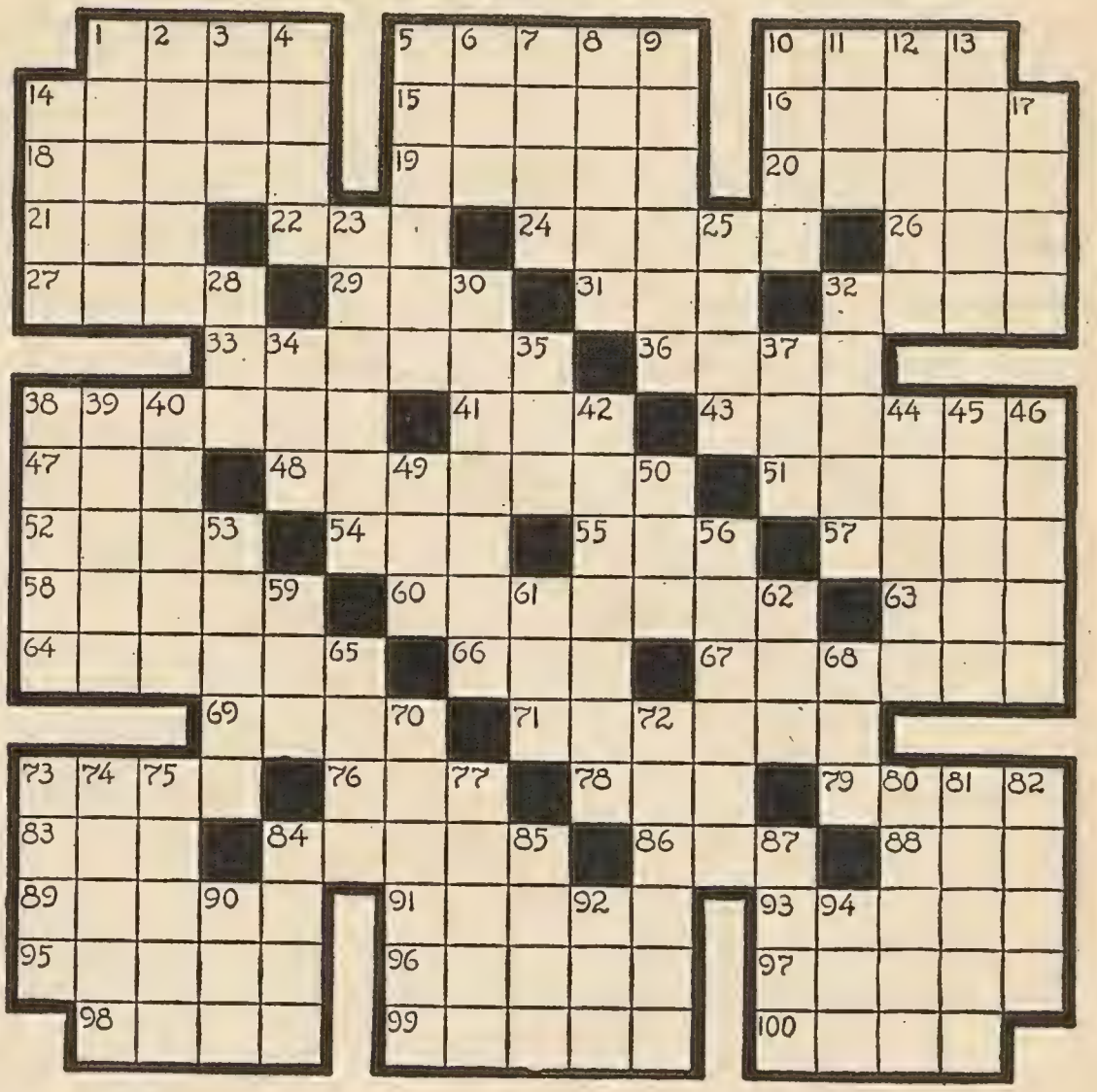
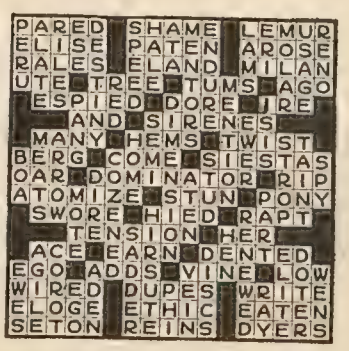


HORIZONTAL

1 A thin, soft muslin
5 Woman's name
10 Kind of fiber
14 Indian princess
15 Cognizant
16 Vexed (colloquial)
18 A product of electrolysis
19 Govern
20 Expiate
21 Cooking utensil
22 Corrode
24 Carried (colloquial)
26 American author
27 Perennial plant
29 Teamster's word of command
31 A metal
32 Hang as if balanced
33 Secreting organs
36 Theater box or stall
38 Cord made from intestines of animals
41 Roman goddess of the harvest
43 Squanders
47 Anglo-Saxon coin
48 Relevant
51 Gaze fixedly
52 Accustomed
54 Capuchin monkey
55 Measures of area
57 Type of airplane
58 Species of bear
60 Metallic element
63 Greek letter
64 Results as a consequence
66 A fish
67 Venom
69 River in Africa
71 A fish trap
73 Allowance for waste
76 Cereal grain
78 Split pulse
79 Undermines
83 Note of the scale
84 Assail
86 Beverage
88 Female hare
89 Winged
91 Threefold
93 Kind of fiber
95 Rebind
96 Slaves
97 Brittle
98 Understands
99 Put in place again
100 Satiate

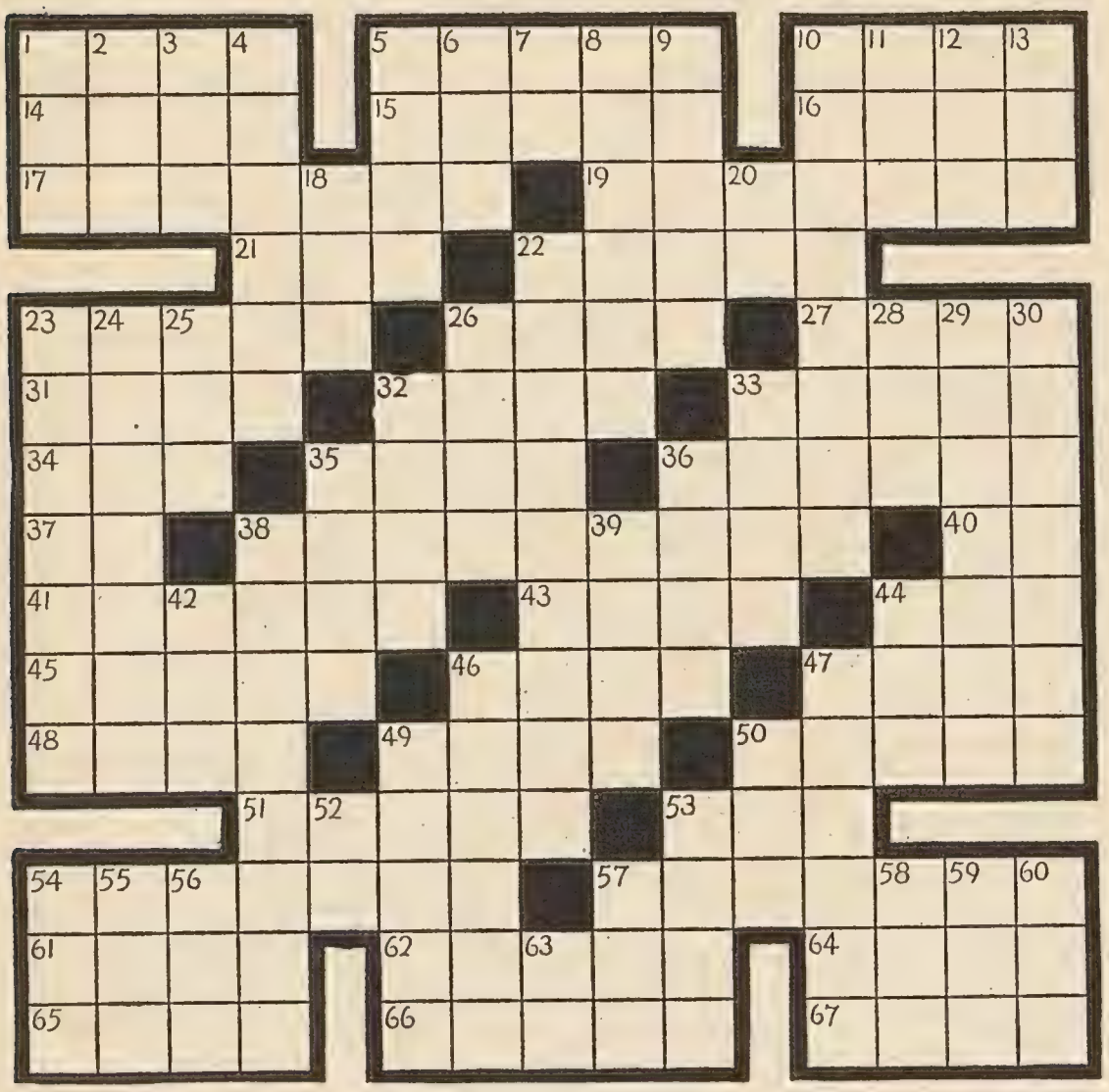
VERTICAL

1 Landed estate of a nobleman
2 Join
3 A constellation
4 Unaspirated consonant
5 Animal of the weasel kind
6 Reverential fear
7 Lure
8 Disease of rye
9 Edible seed
10 Small nail
11 Islet
12 Slant
13 Part of a joint
14 Enraptured
17 Act
23 Child's marbles
25 Sufficient
28 Incite
30 Descendant of Esau
32 Nuisances
34 Drag along
35 Watering place in Belgium
37 A fuel
38 Type of vehicle
39 Incendiarism
40 Chinese weights
42 Entangled
44 Binding materials
45 One of the Muses
46 Town in France
49 A fish
50 Silkworm
53 Intimidate
56 Flexible
59 Portuguese coin
61 A mark in the game of curling
62 The low of cattle
65 Wild plum
68 Pronoun
70 Religious festival
72 Most recent
73 Autocrat
74 Assumed functions
75 Puff up
77 Succinct
80 Acknowledge
81 To balance
82 Percolate
84 Insects
85 Containers
87 A portion of a curved line (plural)
90 Bond
92 Born
94 A southern constellation



Answer to last week's puzzle

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

1 The noise made by a serpent
5 A genus of Asiatic herbs
10 Glut
14 Object of passionate devotion
15 Money of account of Morocco
16 Thread used for the weft of silk
17 King of Israel in the tenth century B. C.
19 Exhalation; breath
21 A dyeing liquor
22 District in Gironde, France
23 One of a Slavic-speaking race
26 Drives slantingly, as a nail
27 Securest part of a medieval castle
31 Large lump or piece
32 Furnishes with a force or complement
33 Woman's name
34 Arab's garment
35 A state in Brazil
36 More eager
37 Chinese unit of weight
38 Mills for pulverizing ore
40 Pronoun
41 Genus of insects
43 Reduce in consistency
44 Succeed
45 Conoidal figures
46 Waves
47 One of a people of western Russia
48 Combining form: within
49 Infusion of unfermented malt
50 Honors with a festival
51 Vehicle for transporting heavy loads
53 Dyewood tree of the Philippines
54 A kind of entertainment
57 Geese
61 Leave out
62 Oriental guitar
64 A district in India
65 Portal
66 To card, as wool or flax
67 Eager passion

VERTICAL

1 Pronoun
2 An artificial language
3 Syllable sounded in solmization
4 Language of a Slavic people of Hungary
5 Become firmly established
6 One of an Asiatic horde led by Attila
7 Adjective suffix: made of
8 Indians of the Creek confederation
9 Meadows
10 Contends pertinaciously
11 Craft
12 Greek letter
13 Printer's measures
18 Having a dull and lusterless surface
20 An ejaculation
22 House of religious retirement
23 Cup used in the Holy Communion
24 River between Italy and Cisalpine Gaul
25 Tierra del Fuego Indian
26 Town in Siberia
28 Bear young
29 Hermit
30 Progenitors
32 Spirit of evil
33 A native of Keos
35 Levers for prying
36 Malayan dagger (variant)
38 Divided into small spaces
39 Pronoun
42 Finale
44 Moist
46 Sally
47 Guide
49 Twist violently
50 Merriment
52 Conjunction
53 The darnel
54 Gear-wheel tooth
55 Vessel used in the Eucharist
56 Small portion
57 A fuel
58 Greek letter
59 Tatter
60 Pronoun
63 Tantalum (symbol)

P	T	A	H		B	U	R	A	N		S	P	A	N
T	U	L	E		A	V	I	S	O		P	A	R	E
E	M	I	R		L	A	S	T	S		A	P	I	S
R	O	N	D	E	L		T	I	T	S		E	A	T
O	R	E		N	A	T		R	O	T	O	R		
			A	D	D	E	R		C	U	T		P	E
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S	L	A	B	S		N	E	V	E		I	N	T	O
O	D		I	T	S		S	A	M	O	A			
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T	H	E		R	A	N	G		N	E	R	O	L	I
R	O	O	T		R	E	A	C	T		E	L	A	N
I	O	N	A		A	L	G	A	E		N	O	T	E
O	D	I	N		B	L	E	N	D		T	R	E	Y

Answer to last week's puzzle

SW

The Government picked this watch

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ILLINOIS Watch Co.'s remarkable creation—the "SPORTSMAN" Military Strap Watch. The U. S. Government during the World War requested the entire output of these Watches because they were conceded best. Genuine Ruby Jewels—not 7, not 15, BUT **17 Jewels** for PRECISION. Double strength mainspring; wheels, plates, escapements, secret process tempered to absorb shocks. Owners say it is:—

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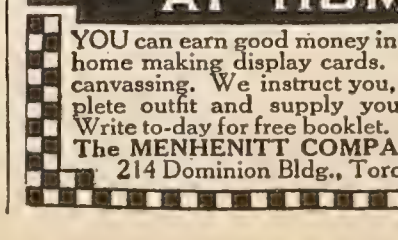
SPORTSMEN, Businessmen, Professionalmen, Aviators, areamazed at its marvelous performance. Terrific drives down the fairway; smashes on the tennis court; intense heat or cold do not affect its time-keeping. Handsome Case—DUST-PROOF! MOISTURE-PROOF! Radium numerals glow time *vividly*. A timepiece you'll be proud of. List price $50.00. Our special "Direct-by-Mail" price, with costly Mesh Strap INCLUDED FREE! **$36.50!**

Mesh Strap FREE



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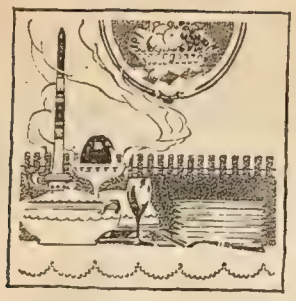

DIETING

By EILEEN BOURNE

UNLESS you look as if you'd have no trouble getting into a thirty-four model, you're likely to be accosted any day by friend or foe (as you take it) with: "I know the most *won*-der-ful diet. Why don't you try it?"

Some of the *won*-der-ful diets that are being bandied about need serious investigation. They may strip the figure of excess flesh; but there are face and "feelings" to be considered too. And a diet with little protein and less carbohydrate content, if continued over a protracted period, will result in serious blood impoverishment.

The business of dieting is not so complicated as to require advice from one of those high-priced diet specialists that are fattening on the gullibility of overweight women at the moment. In the case of a person whose excess weight of forty or fifty pounds may be due to some pronounced faulty functioning of the body, the diet must be carefully selected by a reputable physician. The average well person, however, whose weight is not more than twenty to thirty pounds above normal, does not need a specialized diet. What she needs is a thorough revision of her habits of eating.

There are foods—such as cakes, pastries, creams, rich desserts, and creamy sauces—that could be omitted without any menace to health. There are fattening flour products, such as macaroni in its various forms, that are quite dispensable if you are overweight. And there are those afternoon tea and midnight snack habits.

Dieters who begin by cutting down on the amount of food quickly learn the meaning of perverted appetites. It is not wise suddenly to omit all fat-producing foods. The plan of cutting meals down by half is excellent for a beginner, omitting cream and sugar in tea and coffee for good disciplinary measure.

Obesity specialists find that fruit juices for the first three or five days of a diet course shrink the stomach and are of particular cleansing value. Orange juice is favored because of its vitamin content. Unless one is well fortified, let three days suffice.

For breakfast eat fruit and slightly buttered whole-wheat or gluten bread, taking coffee black or half milk and half coffee. At noon eat cooked vegetables or a vegetable soup or a fruit or vegetable salad. Two days a week you could get along with a large glass of orange juice (pulp included) and an apple or pear. For dinner a lean meat, vegetables, a salad, a small baked potato twice a week, and, if any dessert, junket, jelly, or fruit.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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$500 IN PRIZES

We are offering $500 in prizes for the 24 best letters describing: "Your saddest and most injurious, or embarrassing experience in taking off the old-fashioned bottle crown cap, that requires an opener."

$200 . . 1st Prize
$100 . . 2nd Prize
$50 . . 3rd Prize
$25 . . 4th Prize
$10 each for the 5 next best letters.
$5. each for the 15 next best letters.

1. Your letter must be a personal experience.
2. Only letters post marked before midnight, July 15, 1929, will be accepted.

Important: A 50c Bottle Tester will be sent *Free* as evidence that we have received your contest letter. No letters will be returned.

Think of it! A metal cap of finest material that seals the bottle just as tightly as the old-fashioned crown and yet can be taken off instantly with forefinger and thumb.

Ever since crown caps were invented, there has been a need and demand for a cap that would do away with the annoyance of using an opener. Millions have been spent trying to solve this problem. The new, sensational Tilt Top Cap does it—fills the need completely!

Look for Tilt Top Caps and Cappers at leading department, hardware, grocery and malt stores. See them demonstrated.

BOTTLERS—Slight change on Crowning Machine will adapt Tilt Top Caps. They are the *only visible sales feature* of any drink.

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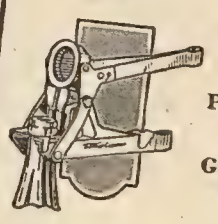
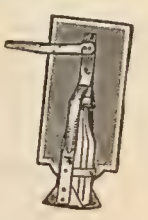
The first two drinks to adopt Tilt Top Caps are WHOOPEE—a delicious soft drink, and a new PALE DRY GINGER ALE. Others are following. Beverage bottles capped with Tilt Top Caps are the public's assurance that contents are as good and pure as can be made. *Dealers:* Write us about above drinks.

TILT TOP Jr.
Beats all competition at a price for all,
$1.25



TILT TOP
The Perfect Capper.
Safe, Easy to operate.
Guaranteed for a full year.
$2.50



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Tilt Top is the Only Capper with which you Can put on Tilt Top Caps • Suitable for old-fashioned Crowns as well

A GAME in Ten Thousand

The Most Vivid Memory in Fifty-six Years of Baseball

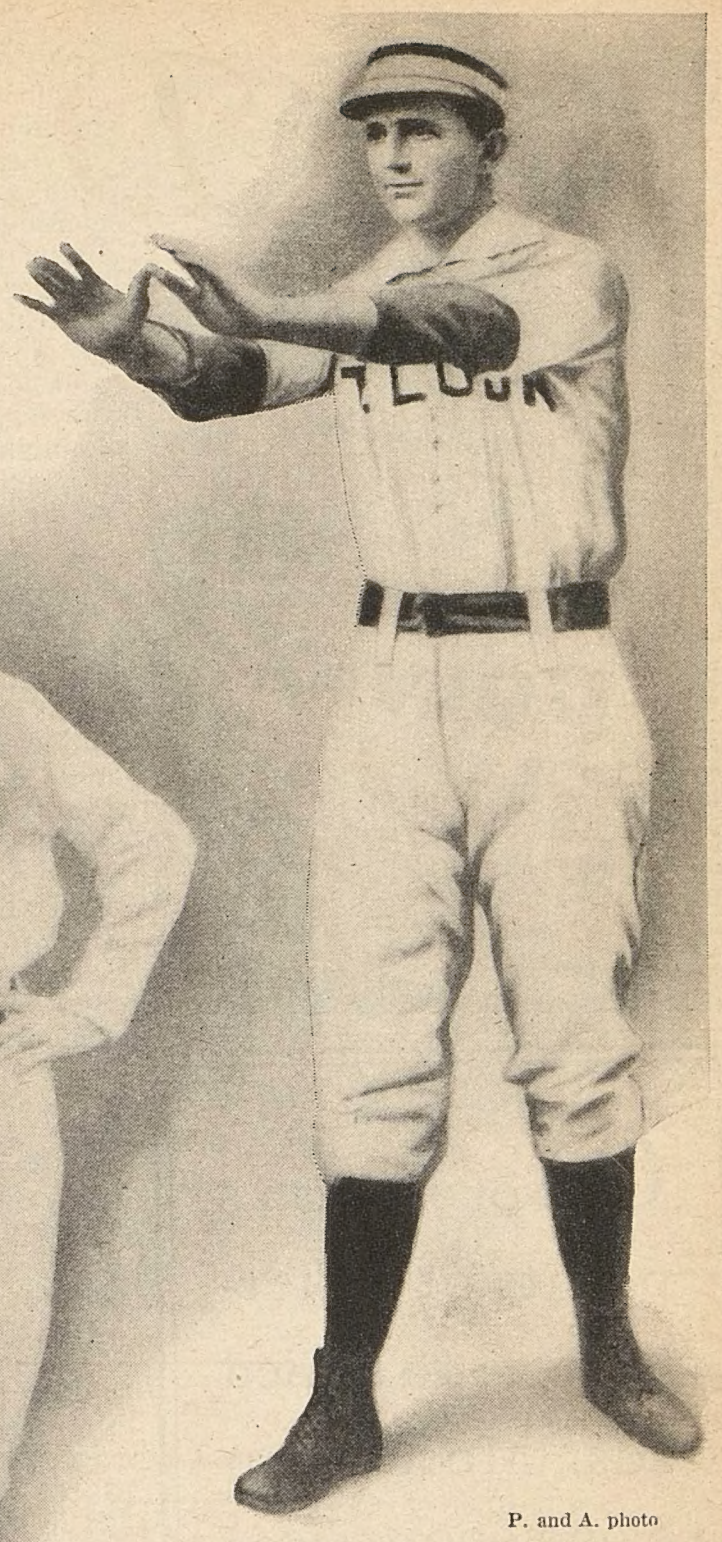
By

HUGH FULLERTON

(Fifth of a series on "greatest games" chosen by various baseball notables)

New York World photo

Adrian C. (Pop) Anson, who led the Chicago White Sox on that memorable October day in 1886.



P. and A. photo

Charles A. Comiskey as he looked as leader of the fighting St. Louis Browns over forty years ago.

CHARLES A. COMISKEY, manager and first baseman of the St. Louis Browns when they won four championships in succession, now the wealthy owner of the Chicago White Stockings, probably has seen more baseball games than any other man in the world. No record has been kept, but it is figured he has seen and played in at least 10,000 games during the fifty-six years of his active participation in the game. Yet one game stands out in his memory above all others—the game between the Chicago White Stockings under Captain Adrian C. Anson, and Comiskey's St. Louis Browns at the Browns' park in St. Louis, October 23, 1886.

Modern baseball patrons may not understand the tensity of the situation. The National League and the American Association were deadly rivals. The National was the older, wealthier organization, claiming to rule the game. The association was made up largely of ball players who had by various means secured backing and launched their league as a rival of the National. Captain Anson was the most prominent ball player and manager in the game, the idol of the fans. Comiskey was his greatest rival, also a first baseman, not as great a hitter as was his giant antagonist, but an inspired, fighting, brainy leader.

The feeling between the rival cities, the rival leagues, and the rival teams was bitter. In Anson's team were Mike Kelly—"King Kel"—heralded as the most daring and smartest player of the day, and John Clarkson, who was counted the greatest pitcher. The stone-wall infield of Anson, Fred Pfeffer, Ned Williamson, and Tommy Burns was rated as unmatched in the history of the sport. The outfield—George Gore, Dalrymple, and Ryan—was the finest assembled up to that time.

Against that team Comiskey matched a fighting, fast, rushing ball club. Doc Bushong was catcher and Bobby Carruthers the star of the pitching staff. Comiskey was playing first, Gleason short, Robinson second, and the inimitable and inspiring Arlie Latham third. The outfield was made up of O'Neill, Curt Welch, a marvelous fielder, and Foutz.

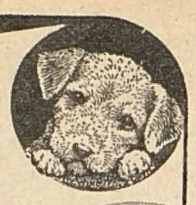
The proud National Leaguers scorned the association team as "minor" leaguers and pretended patronizingly to feel sorry for them. Yet Comiskey's team had fought the great Chicago aggregation off its feet and, when they faced each other in St. Louis on October 23, behind them was a record of arguments, fights, bitter personal clashes that had stirred them and their followers deeply.

Anson chose Clarkson, his great pitching ace, to smother the pretenders, and Comiskey picked quiet, easy-going Bobby Carruthers, a fox in the box and a marvel for control. Clarkson was near his best that day, and when he was in form he was one of the greatest pitchers of the history of the sport. For seven innings the Browns could not make a hit off his masterly pitching, and his support was superb. Only one of the St. Louis players had succeeded in reaching first base and that on a fumble by Burns. Meantime Anson's great crew was piling up what seemed a safe lead in spite of the good work of Carruthers.

They scored in the second round, again in the fourth, and, after they had scored again in the sixth, they subsided in the attack.

The eighth started with the cause of the Browns seemingly a hopeless one. Clarkson was showing no sign of fatigue and appeared to be toying with the American Association champions. He reckoned without the fighting determination of Comiskey, and the Old Roman

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



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"My headache has gone! I took—

These efficient tablets relieve pain harmlessly.

Salicon
TRADE MARK

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

(then the Young Roman) was at bat to lead that eighth inning. He slashed the first ball pitched safe into right field and stopped at first, where he commenced his jockeying and tantalizing the pitcher, which was one of his strong fortes. Welch, one of the fastest and most daring of players, was at bat and he drove a bounder down toward Burns. Comiskey was playing hit and run and he was so near second base it was impossible to force him, and Burns, hurrying the play to head off the speedy Welch, threw a trifle low and to the right of Anson, who failed to block the ball, and Comiskey scored all the way from first base on the error.

Foutz and Robinson flied out and, although Bushong worked Clarkson for a base on balls, St. Louis' chance seemed gone until the irrepressible Latham smashed a long triple past third base and sent Welch and Bushong across the plate with the tying runs. Carruthers bounded out to Burns and the score remained a tie.

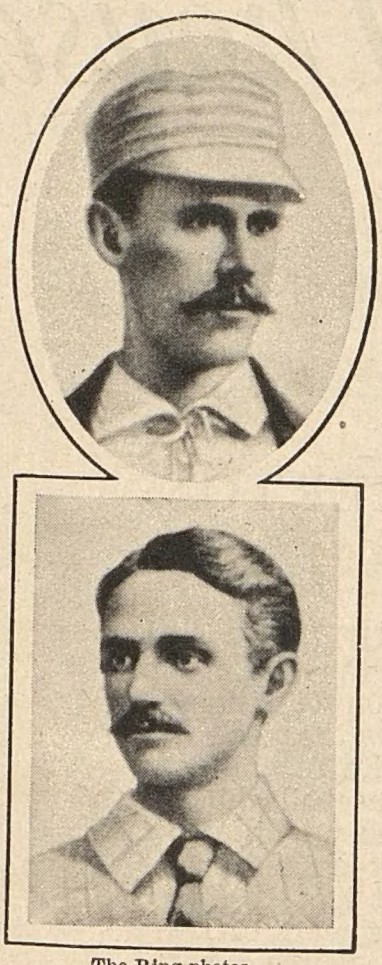
Carruthers was more confident and behind him the Browns were raging and fighting. Burns made a two-base hit in the ninth, trying to redeem his error, but neither team could count a score until the last of the tenth.

WELCH led the tenth inning with a clean hit past second. Pfeffer dived toward the ball, but it got past his hands, and the most cunning and daring base runner on the field, excepting Kelly, reached first base. Robinson and Welch played hit and run. As the fleet Welch started at top speed for second, Robinson hit a slow bounder down the infield and sprinted for first. He was thrown out, but Welch, who had turned second, raced on toward third. Anson, slow to realize the situation, hurled the ball across to Burns, but Welch slid desperately behind the White Stocking third baseman and was safe.

Then commenced one of the finest battles of wits ever seen on the ball field. Comiskey was coaching at third base, Welch was starting at top speed toward the plate and yelling "Watch out!" trying to upset the nerves of Clarkson or Kelly and draw a throw from the catcher down to third.

There were two out—and two balls and a strike called, according to the ancient records, when Welch started from third as Clarkson hurled the ball to Kelly. The "King" of catchers had watched the cunning Welch and had planned a play. He signaled for a high pitch from Clarkson, intending to throw the ball to third base and trap the daring base-runner off the bag. The pitch was high and not bad, but in his haste to make the catch and throw, Kelly overplayed it.

The ball struck his glove, but caromed off, rolling not more than ten feet back of the base.



The Ring photos

Bobby Carruthers, ace of Comiskey's pitching staff, and, above, John C. Clarkson of the White Sox, called the greatest twirler of his day.

WELCH was making his feint when he saw the muff. Instead of stopping, he put on more speed and dashed for the plate. Kelly sprang back to recover the ball, groped at it once, grabbed it, and whirled to dive back and protect the plate. Ball in hand, he dived at the rubber just as Welch, sliding desperately in front of the plate, touched it with an outstretched foot and gave the game and the championship to the Browns.

The scene that followed seldom has been equaled in sport. The crowd in the stands and bleachers poured down on the field raving with excitement, lifted the Browns on their shoulders, and paraded with them around and around the field and out to the clubhouse, while the beaten White Sox strode from the scene of defeat alone and uncheered.

SUMMARY

											R	H	E
Chicago	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	6	2
St. Louis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	1	4	4	3

Earned runs—St. Louis 2, Chicago 2. Two-base hit—Burns. Three-base hits—O'Neill and Latham. Home run—Pfeffer. Stolen base—Pfeffer. Struck out—by Carruthers 4; by Clarkson 9. Base on balls—off Carruthers 2; off Clarkson 1. Passed ball—Bushong. Wild pitches—Clarkson 1; Carruthers 1.

Barry McCormick's idea of the greatest game he remembers will be reported by Mr. Fullerton in an early issue.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 69

The automobile has no steering wheel.
Shoes only are displayed in the show window; the sign refers to hats.
No shoulder straps on the sandwich man's signs.
The car track runs into the sidewalk.
The shirt advertisement indicates disproportionate prices.
The weather vane shows the smoke is blowing counter to the wind's direction.
Houses on both sides of the street display an even number.

B.V.D.—the Underwear of Quality

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

To provide for different tastes, B. V. D. is made in various models. The most famous and the most popular is the B. V. D. Union Suit with its exclusive features, including the waist-encircling knit band, the knitted shoulder straps, patented closed crotch, etc. ✣ ✣ There are two types of B. V. D. Shirts—the Coat Shirt and Pull-Over Knit Shirt. ✣ ✣ B. V. D. Drawers, fashioned of cool, long-wearing nainsook are enjoying great popularity. ✣ ✣ The Shorts include colorful patterns, solid colors, and whites. The colors are fast. ✣ ✣ Whatever your taste in underwear, you will find it in B. V. D.

B. V. D. PRODUCTS

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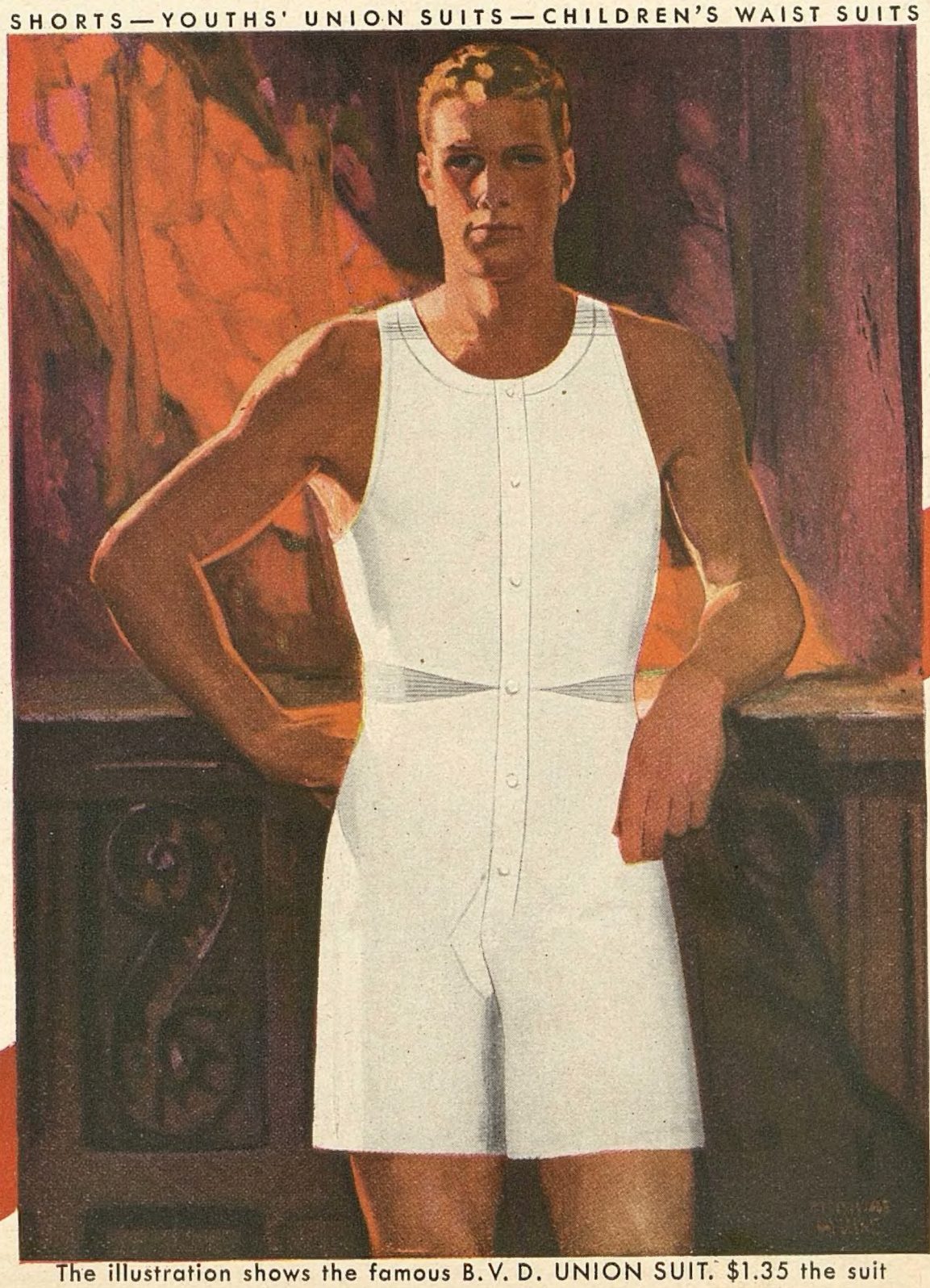
SHORTS — YOUTHS' UNION SUITS — CHILDREN'S WAIST SUITS



The illustration shows the famous B. V. D. UNION SUIT. $1.35 the suit

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The three letters B. V. D. on the label of a garment identify it as a product of The B. V. D. Co., Inc. It will pay you to look for them.

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You pay so little more for this new color beauty

Here is a bathroom by a master of design and color, Mr. Ely Jacques Kahn, the architect who designed the bathroom in the current exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Kohler Colored Fixtures in *autumn brown* strike the color keynote. Delicate harmonizing shades, with subtle contrasts in the hangings, complete the color orchestration. This is the modern beauty for which home-lovers are striving.

Yet see how simply it is here achieved. And imagine how easily this room could be reproduced *in less costly materials*—with the same beautiful Kohler fixtures and without losing even a trace of its color charm.

The Kohler Colored Fixtures add very little to the cost of this or any bathroom. For instance, the bath tub pictured below is *only $16.40 more in color* than in white; the lavatory only $12.30 more. There are Kohler Colored Fixtures for modest bathrooms as well as the most costly.

Kohler metal fittings in chromium plate match Kohler fixtures in quality and beauty

You should see these finest of fixtures in *all* the lovely Kohler colors at a Kohler display room. Consult your plumber about them. And mail the coupon below for a most complete descriptive booklet.

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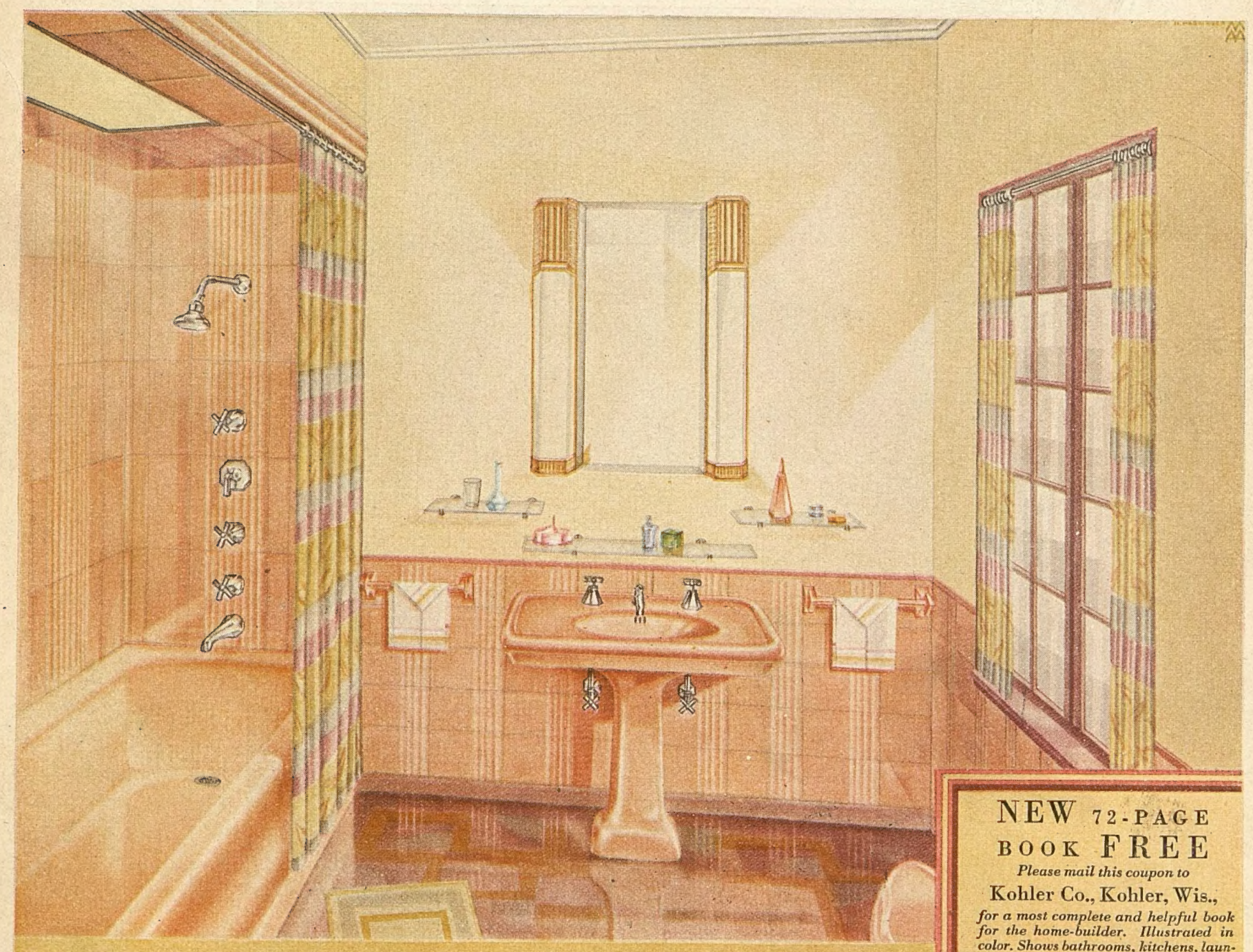

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